

CHAMBLAINE

SEPTEMBER
1938
TEN CENTS

In This Issue:

A
**COMPLETE
NOVEL**

By
Arthur Stringer
**"NO PLACE FOR
A WOMAN"**



In This Issue: A COMPLETE NOVEL BY ARTHUR STRINGER / "NO PLACE FOR A WOMAN"

"This explains it— I'm letting 'Pink Tooth Brush' spoil my smile!"

**Protect your smile! Help your dentist keep your gums firmer
and your teeth sparkling with**

IPANA AND MASSAGE

Ashamed of yourself, quite ashamed, aren't you? You knew about "pink tooth brush." Your dentist had warned you. But you wouldn't follow good advice. You thought you were different—that you'd get by! What a shock to find you didn't!

You're regretful now! You'd like to still that inner little voice that keeps repeating "your own fault—your own fault." How miserable to feel that your own carelessness has put the beauty of your smile in danger.

But now you're wiser! Now you're going straight back to your dentist! And this time when he stresses special care for your gums as well as for your teeth you're going to listen. And if he again suggests the healthy stimulation of Ipana and massage—you're going to follow his advice.

No Wise Person Ignores "Pink Tooth Brush"

If you've seen that tinge of "pink" on your tooth brush—see your dentist at once. You may not be in for any real trouble, but let your dentist decide. Usually, however, he will tell you that yours is a case of gums grown lazy and tender—gums deprived of hard, vigorous chewing by our modern soft, creamy foods. He'll probably suggest that your gums need more work and exercise—and, like so many dentists today, he may suggest "the healthful stimulation of Ipana Tooth Paste and massage."

For Ipana is especially designed not only to clean teeth but with massage to help the health of your gums as well. Massage a little extra Ipana into your gums every time you clean your teeth. Circulation in the gums is aroused—lazy gums awaken—gums tend to become firmer, healthier—more resistant.

Get an economical tube of Ipana Tooth Paste today at your drug store. Adopt this common-sense dental routine of Ipana and massage as one helpful way to healthier gums, brighter sparkling teeth—a brilliant smile that wins admiring attention.

IP40

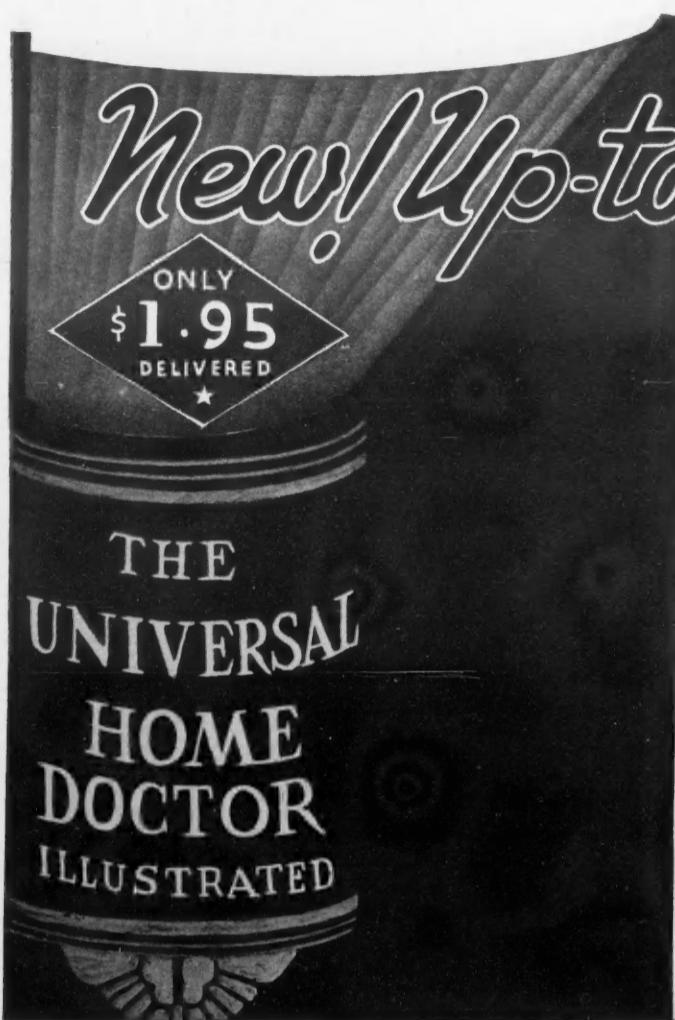


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Hysteria, Hay Fever, Inflammation, Inoculation, Infectious Diseases, Insomnia, Influenza, Indigestion, Jaundice, Kidneys, Lameness, Larynx, Ligaments, Liver, Lockjaw, Lumbago, Massage, Measles, Meningitis, Myopia, Nausea, Nervous Breakdown, Neuralgia, Neuritis, Neurasthenia, Obesity, Palpitation, Pleurisy, Pneumonia, Poliomyelitis (Infantile Paralysis), Pregnancy, Piles, Rheumatism, Rickets, Ringworm, Rupture, St. Vitus' Dance, Scarlet Fever, Sciatica, Sex Hygiene, Sickroom Nursing, Skin Diseases, Sleep-walking, Smallpox, Sprains and Strains, Stammering, Stomach Diseases, Teeth, Tonsilitis, Tuberculosis, Ulcer, Vaccination, Varicose Veins, Vitamins, Warts, Whooping Cough, Wounds, X-Rays, etc., etc.

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Beauty Culture; Hygiene; Remedial Exercises; First Aid; Diet (by a famous British physician); Child Welfare; Ante-natal care; Infant welfare; Milk Supply; The unmarried mother and her child; The pre-school child; The elementary school child, etc., etc.

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A FAREWELL TO RECESSION IN CANADA

"The low point was reached in February and since that time the Canadian index has risen by 5.3 per cent."

THE HONOURABLE CHARLES A. DUNNING, Minister of Finance,
Budget Speech, House of Commons—June 16, 1938

THE SPECTACLE of a quick recovery from passing business ills is nowhere more notable than in Canada. Normal sales and merchandising efforts have been rewarded in many cases with better than normal returns.

SCANNING THE NEWS headlines of current trade, upward sales trends are significant of a rising index in Canadian Business. Here are some of the latest figures available:

MANUFACTURING OF FOODSTUFFS increased 5.5% in May; sugar refining reported the largest May volume since 1925; cheese, largest volume since 1928; creamery butter, largest volume since 1932.

BUSINESS FAILURES during April totalled 47, the fewest in twenty years. No failures were reported in nine of the sixteen major cities. There were 38% fewer failures among manufacturers and 58% fewer in the retail trades.

AUTOMOBILES—May sales are ahead of 1937 in both Ontario and Quebec, representing 61% of Canada's population. Commercial car sales are up 30% in Ontario, 21.6% in Quebec; passenger car sales are up 3.8% in Ontario, 6% in Quebec. One truck manufacturer reports 1938 sales for all Canada as 41% ahead of 1937.

TIRES—Two large tire companies report increased sales for first half of 1938.

STEEL—Algoma Steel reports a sales increase of 34.2% for the year ending May, 1938, compared with 1937.

AGRICULTURAL IMPLEMENTS—Massey-Harris sales in Canada have increased materially over totals for 1937.

LUMBER—British Columbia lumber exports are up 50,000,000 board feet over the first six months of last year.

FOODS—A leading grocery chain reports gross sales for the year ending May, 1938, as 15.6% ahead of 1937.

COSMETICS—One leader reports sales on four major products as: even with 1937 on one product, 11% increase on another, 13% increase on a third and 19% increase on a fourth.

STOCKS—Upward trends have shown the following percentage gains—June 30 over March 31, 1938:

Industrial average 19.5%; Pulp and Paper 73.8%, Milling 33.2%, Machinery and Equipment 30.3%, Building Materials 32.9%, Industrial Mines 27.7%, Utilities 18.3%, Foods and allied products 10.9%, Oils 10.6%, Textile and Clothing 8.5%.

DOMINION BONDS rose in May to a new high for the present century.

DIVIDEND PAYMENTS for the first six months of 1938 were 5% higher than for the first half of 1937.

EMPLOYMENT INCREASED more rapidly than industrial production for the first time since 1929. The seasonally adjusted index of employment for May, 1938, stood at the following increases over the base year: Average 111.9; Manufacturing 110.2; Wholesale Trade 118.6; Retail Trade 138.4; Logging 121.9; Mining 156.7; Construction 107.7.

UNEMPLOYMENT IN CANADA has shown marked seasonal improvement. Number of employables on relief decreased in April by 31% and aggregate relief totals, all classes excluding agricultural relief, decreased by 24.2%, compared to April, 1937.

BUILDING PERMITS recorded the most active May since 1931, current figures being 121.41% of those for May, 1937. Further increases in employment are expected from stimulation of the construction industry by new housing and municipal assistance legislation.

SALES TAX OF 8% was completely removed, June 17, 1938, from all major products used for the building of houses—lumber, steel, masonry, paints, glass, hardware, plumbing fixtures and furnaces are among some forty classifications now enjoying complete exemption from this tax.

FARM PRODUCTS FOR ALL CANADA had a combined net value in 1937 of \$681,000,000, only \$9,000,000 less than in 1936 and higher than in any other year since 1930. Favourable agricultural conditions in other parts of Canada did much to offset the losses of the Canadian West where the 1937 harvest yielded barely 50% of the average annual wheat crop of the preceding ten years. In contrast to the 1937 drought losses in Saskatchewan, the gross value of agricultural products increased 56% in Manitoba, 19% in Alberta over 1936.

NEARLY IDEAL CONDITIONS in the West are this year pointing to the greatest harvest in many years. Saskatchewan has already staged a comeback in the cheese industry with production for the first four months of 1938 showing an increase of 27.8% over 1937.

CANADA'S MAGAZINES



NORMAL EQUILIBRIUM between farm prices and other prices has been restored.

MINERAL PRODUCTION of \$457,000,000 in 1937 was 26% over 1936 and a new record. For 1938 the estimate is \$475,000,000, with thirty new gold mills coming into operation this year.

OUTPUT INCREASED during the first four months of 1938, as compared with the same period of 1937, as follows: Gold 12%; Silver 8%; Copper 22%; Nickel 3%; Lead 1%; Zinc 28%. Aluminium exports for the first five months of 1938 were 29% above the comparable total for 1937.

CRUDE PETROLEUM production in Alberta, so far this year, more than trebles that of 1937. Official figures for the first quarter of 1938 show 1,313,515 barrels produced compared with 430,324 in the first quarter of 1937. Potential yield expected before the end of July is put at well over 50,000 barrels daily.

CANADA'S TOTAL national income for 1937, estimated at \$4,830,000,000, represents an increase of 13 per cent. over 1936.

CANADA'S IMPORTS INCREASED, in the fiscal year ended with March, 1938, from \$671,000,000 to \$799,000,000; her exports from \$1,074,000,000 to \$1,084,000,000; her total trade from \$1,746,000,000 to \$1,883,000,000. These figures are for merchandise; gold coin is not included.

CANADIAN FOREIGN TRADE IMPROVED during the twelve months ending May, 1938, producing a favourable trade balance of \$259,859,636. Imports for the period increased 10.9% over 1937; Foreign Exports increased 38.2% against a decline in Domestic Exports of 6.3%. Total trade showed a fractional gain of .8% over 1937, with substantial gains of 24.5% over 1936 and 40.4% over 1935.

EMPIRE TRADE increased also in both exports and imports during the twelve months ending May, 1938; Exports increased .8% over 1937 and 23.7% over 1936; Imports increased 4.6% over 1937 and 25.5% over 1936.

"THE CANADIAN ECONOMY", to quote the Budget Speech, "has given a good account of itself. The physical volume of business, which is our most comprehensive measure of current economic activity, expanded by 4% from March to August and by nearly 4% additional between August and November (1937). In December a moderate decline set in and by April (1938) the index of the physical volume of business in Canada was about 9% below that for April, 1937. The low point, however, was reached in February (1938) and since that time the Canadian index has risen by 5.3%."

In view of improved business and crop conditions, prospects for increased sales in Canada for the coming Fall are decidedly good. They justify increased sales and advertising activity now.

Advertise for this increased business through the national magazines of Canada. These magazines are read in 1,100,000 homes across Canada by "able-to-buy" families. They give complete coverage of your most responsive market.

CONDITIONS ARE DIFFERENT IN CANADA . . . BUDGET ACCORDINGLY

**Canadian Magazine - Maclean's Magazine - Chatelaine
National Home Monthly - Canadian Home Journal**

NATIONAL COVERAGE FROM SEA TO SEA



CHATELAINE

a magazine for canadian women

LIKE EVERYTHING else, there are two sides to the pleasure of editorial work. On the one hand it's nice to know the whole exciting denouement of a serial, months ahead of the readers. But on the other, how sad to miss the pleasurable moment when the new issue arrives, and one can grab it to find out what happens next to one's favorite heroine!



Arthur Stringer

and courage, and have been absorbed in the preparation of extracts from Jean Batten's book, "My Life," appearing in *Chatelaine* under the title, "I Fly Alone." Probably every editor who handles Miss Batten's work gets a double pleasure out of the fact that she is so young and attractive. She's intensely modest, and writes of hair-raising episodes with a quiet assurance that is captivating. Next month you fly with her on another world-breaking record—from London to Brazil. So many of you write telling me how you enjoy the vigorous non-fiction features we have been publishing, that I am looking forward to hearing your appreciation of this fine series—to appear in book form in Canada this fall.

. . . Most exciting news of all this month, however, concerns the complete novel—for a long time one of our special ambitions. It's a lucky scoop that brings us, for our first presentation, the enthralling new novel of that famous Canadian author, Arthur Stringer. His book, published in *Chatelaine* as "No Place for a Woman," is quite out of the usual and sweeps you into the far north with a young girl. It's ideal stuff for the movies, and as Mr. Stringer has a number of successful films to his credit,

you'll probably see Carol Coburn and Sidney Lander in them, one of these fine days. You'll find more about Mr. Stringer on page sixty-eight.

. . . As we go to press hundreds of letters are arriving in response to Mr. Drawbell's article, "What Did Your Husband Give Up for Marriage?" The surprising thing is the number of women who actually agree with the writer, although nearly each one asks that her name be kept a secret! Some are sarcastic, some reprobating, and a few absolutely furious. One letter is short—but oh, the indignation! I quote it exactly as it came:

"There is only one word to express my contempt for either man or women who entertains a thought, let alone Voicing it, like that expressed by Mr. Drawbell. That word is Bolonia."

The prize-winning letter will be published next month, together with a number of comments. They're all unusually interesting.

Don't forget that next month brings another enthralling novel by a popular author, "Lovely Journey," by Jessie Douglas Fox, is a very romantic novel that will give you hours of reading enjoyment.

As October is our big Autumn style issue, you'll find it packed with fashion news. Carolyn Damon has prepared a unique Fashion Clinic for Fall, which will tell you at a glance what to look for in your fall dressmaking and shopping—what to retain or alter in your present wardrobe—and what to discard or avoid. It's a particularly helpful feature for women who want to be smart on limited incomes.



Marion B. Taylor

Byrne Hope Sanders.

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CHATELAINE FOR SEPTEMBER Vol. 11 No. 9

Cover painted for Chatelaine by MacIntosh

COMPLETE NOVEL

No Place for a Woman... Arthur Stringer 69

FICTION

Party Girl (serial). Marion Baxter Taylor	7
The Marriage Broker	10
..... Henry and Sylvia Lieferant	14
Family Group Marjorie Fischer	14
A Woman Can't Wait Too Long	16
..... Will R. Bird	16

GENERAL ARTICLES

I Fly Alone	Jean Batten	12
Are You a Good Date?	Lorna Slocombe	18
When Women Enter Public Life	Nora-Frances Henderson	21
My Marie Antoinette .. Norma Shearer	22	

BEAUTY CULTURE

Go Back a New Woman	Carolyn Damon	27
Fashion Shorts	Kay Murphy	29
The Natural Wave		30
A Foursome for Fall (pattern)		34
All Set for School (pattern)		35

HOUSEKEEPING

Hot Dinners	Helen G. Campbell	53
Object Matrimony		54
Meals of the Month		56

"YOUR HOME"

Look to Your Lamps	Helen G. McKinlay	63
New Dominion Housing Loan	Evan Parry, F.R.A.I.C.	64

REGULAR FEATURES

The Baby Clinic	J. W. S. McCullough, M.D.	50
Handicrafts	Marie Le Cerf	60

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It's a Dangerous World!

Don't wait until something happens to warn your children and teach them to avoid accidents

by MARY B. HUBER

I VISITED a home yesterday where the little son had been badly burned by grasping a live wire that had fallen into a vacant lot.

"I blame myself for never having warned Bobby that loose wires are dangerous," said the mother. "He is a thoughtful child, and he would have remembered if I had ever explained it to him. I wish I could tell other mothers not to wait until something happens, before warning their little ones of danger."

Statistics show that, in America, more children under fifteen years of age die as a result of accidents than of any one disease. It is the duty of both parents and teachers to make the child aware of dangers, and to help him guard against them. Edmund Burke said in one of his speeches: "Early and provident fear is the mother of safety." Still we must be careful not to make the child timid and nervous. The dangers of everyday life may be explained in a quiet matter-of-fact way in the course of a walk, or while working about the house.

When out walking with a small child is a good time to teach him the meaning of the signal lights, and of the bell that rings at the railway crossing, and to explain to him the need of looking both ways before crossing the street. By your own example you can impress on him that one should cross a busy street at a crossing, and never cut corners. The child who is old enough to go out alone should be warned also against playing ball or roller-skating on the streets, against "hooking" rides, climbing onto wagons or trucks, or the running boards of autos, and darting out from behind parked cars.

A lost, terrified child is a pitiful thing. When you are out with your little one, stop and exchange a few friendly words with the policeman on the corner. The child will soon get the idea that the man in the blue uniform is his friend and protector. One of the first things a child should learn is to tell his name and address plainly and correctly, when asked for it. Children are naturally trustful, and they must be warned not to go with strangers.

CILDREN cannot be expected to understand the nature of fire unless it is explained to them. Teach them, in a kindly way, that the careless handling of matches may cost them their home and even their own lives, and that matches should be kept in a tin box, and carefully picked up, if spilled or found on the floor; that fires of any kind should be started only under the supervision of an adult, never on windy days or near buildings, trees, fences, dead leaves or grass. Never to leave a bonfire unwatched, and even when it is quite burned out, to pour water on the ashes, and cover them with sand or earth. Celluloid toys are unsafe near a hot stove or open flame. Clothing may catch fire if hung too

near a stove, or if the wearer goes too close to a fire.

Every holiday celebration takes its toll of our little ones. They set off fireworks while holding them in their hands, or pick up fireworks that did not go off, or throw lighted firecrackers toward other children. They experiment with gunpowder and percussion caps. They run, in flimsy Hallowe'en or Christmas costumes, too close to a flame. They carry pumpkins with lighted candles in them. Flashlights are safe for children to use, and imitation candles, or good electric sets of colored bulbs are effective on a Christmas tree. The folly of running with their clothing on fire should be impressed on them, and that the thing to do in such an emergency is to lie down and roll, wrapping themselves in a rug, blanket or coat, if possible.

THE CARELESS handling of sharp articles results in many an injury. Children must learn to be careful with scissors, knives, tacks, wire, etc., to keep needles and pins out of their mouths; to carry sharp-pointed objects with the points downward, and never to run when carrying them. Never to leave a hoe or a rake lying with the teeth or the sharp edge up, but to put all sharp things safely away after using them. They must learn never to meddle with medicine in any form; and to keep their fingers out of the cracks of doors, wringers and machinery.

The gas stove with its row of shining handles tempts small fingers. Children should be told of the danger of escaping gas, and taught to recognize the smell of it, and to report it immediately, as they would a fire. The electric iron is also a source of burns and of fires.

Tommy hadn't a long enough string for his kite, so he used a fine wire that he found in the cellar. It was a windy day and the kite soared high, but it touched an overhead hydro wire and Tommy was badly burned. String is safe to use on a kite, unless it is wet. Children should be told that it is dangerous to touch electric appliances with wet hands, or while in the bathtub, or while standing on a wet floor.

A little instruction in the use of swings and seesaws is advisable. Only one child should sit on a swing at a time. He should hold tightly and not swing too high. Warn other children not to play too close to a moving swing, nor chase a ball that rolls under it. Before getting off a seesaw, one child should warn the other, and the board should be allowed to come up slowly, not suddenly.

Poison ivy, poison oak, sumac and nettles cause painful skin eruptions. Teach children to recognize these plants, and never to taste unfamiliar berries or plants. Even grownups mistake toadstools for mushrooms.

* Continued on page 37



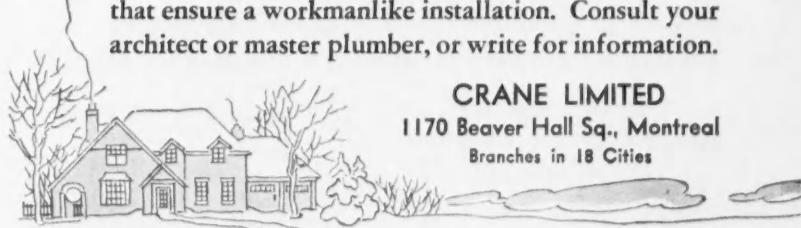
Above: The Crane "Convection" (Patented) radiator which circulates as well as radiates the heat. Occupies one-fifth less space than ordinary radiators of the same capacity.

Right: The Crane Jacketed Square Sectional Boiler. Letters on file show savings in fuel as high as 33-1/3% after replacements have been made with this boiler.

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5. MOTHER: He told me to give her Castoria because it's a *real* child's laxative. It's mild. It has no harsh drugs. It won't gripe. *And listen* — he said children are simply crazy about its pleasant taste... so I bought a bottle from the druggist on the way home.

"Ah-h-Aunt Prissy..." bribing my child again, eh!"



1. MOTHER: For Goodness sake, aunty—you know very well it's wrong to bribe a child.



2. AUNT: It may be wrong. But how else are you going to get her to take that nasty-tasting laxative? You tried to force it down her throat this morning—and that didn't work . . .



3. MOTHER: Yes... I know... that's why I went to ask the doctor about it. He said making a child take *any* medicine she hates could upset her entire nervous system.



4. MOTHER: So I asked him if I couldn't give her the nice-tasting laxative I take myself. And he said "no." Said a grown-up's laxative can be too STRONG for a child's system. Even when given in smaller doses.



6. MOTHER: Whe-e-e! Lo-o-o-k! She thinks it's a treat! . . . Now we KNOW we've got a laxative she'll take without bribing or forcing. And a **SAFE** one, too! One the doctor says will do her a world of good.

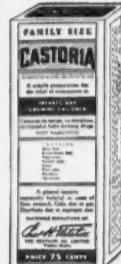
Mother! Be Wise! Be Safe!

Mother, *think* before giving your child the same laxative you take yourself.

For if it's strong enough for you it can be **TOO STRONG** for a child's system.

Give Castoria—the laxative made **ONLY** for children *even to its pleasant taste*. It's gentle—yet thorough. It won't form a habit.

More than 2,000,000 mothers buy it regularly. Get the thrifty Family-Size bottle from your druggist to-day.

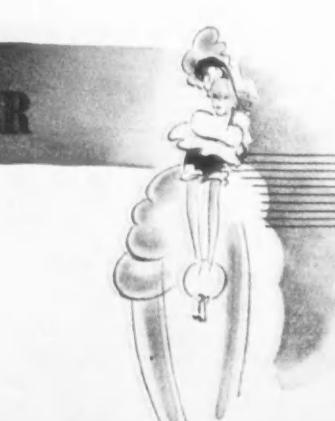


CASTORIA

The **SAFE** laxative made especially for babies and growing children

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CHICAGO for



Party Girl

Beginning a novel of today's confused young people

by MARION BAXTER TAYLOR

Illustrated by Sarnoff

THEY had one of the best orchestras in town at Mardi's, and one of the best dance floors, and some of the best people. They had, too, a way of weaving magic—something compact of shifting lights and moaning music—that you felt even if you were a little old, a little fed up. But if you happened to be young—if, like Joan, you happened to be quite young, and rather beautiful, and very much in love—then Mardi's was paradise for you.

But not tonight. What lay beyond tonight threw its shadow into all the shimmering brightness. When this was over, it would be so definitely over. When he was gone . . .

The saxophones whined into a shivering silence, and all motion stopped on the dance floor. She and Barry stood a moment without moving, his arms about her, his eyes meeting hers in a long look. Then slowly they drew apart, and walked in silence to their own table.

Now, seated across from her, he watched her steadily. The dull blue of her gown cast faint shadows about her eyes, threw into ivory-clear relief the whiteness of her arms and shoulders. At last, seeing her flush under the steady scrutiny, he broke the long silence.

"Don't mind me, Joan. I'm storing you up. I have to get enough of you tonight to last."

"How long, Barry?"

He shrugged. "A month. Three months. I don't know. But I want to remember—what color are your eyes, anyway?"

"Breaking the rules, Barry. Remember we laid them down—a long time ago?"

But he was leaning toward her, eager and urgent. "We made the rules. We can break them. Listen to me, Joan. Listen while I tell you—"

She was shaking her head. "No. You listen to me instead. There's something I want to ask you."

"Go ahead. Ask me anything."

She looked at him, her head a little to one side. He was watching the long, clear curve of her neck, that

Everything that was young and full of hope seemed swept out of her heart. And then, suddenly, at something borne on the wind, Joan cried, "It's spring, Barry!"



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Of course this had been inevitable, she realized now with an odd sense of helplessness about it. It had been inevitable from the beginning. It had been ordained to end like this from the day she met him. She remembered the day perfectly; remembered every smallest detail of it.

SHE HAD applied for a job as secretary in his office, and it had meant everything to her, getting this job. There had been a long succession of them since she had come to New York—a succession and a variety—but all with the quality in common that they had not lasted. A bucket shop had closed suddenly and without warning; an architectural firm had failed; a pottery-importing house had had as its moving spirit an amorous gentleman who resented her reluctance. For one reason or another they had all come to an end, and after the last one there had been desperate weeks of job-hunting. Weeks that bordered on panic as her small store of resources dwindled, and nothing came of all the searching.

Then, that day a year ago, she had been sent by an agency to the law offices of Mathewson, Grahame & Hunt. She remembered how each detail of the office had impressed itself on her waiting mind: the massive furniture, the deep-piled rug, the panelled walls. Suddenly they had symbolized what she wanted passionately . . . some sort of solidity and permanence in her life; at least the illusion of security.

Then the door had opened and Barry Hunt had come in. She wasn't prepared for him. She had expected someone older, full of a dignity and reticence that would fit this background. But Barry Hunt was young, and oddly arresting. His dark good looks compelled you. His sudden smile warmed you. Even that first day, that first hour, she had felt the quick charm of this man.

Afterward, when he knew her better, he told her he had made up his mind as he crossed the room to her. She

belonged. She fitted against this background. The brown tailored suit was right, and the uncompromising brown hat. They proclaimed her, in appearance at least, the perfect secretary. What he didn't tell her was that if the eyes and hair had matched the suit—if they had been so stiffly uncompromising—he might have hesitated.

Weeks later she was still trying to believe it wasn't a dream that would vanish with the morning. It was too good, too perfect. She was, already, an integral cog in the machinery of this busily humming law office. She was beginning, at last, to feel established.

But—"Joan, are you listening to me?"

Her head came up sharply, and now anger, hot and hurting, surged through her. But she didn't raise her voice. She kept it quite steady. She even smiled a little. "It was a mistake—your coming up, Barry," she said quietly. "You'd better go now. You'll hardly make it."

He stared at her, and she felt the pressure of his fingers relax, saw the slow flush darken along his cheeks. Steadily she returned his look, and at last, his hands dropping to his sides, he turned away. "I'm not sorry," he said stubbornly. "Maybe some time I will be. But not now. Nothing else makes sense now."

She looked at him eagerly. "All right, Barry. You didn't say it. You didn't say anything at all. Shall we leave it that way?"

"We can't leave it that way," he answered slowly, "and you know it."

She glanced at his watch quickly. "You'll have to go. Good-by, Barry—good luck—"

He was watching her sombrely. "You're swell, Joan."

He was moving toward the door. She waited, her heart taut as strung wire. She didn't know if she could let him go like this. If he'd hurry . . . hurry . . .

But he had turned. "You've never kissed me," he said evenly. "Will you now—for luck?"

She mustn't. She wanted it too much. "Let's—skip

it," she said. "It wouldn't mean a thing, to either of us."

"You think it wouldn't?" She was in his arms, held close and warm in the drawing circle of them. She heard the words against her hair; felt his lips against her own. Everything, now, that could ever happen to her, had happened in this moment.

Then he was gone. She saw him turn a last time in the doorway, and heard his voice, loud in the sudden stillness. "Now you'll remember, Joan. I'm coming back."

She heard the door slam, and stood there, motionless, staring at it. Later she heard the roaring of a motor in the quiet street below. Later still, the faint blast of whistles as a giant liner, slipping from its dock at Forty-second Street, eased down the Hudson, into the bay and out through the narrows. Heard, after that, only a deep silence and the beating of her own heart.

SLOWLY, AFTER a while, she began to undress. Her mind darted like a weaving shuttle through swiftly changing emotions—anger, regret, a clinging bitterness. She reviewed in detail the long development in her relations with Barry that had led, inevitably, to tonight's climax. Of course it had been inevitable, she told herself. Barry had been himself from the beginning, and this being so, no other ending would have been quite logical.

She should have sensed it even the first time he had taken her out, almost a year ago. She had been in his office a month, and she was beginning to feel established; to feel that at last she had found a certain security she could rely on. The fact of his asking her out seemed only to increase that security; it was evidence that he liked her, and that she could keep this job.

They were working late that day. The early spring dusk had already closed down, wrapping the city in an enchanting mist of half- + Continued on page 37



"You're good fun." He had said. "And you don't expect too much." Joan knew that as long as she kept to those rules, their friendship might last.



JOAN MARSHALL



BARRY HUNT



ANNE MARSHALL



DICK REDDING



JOHN THORNTON

swept up and lost itself in the gleaming masses of her hair.

"I've always wondered," she said slowly, "what it looks like—Manhattan at midnight, from the deck of an ocean liner?"

"Diverting me," he answered. "All right. It looks swell. Too swell to leave—this time."

There was no stopping him. He reached forward suddenly and took her hand, holding it in a hard, warm pressure. She sat there and tried not to feel the mounting excitement that surged in her. Then abruptly she pushed back the sleeve of his coat and looked at his wrist watch. "You've only an hour, Barry."

"Come on, then. Let's dance."

She shook her head. "There isn't time. I'll get my things."

NOW THEY stood outside Mardi's, under the canopy that stretched, gaudy with stripes, from door to curb. They shivered in the raw March wind that blew about them, darting at corners, skimming the heaps of half-melted snow that made a last sullen stand in the gutters. Joan gazed at them, feeling a kinship with their air of hopelessness. The cold wind seemed to be blowing through her heart; to be sweeping out warmth and laughter—everything that was young and full of hope. And then suddenly, at something borne on the wind, she lifted her head. It was nothing as definite as fragrance; only a hint, a promise—"Barry, it's spring!" she cried.

His hold on her arm tightened. "Mirage. But when it comes—make it last, Joan. Save it till I get back."

"You can't. You have to take it while it's here."

The cab drew up and he helped her in, slamming the door against the rawness outside. For a few moments they rode in silence, and then he spoke suddenly. "Maybe you're right, Joan. Maybe we ought to take it while it's here."

She made no answer, and presently he began again. "Joan . . ." But he paused, and the pause lengthened. Suddenly he leaned forward and rapped on the glass until the driver turned. "I'm making a boat," he said shortly. "Step on it, will you?"

Joan sat back in her corner, drawing the blue velvet wrap closer about her shoulders. Evening wraps never kept you warm, she thought dismally—unless you had a fur one. And secretaries, usually, didn't. She shivered again, and tried to forget about it.

Now the driver had thrown caution to the March winds; they were tearing across the deserted side street, past the shining blaze of Broadway, down the sudden darkness of Ninth. Joan felt the relentless blocks sweeping away behind them; the irrevocable minutes slipping. In a little while it would be over. He would be gone. There was so much she wanted to say to him; nothing she could possibly say. The sense of things escaping pressed like a weight on her heart.

She glanced at him as he sat forward, his elbows on his knees, his eyes fixed on the zigzag course they were making down Ninth. She took in the fine clean line of his profile, the firm set of his mouth. He said nothing at all, and they sat together, caught in a kind of vacuum, conscious of its emptiness, unable to fill it. It seemed to last forever; and to be over before it started.

Now they had turned into Twelfth Street, had pulled up with a grinding jar of brakes before the apartment where she lived. It was over, she thought dully; he was going—

He helped her out, and turned back to the driver. "Wait," he ordered shortly. Then he took her arm.

"Don't, Barry," she said, her heart pounding a little. "You haven't time."

He was drawing her toward the door. "I'm coming up for a moment."

Inside her own apartment she switched the lights. They flooded the room, from low lamps, throwing much of it into shadow, and bringing out subtly the few touches that retrieved it from dullness. The odd beauty of coloring in chintzes at the windows; the sharp simplicity of an etching on the wall; the unobtrusive loveliness of a bit of old pottery.

Barry dropped his hat on the hall table and followed her into the room. He took the velvet wrap from her shoulders, threw it on a chair, and then, before she knew what he meant to do, turned her slowly to face him.

Yes, he wanted to remember this. He wanted to remember the way her eyes looked, grey and smoky against the fringed blackness of her lashes; the warm brownness of her hair, glinting to gold under the light; the soft youngness of her mouth, not quite smiling at him.

"Tonight was swell, Joan," he said at last, his voice low and quiet, with an odd note in it she hadn't heard before.

"All of that, Barry."

"I won't forget it in a hurry. I'm going to miss you."

She laughed. "Keep it light," she said airily. "Remember your role, Barry. Don Juan exits laughingly."

"I'm not laughing this time." Now she could feel the steady pressure of his fingers, hurting her arm. "Joan, something's become important. You should be coming with me."

She smiled easily. "Of course I should, Barry. Working girl tours Europe—with her boss. Mayfair and the Riviera welcome Miss Joan—"

"You're kidding. I'm not." His eyes held hers steadily. "Joan—I haven't been leading up to this. You know that. I never thought of it before. I . . . it's just happened."

"What's happened?"

"What I'm going to say." For the briefest moment he hesitated, then plunged ahead. "Come with me."

"Come . . . with you, Barry?"

His voice rushed on. "I'll let this boat go. There's another sailing tomorrow. We'll get an emergency passport. We'll . . ."

"Barry—don't!"

But he had to go on. "Listen, Joan. We rate something, don't we? We're in love—"

"We're in love," she echoed. "And as long as we're in love—" Her voice broke off, letting the words trail into silence.

But he was too eager to notice. "We have to take it while it's here. You said that yourself. We have to grab at happiness before it gets away from us. It's all that matters, really."

"You're sure of that? You're quite sure we'd be happy—that way?"

"Any way, Joan—you and I. We've got it coming to us. We—"

She stared at him, fighting a curious swimming weakness that seemed to creep up on her. She couldn't be hearing this; he couldn't be saying it. Yet these were his eyes, eager and intent on hers. This was his voice, saying the words. They'd have the trip together. She could wait in Paris, while he took care of the Hay case in London. He'd join her every chance he got. They'd squeeze in a few quick trips. Italy, maybe. The south of France. They'd . . .



"For myself only. Temperamentally I shall always be unsuited to it. You see, I'm a child of divorce. I was pushed and shoved around. I saw and heard what no child should see." Sudden bitterness sliced through the air, a moment before fragrant with phlox and delphinium and saltiness. "My parents were killed quarrelling over me. They had met to discuss my future. My father was in no condition to drive. Infuriated by my mother's levity—whether rightly or wrongly—well! Once—they thought they were in love!"

She finished on a passionate, angry crest, but not even her hands stirred to relieve the taut, stubborn pride of her white figure. *Her hands never make aimless gestures. They're still. Everything she says comes from the depths of her.*

"If I walk back home for my car, will you drive with me?"

"No."

"Dinner and jamboree next Saturday night? I always come up from town Friday night—to see my mother."

"No."

"Dance at the club next Sunday?"

"No."

"Mary, you're too beautiful to be bitter. It's not in your eyes or on your lips, but some day it will be."

He felt her face come closer. She must be leaning forward, and then, as one might catch a dash of spray from an approaching wave, he sensed her mind coming out to explore his, as he had done to her earlier. The spray was fresh and clean, unpossessive yet intimate.

Illustrated
by Agnew

"I see what you do," Mary murmured as if to herself. "You're very grave and courteous, Paul Fielding. You're honest and calm. Even when you say outrageous things, there is something reverential about you. You're direct, too. Your attentions make a girl feel desired. You tell her she's beautiful right off, and make her believe it."

"I never did—I swear—only to you. Because you're more than beautiful. You're splendid."

"You bring out in a girl the idea that she is charming and desirable. She then impresses the idea on other men, being backed up by your confidence." She rose abruptly "Do you think I'd go out with you? I don't want to appear attractive to some other man."

"Oh heavens!" Paul cried, "I never thought of that."

"I think I'm a little afraid of you," she said softly. "Men have never paid any attention to me."

"Because they don't see you."

"They didn't see Ellen and Connie and Sandra. I've told you there's no room in my life for a casual friendship. I don't want you to supply the eyes for another man, to interpret me to others. Don't call attention to me—please." Then desperately she added, "I don't want to hurt you, but you've known me less than an hour—so you really can't be hurt. Please promise not to notice me while I'm here. I have to be left free to do what is best for me."

"I'm a patient man, Mary. Patience is in my blood. My father bequeathed it to me along with his profession. And I'm only twenty-six. I can wait."

HE LEFT her at the door, and with a free triumphant step turned back into the night. As he drew closer to his home, which was on the opposite horn of the crescent that was Denwood Cove, he knew he would really never be free until he married Mary Crane, just as he was never free of a design until he had created it. Mary had meant what she said. She had meant it so well that she had bent the knee of her pride to plead with him to be left alone, because her resentment against marriage, her love for medicine had deeper roots than her pride.

His mother was waiting for him in the study, which was imprinted with her simple directness, with his father's scholarliness, with Paul's neatness. She lifted her face eagerly when he entered.

"You shouldn't have waited up—and all dressed too. What's the idea, old lady?"

Grace Fielding laughed swiftly, her pale face coloring in pleasure. It was their old joke to have him call her old lady. She was only forty-six now, and even the white crown across her lustrous brown hair, like a silver filigree threaded through the waves, emphasized her youth. Her grey eyes, the feminine pattern for her son's, softened.

"How did it work out, Paul?"

They often spoke in riddles, to which, however, each knew the answer. "Oh, that!" The wound of Sandra's marriage was so far away now, just a scratch on the knee in childhood. "A lot of kidding and tomfoolery. You know how I am, Mother, once they're married . . ."

"Just a little philandering boy," Grace mused. "Off with the old—on with the new . . ."

"Why do you say—the new?"

He was flinging himself from chair to chair, stretching his legs, running his fingers through his light brown hair, which the salt air had whipped up in hated curls. Grace watched him as he looked fondly around the study and she knew for a certainty that he was placing a girl here. She prayed that the girl would belong, that he would not be hurt again, even temporarily.

"Who is she, Paul?"

He quieted suddenly. "You're a grand girl, Mother. If Dad hadn't grabbed you off first, you'd have been it, or she or—you know what I mean."

His mother asked no more questions. Widow of a type designer, mother to one, she, too, had the quality of patience.

HE AWOKE that Saturday morning to resume the thread of his thought—only by daylight it was hopelessly snarled. He would be meeting Mary wherever he went, to dinner, to dances. + *Continued on page 25*

The Marriage Broker

He knew the secret of love . . . but did not understand it, until he met a girl who despised him for what he seemed to be

by HENRY and SYLVIA LIEFERANT

AFTER BEING jilted practically at the altar for three other men by three girls, all within the space of a year and a half, Paul Fielding was quite prepared to be the object of friendly derision by the whole Cove crowd. Tonight, of course, was a natural for the beginning of operations. The third girl—Sandra, married to Dr. Gilbert Denwood, was keeping open house on their first official night at home. They had returned from their honeymoon only two days before.

Since the time when The Cove—Denwood Cove on the maps—had really been a summer retreat, all Cove parties assumed the aspect of a town meeting. Paul could have recited a list of the guests even before he arrived. He lounged against the doorpost of Sandra's ultra-surrealist drawing-room, his long pliant body held in static rhythm of ease and strength, his sensitive high-boned face overlaid with a reserve of watchfulness for the moment when the fun would break. With that indifference so often displayed in large families, nobody noted Paul's presence at first. The crowd had spread to the garden beyond, where Gil Denwood, the host, stood remote and baffled. Sandra was at the piano surrounded by men, though before Paul's love for her had become public, she had never had so many men about her at once.

Then somebody called, "Hi—there he is!" and obviously by rearrangement Sandra and Connie and Ellen converged upon him from three points in the room. "We are the ladies of the Paul Fielding Alumnae Association!" they chanted.

A swarm of girls was magnetized about him, drawing him into the centre of the room. "Am I next, Paul?" "Put me down next." "O Paul—you promised me."

"Air—air!" Paul shouted. "Is there a doctor in the house?"

"Let me touch you for luck, Paul?" "Can you fix me up with Ben Carson?" "Marry me off, Paul, will you?"

Laughing in good grace he put out his elbows to ward off the attack. It was a remembered pain to have Sandra so close to him, her black gown dramatic against the living white of her body, her red hair, artfully tousled, splashed like a burning torch against the white mess jackets of the men standing guard about the group. Already she had undergone that strange sea change which transformed all his dearly beloveds.

"Listen, my beauties," Paul said, "—and you are all beauties. We'll have to do this legally. Auction me off." He turned his head slowly, examining the girls, really focusing his attention on none of them. "Going—going . . ."

Before he could pronounce the last fatal word he looked over the tops of their heads, and stopped. Far across the room, in a semi-circular alcove, utterly detached from the spectacle, not even looking at him, sat a girl quite alone. Her profile, turned to him, was one clean pencilled line from black hair to the neckline of her white gown. He thought of one word to describe her face, her posture, her manner—high-bred, and after that, the word splendor. She was not pretty or beautiful. She was splendid.

He did not remember how he shook off the girls, whether Sandra or Gil had introduced him, or how he persuaded Mary Crane out into the garden. He did

recall that she was reluctant to go, not protesting coyly as girls did, but rather in amusement, because she knew about his reputation. He sat on the grass at her feet. The calm sea beneath the cliffs hummed to itself, whispered to the still night air that here was the one for whom the other three had been preparation: Mary Crane, Gil's cousin up for the month of August before entering her second year at medical college.

"Couldn't you call me Paul?" he said. "It's more Cove-ish, you know. We often forget each other's last names here."

"If you wish, Paul. It's of no consequence, really." *Her voice is warm and throaty, confident and amused. It's enfolding. It is as familiar to me as my own thoughts, as precious.*

"You've heard about me," he said. "You're laughing at me."

She stirred. "I've heard you're a brilliant man in your field."

"They exaggerate. Anybody here who works for a living is considered 'Oh so clever!'" he mimicked.

"You design type—all those fascinating little things you put together to make books and newspapers."

"Since you mention it, I'll name my next type after you, if you let me. Mary Crane—splendid!"

"How charming," she retorted. "This book is printed in ten point Mary Crane, whatever that is."

"Mary Crane has a thousand points," he said, "and all radiance and light."

Her black hair merging into the night left only a tall column of white where her dress was fused with her skin. She was a white candle, unlighted, yet lighting a chamber in his heart never before opened. The stars flung down occasional jewels which floated on the dark water in the distance, gleaming for a moment of sparkling life, then dissolving into the vastness of the sea. *Somewhere in the darkness are her dark eyes, her high forehead, her wide generous mouth, her whole high-bred face.*

"So that's the way Paul Fielding gets to work on a girl," she laughed softly. "Is there a Connie Arlen type, an Ellen Kent?"

He did not care what she said to him, how mockingly she said it. She was the stream of his blood. She coursed through his life. She was the carrier of his deepest emotions, his brightest flights—and the custodian of them.

"I don't understand yet how it happened," Paul admitted. "Laugh right out if you want to. It's funny. I didn't realize what was happening until Sandra turned me down for Gil. When Ellen married Stan I thought I'd just lost out. May the best man win and all that sort of thing. When Ellen married Dave, it seemed like a coincidence. Then when Sandra stepped out from under my wing . . ."

"You were broken-hearted."

"In my slow way I began to see the joke. Paul the marriage broker. As soon as I lift my eyebrows at a girl, another man grabs her off and marries her. I feel like an heiress. I don't know whether the girls are after me for myself or to get their man—the other man. Maybe it's a racket."

She made no answer. Had he made a mistake in telling her? Did he sound confident, conceited? "That's the idiotic truth of it, Doctor. I just wanted your

diagnosis." *Her face isn't just finely proportioned. I remember it back there in the light. There's something intangible, indescribable. There's a spiritual intensity.*

"You haven't told the doctor everything. You forgot to say that each of your girls was unattractive before you began. Men kept away from them."

"I wouldn't say that."

"You're a gentleman. I'm a woman. I remember Ellen on my last visit four years ago. She was mousy. Connie was pretty, but vapid, yearning for attention, never getting it. Sandra was an untidy child, freckle-faced, drab reddish hair. And look at them now."

SHE WAS quite correct, of course, but he had never interpreted the facts in just this way. Presently as they sat without speaking, Paul felt fluid, and as one tentacle of water will often escape from its source to feel its way about the unexplored crevasses and crannies of rock, so he knew something was pushing from his mind. It curled about the channels of her mind, returned to him as the water returns to the wave with the knowledge of that which it has explored, and painted in one irrefutable flash the picture of a clear young mind, proud, determined, but fresh. He thought of it as a clean-lined mystic new moon, carrying in its finely-etched curves the promise of fulfillment.

He said quietly, "Why were you sitting alone so stubbornly, your face turned away, when any man at a look from you . . ."

"I don't want men rushing me," she answered promptly. "I have no time for them. My life is cut out for me—study, work, achievement. I admire Gil for what he did in the face of the obstacles of money. I mean to do the same. Men have no place in my life."

Paul sensed her drawing away into the night, back to the farthest horizon where the glow worm of a ship's cabin lights crawled along in space. He was not disturbed. What his mind had returned to him he would forever keep, inviolate, whatever Mary might choose to say.

"To be a doctor," he remarked gravely, "to be anything, you have to be human first. Some day you'll be giving women advice on love and husbands . . ."

"I don't have to have the colic in order to cure a baby of it."

"Is that what you think of love? It's the colic?"

"I think I'll go in now, Paul. This is most inconsequential."

Immobile, he appeared not to have heard her request. "Why do you hate marriage?"

"Who has been talking?"

"It's so evident. Why?" he urged.

"I'll tell you so that we understand each other. I do hate it."

"For everybody?"

What is it like to fly for endless days, utterly alone? How does a girl meet the cruel dangers of world flights? What is it like to be the heroine of a courage-loving world? Here's the remarkable record for you, told by the world's greatest woman aviator herself

by JEAN BATTEN

my relatives or the people whom I interviewed would help in any way, and admitted that they did not wish to take the responsibility of financing such a flight.

The urge, however, was very strong within me, and I returned to England in June, 1931, to study for the commercial or B license, as I considered that the possession of this ticket would give me a certain amount of prestige in further efforts to obtain finance for the flight. There was a great deal of study in connection with the commercial license, and examinations to be passed in navigation, air legislature, elementary meteorology, and inspection of aircraft and engines,

etc. In addition to the general flying and cross-country tests there was also a solo night flight to be completed between Croydon and Lympne. It was necessary for a candidate to have completed a hundred hours' solo flying, and in view of the small allowance I received from home and the fact that to hire an airplane for one hour cost thirty shillings it was very difficult to make ends meet.

For some time I had been studying hard and saving up for the B license examination. As I wished to increase my knowledge of engineering I took a course in general maintenance of aircraft and engines in the

workshop of the London Aeroplane Club. In order to arrive punctually at 8 a.m. every morning I took lodgings near Stag Lane Aerodrome.

For several months the day used to be spent in the hangar, where attired in overalls I worked on the engines with the regular mechanics and in the evenings attended lectures and studied navigation. Rain, snow, or fine, I somehow managed to arrive punctually each morning, and the airplanes, carefully inspected, would be wheeled out of the big hangar, propellers swung, and engines warmed up. After being refuelled they were taxied round to the front of the clubhouse in readiness for the day's flying. Our chief engineer was very conscientious and thorough, and in the workshops I learned the importance of careful inspection of aircraft and engine before flight.

About this time a great depression was afflicting world commerce, and New Zealand, almost entirely dependent on primary produce, felt the trade slump very deeply. When I was half-way through the tests for my commercial license my income was stopped. I had already made frequent trips to the pawnbroker in order to keep up my solo flying, so that when fate dealt me this dreadful blow I had no reserve to fall back on. Fortunately my mother saved the situation by providing the funds necessary to enable me to complete the tests and continue flying.

(One day at the Club, Jean Batten met a pilot who was interested in her plan for a solo flight to Australia, and agreed to help finance the flight. After months of preparation and organization, Miss Batten took off in April, 1933. Engine trouble in India necessitated a forced landing, and the girl found herself stranded—considerably in debt and practically penniless. Through the kindness and generosity of Lord Wakefield, who for many years has been associated with the most successful events in the world of sport, arrangements were made for her return to England.)

On my arrival in London it was to find that the part-owner of the machine + Continued on page 42



Among her problems was the difficulty of taking official and solemn Maori greeting with proper solemnity.



Radiantly young and charming, the young girl greets enthusiastic welcomes with unaffected pleasure.



Another world record smashed, Jean Batten waves to the thrilled crowds in Sydney, following her flight from England

Editor's Note: This is the first of a short series of thrilling features taken from Jean Batten's book, "My Life," to be published in Canada, late this Fall. In his foreword to the book the Marquess of Londonderry says, "Jean Batten is a name which will figure for all time in history . . . The pioneering spirit of the British, their careless indifference to danger, their modesty in success and their refusal to accept failure are national qualities . . . Jean Batten typifies all these great qualities . . ."

Born in Rotorua, New Zealand, Jean Batten moved with her family to Auckland, which has been her home ever since. As a young child she was fascinated with the exploits of great fliers, and at an early age decided that the air was her element. She has broken the world record for solo flights from England to Australia, and from Australia to England, and is the only person to hold both records at the same time. The story of her life is one of absorbing interest. Chatelaine picks it up at the time when, as a young girl, she became definitely interested in flying.

SEVERAL flying clubs were already in existence in New Zealand, but my enthusiasm was frowned on by my father. "It's very dangerous," he had told me when I asked to join a club, "and very expensive," he added in a stern voice.

I had met Kingsford Smith during his tour of New Zealand, and when early the following year I again visited Australia he offered to take me for a flight. Cruising about high above the Blue Mountains I had felt completely at home in the air and decided that here indeed was my element. I was even more determined to fly myself, but as my father was opposed to any such idea there was the apparently insurmountable obstacle of finance. When I suggested selling my piano to help raise the amount necessary to learn to fly there was great consternation in my family.

My mother was going to visit England early in 1929 so I decided to accompany her. In England it seemed I should be in the centre of flying activity, and it would not be so difficult to make a start. It seemed that I was well and truly burning my bridges when very reluctantly I consulted an auctioneer and sold my beloved piano. Barely nineteen, I declared to my astonished father that I was old enough to make my own decisions and had decided to make a career for myself in aviation.

A short time after our arrival, I made enquiries about the different flying clubs. My mother, who already sympathized in my keen interest in flying, agreed to help me. We went together to the London Aeroplane Club, where I joined and commenced training. Very soon I was being initiated into the art of flying an airplane straight and level; then followed hours of careful practice in turning, gliding, landing, etc.

When I had completed a few hours' flying and passed tests for the A license I optimistically though vainly tried to obtain backing for a flight to Australia which I had contemplated even before leaving New Zealand. Thinking that it might not be so difficult to interest people in my own country and hoping that my father might help, I sailed home to New Zealand.

Although my father had not known I was learning to

fly until I obtained my license he was very pleased when he saw me give a display of aerobatics at the local club which I joined on arriving back in Auckland. He was, however, not at all enthusiastic about the prospect of his only daughter flying across the world alone. Considerable doubt was expressed, in view of the fact that I had only a few hours' solo flying to my credit, of the advisability of making such a long flight alone. None of



Here's Jean Batten, photographed with a wax model of herself at Madame Tussaud's. Which is which?



The faithful "Gull," Jean Batten's companion on three world record flights, is a five-year-old plane, with a cruising speed of only 80 miles an hour.





"And they lived happily ever after" say the love stories of brilliant girls who give up careers for marriage. But do they? And can they make any success of home-making when the old longings still torment them?

Illustrated by Ted McCormick

Kate. "I can't be worrying about him all the time I'm in town."

"What's there to worry about?" said Howard, deliberately avoiding his wife's eyes.

"If anything goes wrong I'm the one who has to take the responsibility," said Kate.

"Terrible!" said Howard.

Teddy, looking from one to the other, feeling the world unsteady beneath his feet, remembered again that Ruthie would be home soon, and, gosh, it was much better when she was here. He pulled his father out of the room.

"Look, Dad. Listen, I'm making a welcome home arch, see," said Teddy. "I just got to get it finished before Ruth gets here."

"Don't forget there's two e's in welcome," said Howard. "How're you going to get that thing to stay up?"

"It'll stay up," said Teddy. He looked at it uncertainly now. "Well, Dad, if I tack it, don't you think?"

"If you let him stay he's got to promise not to play with tacks," said Kate from the hall. "All I need is to have him run a nail through his hand."

"Oh, Mom, I'm not a baby!" Teddy's voice rose higher.

"Howard, I want you to make him promise." Kate's voice rose, too.

"What's all the noise for?" said Howard. Teddy was shrilling one thing, and Kate another, and Hilda added to the racket by calling up the stairs, "Breakfast's on the table." A happy home, thought Howard, a happy home. I've got everything, a house in the country, two kids, a wife I love—he met Kate's bitter look and laughed bitterly. She could have returned to her studying, if that was what she wanted. After Teddy was born, they had enough money to let her go ahead and

sighs, while she thought and remembered all she had to tell them, and felt herself run first to mom then to dad in the station. I loved every minute at camp, she sang to herself, and to Mom and Dad still far away—except maybe the first night. I don't know why I can't remember the first night. Just I felt funny, I guess. And listen, Mom, I ate everything, even cabbage and string beans—even with strings in them, and I didn't play with my food, and the doctor says I'm very healthy, not a thing the matter with me.

She sat up and stared anxiously into the little mirror between the windows. See how sunburned I am, and what a good color I have, Mom. Dad, you can't call me Paleface any more, can you, Dad? I made lots of friends. I learned to dive and I wasn't a bit scared.

The black trees lightened, the fields beyond the window turned green and yellow, the sky flushed red and pink, and the glow and glory of sunlight poured over the rushing world. Warmth flooded through Ruth and she felt Mom's arms around her, Dad kissing her, saying, "Here, here, how about giving me a chance." She wriggled a little with happiness, and Linda stirred.

"Gosh, you awake already?" she said.

"We're nearly home!" said Ruth.

Linda jumped up.

"I bet you my mother an' father are pretty excited," she said.

"Mine, too," said Ruth. She looked out of the window again, to try to find how near the city they were, and saw a group of trees turned the colors of autumn, standing like a sunset in the midst of sunrise. A shadow of fear, of memory, fell over her, and she glanced fleetingly in the mirror to make sure that her cheeks were still sunburned and healthy. The shadow lifted, and the home which she had pictured all summer to her friends and to herself was stronger than memory.

"Prob'lly Mom and Dad are driving in to meet me right now this minute," she said, and at the thought of the moment toward which she rushed, she wriggled again with happiness.

KATE ANDREWS, driving downtown to Union Station beside her husband, was checking over in her mind what she had done, what she had still to do.

"I'm taking Ruth in to the doctor day after tomorrow," she said. "She doesn't seem to have had any of those stomach upsets at camp, but I couldn't depend on them to write me even if she did get sick. She's so apt to overdo if I'm not around to stop her."

Howard saw Kate's lips press together; he looked straight ahead.

"Those kids are all right," he said. "Trouble with all you women is, you worry over nothing. You ought to have some real worries."

"Now don't start that again," said Kate. "I suppose I don't do anything. You've got no idea of all I accomplished just this morning while you were reading the paper."

"You're a woman, aren't you? That's your job." And he thought of the real woman, gentle, soft, who should have shared his bed and board. If only he had not been doomed to love Kate, whom he had never had, for all he had married her and begotten children upon her. "There's just one thing you can't blame me for—I didn't make the world the way it is."

Nor I, thought Kate, staring ahead at the tall buildings grey and dusty in the sun, sliding past like ghosts of her dead life. Ruthie's got to have more of a chance than I had, though she'll have to marry, of course. I'm doing everything for her; I'm—I'm—making up for what I felt when she was born. Lots of women feel that way after childbirth, after what they go through. Why mothers love their children; it wouldn't be natural not to love them. Suddenly at ease, she spoke quietly.

"I might just find time for a few courses this winter, Howard. Maybe I could make up the credits I need. The children are older now."

"Why, sure," said Howard. "No reason at all why you shouldn't finish your training."

And now Kate saw that there was no reason. She could have her own career, as she had planned it long ago, and she would have the children, and Howard. She was happy, dreaming of a gracious and useful life.

"We'll take Ruthie to the hotel for breakfast, Howard," she said. "She won't have had anything on the train."

"The hotel it is," said Howard. "We'll blow her." He'd blow her to anything and everything; why, Ruthie, his baby, was coming home. ♦ *Continued on page 61*

have her career, as she wished. What had stopped her?

Kate saw the unspoken question in her husband's face, and she closed her lips tightly. She could not answer that question, but she knew it was too late for her.

AND RUTH, awake for hours on the racketty train, looked through the dusty window and rusty screen and thought of home. Linda, her best friend, whom she had met at camp, was asleep, curled into a ball on the outside of the berth. How can she be so calm, thought Ruth, and Linda was the one who cried worst of all the first night for homesickness. Ruth, staring out of the window, had seen the black trees and grey sky fly past, while her heart beat strongly, her breath fluttered into



FAMILY Group

by MARJORIE FISCHER

THE FOUR members of the Andrews family were all awake by six o'clock the morning of the Friday before Labor Day. Teddy had been up for an hour; he lay on his stomach on the floor of his room, his feet in the air, the legs of his pyjamas coiled at his knees. A big arch made of cardboard was spread out around him, his crayons were at hand—but there was hardly more than a stub of red—and he traced letters in pencil over the top of the arch. W-E-L-C Teddy drew carefully, and sunshine spilled over the floor, touching the letters and crowning his rumpled hair with light. Going to be a swell day, all right, thought Teddy, and the sounds of birds, crickets, and rustling leaves, floated through the open window.

From the lawn next door came suddenly the soft swish of water from a hose rising into the air and pattering on to leaves and earth. Mrs. Andrews had wakened from a bad dream, and the familiar sounds smote her ears like another evil. What was it she had been dreaming? She could not remember, but the thought that Ruth would be home from camp today, filled her mind as if it had never left her, even in sleep. She opened her eyes and moved her head silently on the pillow to face the bed beyond the night table. Her husband seemed to be still sleeping; he lay turned from her, yellow hair like Ruth's half-hidden by his hunched-up shoulder.

Wide-awake, but still possessed by the forgotten bad dream, Kate Andrews' thoughts pulled away from control while she lay seeing her husband's hair, which was the color of his daughter's. Extra milk must be ordered today, against Ruth's return; green vegetables; fresh sheets for her bed; minutes for marketing, for taking Teddy to the Group at the beach, before driving to town to meet Ruth at the Union, ticked out in orderly plans in Kate Andrews' brain, and scrawled around and about them, unbidden, unwelcome, was the dream. I must order green vegetables, do my duty to my husband, my son, my daughter; at thirty-five my life is over, it's been over for years. There is no time now for anything but duty. Once I was going to be an architect and build tall beautiful buildings, and then I married because girls must marry, and then I had a child, I had Ruth, and my life was over. I could not go back then to finish my training; there was not enough money then for everything, and someone had to look after Ruth.

Resentment, secret passionate hatred flooded through her; she pressed her lips together nervously, pushed her hair back from her pale face, and thrust the ugly feelings out of sight. Ruth must be taken to the dentist, to the doctor, before school opens, and maybe she'll be stronger and easier to manage now she's been at camp, but I can't count on that.

Howard Andrews, lying quietly, cautiously, as though he still slept, did not stir when he heard Kate get up and tiptoe from the room. He lay at ease, breathing the warm air scented with autumn flowers, with trees still green. Now their neighbor was pushing his lawnmower over the springing grass and the dandelions going to seed. The whirr of crickets, the chirp of birds, the rattling lawnmower made a sound sweeter than silence, and Howard rested on the bosom of that sound. Safe in a waking dream, he was free to love, and



She could give them no help, and could not ask for help herself; but there was nothing left of her dream for living as she wanted to.

he thought tenderly of his son, his daughter, his wife. He turned, forgetting that Kate had risen, facing her empty bed which still held the impression of her body. The chill, empty bed, with the sheet thrown back, held the impression of reality, which for a few moments between sleep and waking had fled away, and like a film rolled backward, love trembled, shrank, became again a shrivelled seed with no earth to grow in.

Teddy's shrill little voice rose higher.

"Ah, Mom, not today!"

"I can't leave you here with no one to look after you. Hilda's got enough to do today."

"But, Mom, if I have to go to the Group I won't have time to finish my arch. I won't even be here when Ruthie gets back. Look, it's a surprise for her."

"You can surprise her later. Now really, Teddy, I've got enough to contend with without this. Get dressed, please."

"But, Mom—" Teddy ran into his parents' bedroom, face flushed, mouth defiant.

"Dad, you don't think I have to go to the Group today, do you? Listen, Dad, I'm making a thing for the gate, you know, for a surprise for Ruthie." Teddy grabbed his father's hand and tugged. "C'm'on, Dad, come and see it. My goodness, I'm not going to get into any trouble."

"Just a minute, young feller." Howard got up slowly, put on his dressing-gown, thrust his feet into leather slippers.

"Howard, you'll have to manage him. I can't," said

Go on, then, but don't you dast ever tell you're kin to us down here."

Caleb went, and Tillie Jane walked a distance with him. "I'd go, too, if I was a man," she said. "When you git settled some place, be sure and send me word. I like you better'n anybody, 'ceptin' the way I liked ma."

"All right," Caleb said. "Good-by." He kept on walking and he did not look back lest he should see Tillie Jane crying.

It was a week later when he reached the great flats where the valley widened and there practiced his singing. He hadn't felt like it before. He had had to travel too far to find a first place where he could earn food and shelter, and then there had been rainy days. But now the sun shone again and he was on his way. The sky was fleeced with woolly clouds and the air smelled sweet. Good meals had tightened his belt and he was in high spirits, so he followed a deer trail until he was a safe distance from the highway and began to try his voice.

"Beulah Land" had a fine swing to it and he let himself go with great fervor. Once he thought he heard a bush crack but realized there were wild things, no doubt, that would be startled by his singing, so he paid no attention. He tried "The Happy Golden Shore," and was just ending the last verse when a movement in the bush caught his eye, and he saw that a girl was watching him.

Caleb was afraid of girls. His brothers had plagued him because a scrawny cousin in cotton print and pig-tails had walked to school with him at every chance.

But this girl in the grove was different. Her skin had the delicate tint of late apple blossoms. Her dark hair was fluffy and soft, sparkling in the sun, and her eyes were as brown as Caleb's were blue. All this he saw in his first glance and then he was running away, crashing along the deer trail like a badly frightened young buck. For the girl wanted to catch him. She had waved frantically and called out to him.

HE WAS nearly to the road before he slowed to a walk and began to think that he had acted foolishly. There was no one here to poke fun at him and he was a bit lonesome. But he knew by her actions that she wasn't lost or wanting help of any sort so, after a short hesitation, he went on toward the highway.



It took all his strength to get their awkward craft from one swirling current to another before they were swept away.

The girl was waiting when he got there. She was flushed and breathing fast, but quite confident. "Please don't run away again," she said. "I want to know who you are."

Caleb blinked with surprise and forgot he was nervous. "How'd you get here?" he asked.

"By a short cut along the line fence. I knew you would follow that crooked path and it's lots longer." She smiled, and Caleb felt a thrill go all over him so that he looked down and blushed.

"My, you're a grand-looking boy," the girl said. "Won't you tell me your name?"

"Caleb Jordan." He said it without looking up. "I'm headin' west."

"Alone!" She stepped close beside him at the rail fence and picked bits of bark from his jacket sleeve.

He nodded. "I'm past sixteen."

"You look a man, Caleb." There was genuine admiration in her voice and she spoke his name slowly, as if she liked it. "Won't you sing that 'Golden Shore' again?"

"No," he blurted, and they were silent a moment. A blue jay flitted across the road and a cricket sang on the top pole of the fence. Then Caleb cleared his throat. "What's your name?" he asked.

She smiled. "I'm glad you want to know. I'm Betty Martin and that's my house up there on the hill, that white one. I'm fifteen and there's nobody but father and my Aunt Julia. She's terrible strict with girls. Are you looking for work?"

Caleb nodded. He had never heard any other girl talk like her.

"What are you going to do?" she persisted. "Father hires men, but Aunt Julia won't have any boys around. She says whenever any young men do come, they'll have to have property. Will you have property?"

Caleb raised his chin and looked at her fairly. "I

wouldn't stop here," he said. "I'm goin' farther west. I'm goin' to be a gospel singer."

"Oh!" Caleb couldn't tell, from her voice, whether she approved or not, but presently her hand touched his arm. "You'll be a good one," she said softly. "I loved hearing you sing. Aunt Julia thinks I'm picking flowers, but I saw you on the road and I fooled her. I nearly always have to fool her."

"I'm goin' to work, too," Caleb announced after some thinking. "I'll—I'll have property some day."

Betty smiled again. "Good," she said. Then she looked pensive, and Caleb was stirred mightily by her question. "Will you ever come back here again?"

"Why sure I will," + Continued on page 31

A noted Canadian writer
brings you a memorable
story of his Nova Scotian
countryside . . of a young
gospel singer . . and a girl
who was too young to
know her own mind



Caleb stood at the foot of the fourposter. His voice was a clear tenor, and natural as bird song.

WHEN Caleb Jordan was sixteen, his father sickened and, late one spring evening, made ready to die. "Git the preacher," the old man panted, twisting on a noisy straw mattress. "I want some religion. Git somebody, Tillie Jane."

Tillie Jane, his daughter, woman of the household since her mother died of overwork, gazed indifferently. "There ain't no preacher to git. He won't be comin' this way 'fore Sunday."

"Git someone else, then," the old man ordered. "You hear me. I'm nigh to passin' right now."

Tillie Jane glanced at the two hulking figures in the gloom of the kitchen. "There's jist the boys here," she said.

"The boys!" The old man muttered something in his beard. "Nothin' religious in 'em."

"Only Caleb," Tillie Jane agreed. "I've heard him sing 'Glory Land' jist as good as the preacher."

Old man Jordan twisted again. "Fetch him," he groaned.

Tillie Jane went to the door and called three times before she got an answer from a willow patch below the cabin. "Come up, Caleb," she shrilled loudly. "Pa's goin'."

She lighted an oil lamp and presently heard Caleb's tread across the chip yard. "Don't you say nothin'," she hissed, looking sharply at the two squatted on benches.

Caleb halted in the doorway. He was tall and well built, almost as big as his brothers, but he did not resemble them at all. His skin looked as soft as a girl's in spite of his tan, and his eyes were a deep blue that made him seem pretty, almost, instead of handsome. Unlike his brothers, he held his head high and looked entirely honest.

"Could you sing once?" Tillie Jane said coaxingly. "It's only because pa's goin' and there ain't a preacher to git. Sing 'The Sweet By-and-By' that way you can sing it."

Caleb flushed and started to refuse, then saw the begging in her eyes. "I'll try," he said.

He stepped into the bedroom and stood at the foot of the fourposter. The old man had his head back on the pillow and was breathing hard. His lips were apart and his eyes shut. Tillie Jane nudged Caleb. "Now," she whispered.

"There's a land that is fairer than day . . ." Caleb's voice was a clear tenor, as natural as bird song. He was nervous at first, but he steadied and when he had finished the verse, the old man opened his eyes. "That's

as good as the preacher," he said, and died. It was the only praise he ever gave Caleb.

Caleb and Tillie Jane went out to the kitchen. "It's all over," Tillie Jane said.

"That singin' would finish anybody," Jabez, the oldest, sneered. "You hear me now—there ain't goin' to be no more of it around here. Them's my orders."

"Nor no singin' outside around the fields neither," Simon, the second brother, added. "We're sick of hearin' it."

The pair were swarthy, sharp-featured fellows and were united in their efforts to make Caleb's life miserable. They despised him for his clear skin and milk-white teeth, and his voice that all the neighbors praised. Mostly they disliked him because he was a third heir to a big farm which could be halved nicely but would be ruined, in their estimation, if divided into smaller portions.

They buried their father in the graveyard on the hill, where the soil was too poor to be used as farmland, and because the preacher was not available and they did not know how to hold a funeral service, the brothers agreed to let Caleb sing. They were too afraid of the neighbors to deny it. So Caleb sang, "The Sweet By-and-By," because the old man had liked it.

Then they filled in the grave and the brothers hurried, for the weather was fine and warm and seed would sprout almost as soon as they had it in the ground. But Caleb halted them when they reached the road. "You needn't reckon me in any shares," he said calmly. "I'm goin' up the valley to the end and likely I'll go on after that. I'll be gone mebbe a long time."

They stood and stared at him, calculating greedily yet hardly convinced. Caleb was always an easy mark, never wanting to argue, but surely he was not a fool. Then Tillie Jane spoke their thoughts. "How are you goin' to make a livin'?"

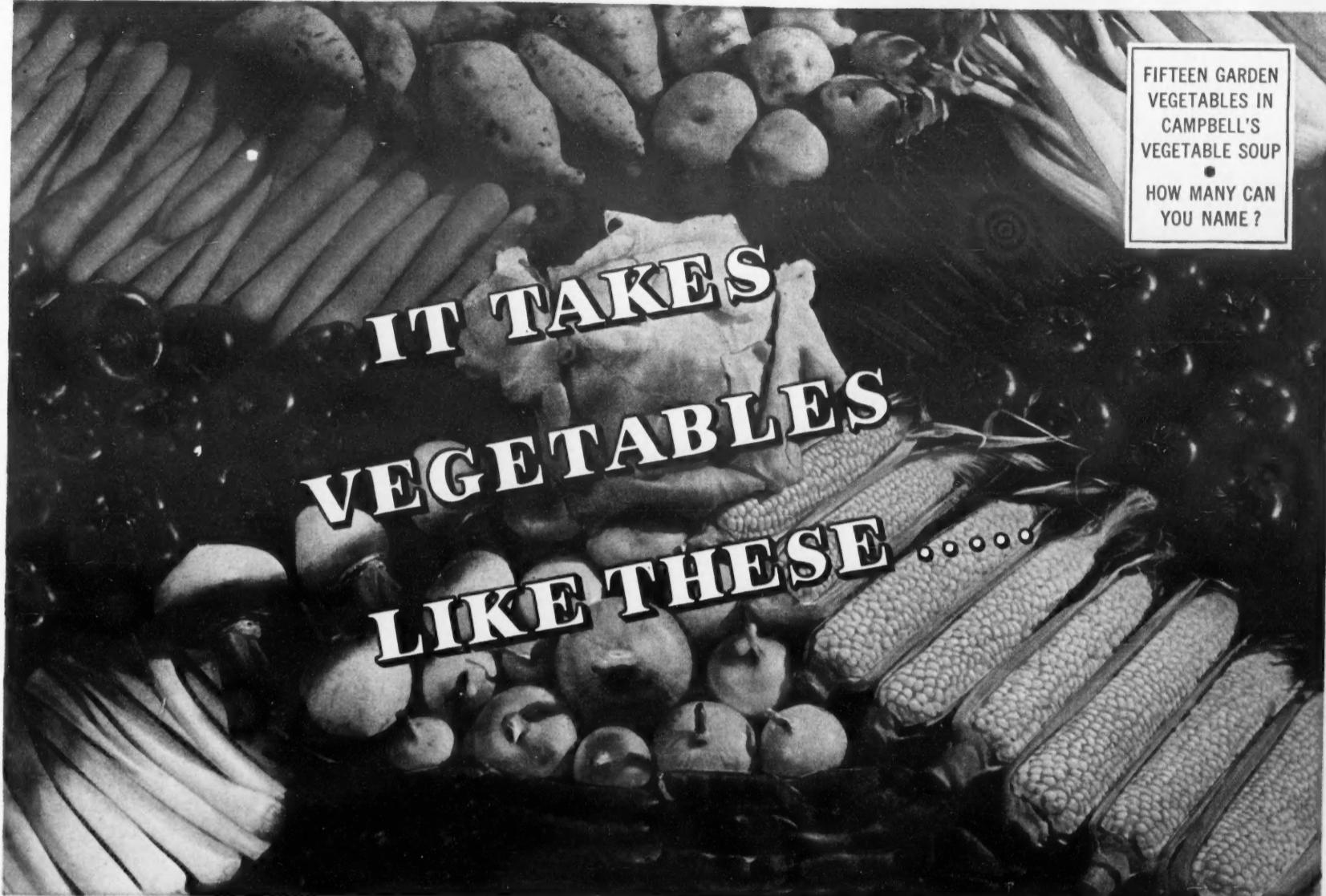
Caleb had expected that question. The Jordans had never been shiftless folks. Some were farmers and some were loggers or mill setters; they all had their professions. "I'm thinkin'," he said, getting crimson, "I'll be a gospel singer."

They gaped at him, and it was Jabez who first found his tongue. "You're more a jackass than I thought," he said. "There ain't one of 'em ever made a dollar."

A Woman Can't Wait Too Long

by WILL R. BIRD

Illustrated by Kay Avery



FIFTEEN GARDEN
VEGETABLES IN
CAMPBELL'S
VEGETABLE SOUP
•
HOW MANY CAN
YOU NAME?

...to Make Vegetable Soup Like This!

IN ORDER TO MAKE soup with just as fine ingredients as Campbell's use, you would have to be able to buy the very best of all these different kinds of vegetables from Canada's finest gardens... But there's no need to go shop-

ping when at any time—anywhere—you can have all fifteen of them in Campbell's Vegetable Soup, each with its own right-out-of-the-garden flavor. And probably you've noticed that seldom, if ever, are so many different vegetables used

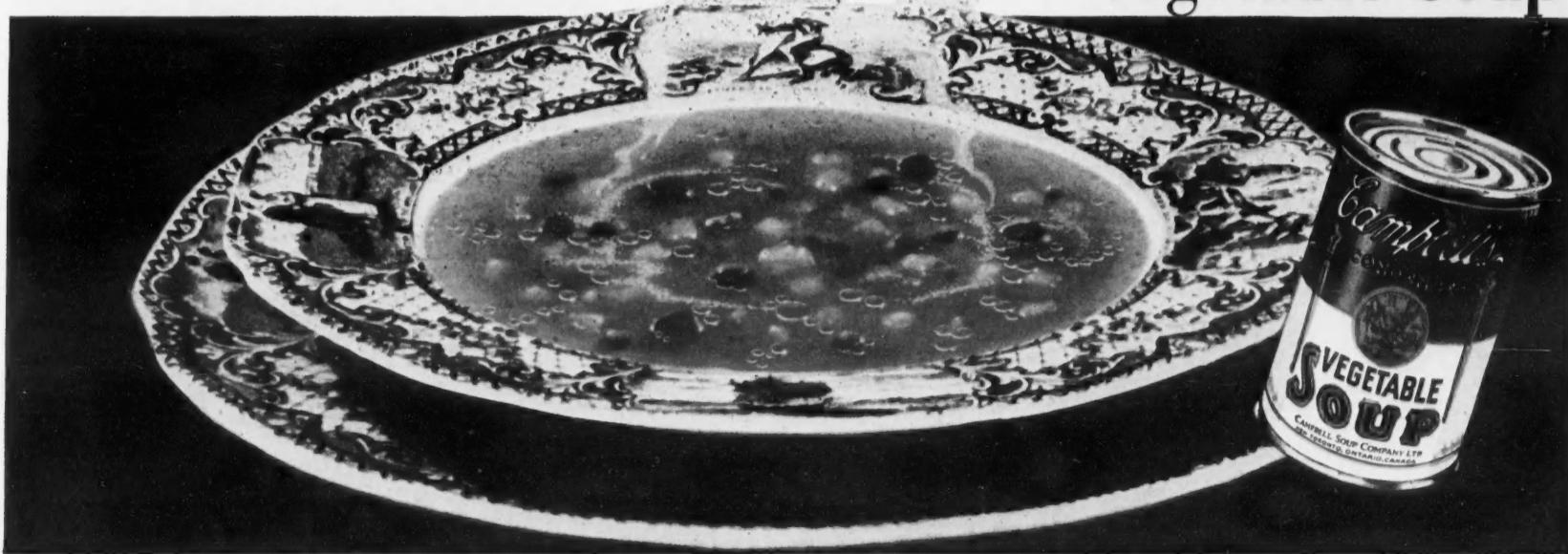
for making vegetable soup at home.

Speaking of home-made, women everywhere in Canada tell us they have turned to Campbell's for keeps, because they find it equals their own good home-made vegetable soup. That's because the delicious, invigorating beef stock has been simmered long and slowly, the good home way—just like their own. And what makes Campbell's Vegetable Soup particularly good and

nourishing for *everybody*—children especially—is that it is cooked so as to retain all the healthful vegetable salts and minerals.

This popular "meal in itself" is ready for the table in a jiffy—delicious and fortifying to the last spoonful. Why not have it often?

Campbell's
Vegetable Soup



MADE IN CANADA BY THE CAMPBELL SOUP COMPANY LTD., NEW TORONTO, ONTARIO



If you want your beau to enjoy his date with you, let him know you are having a wonderful time.

When you see your closest friends being asked everywhere, while you sit at home, it's time to ask—What's the trouble?

Are You a Good Date?

by LORNA SLOCOMBE

NO GIRL has ever really suffered until she has undergone the devastating experience of being a perfect flop. You know that feeling: somehow, somewhere, the date has gone wrong. You can't think of a word to say. You know the man is dying to get rid of you. And pretty soon you find yourself being said goodnight to, and the-only-man-you-ever-really-loved is fading out of your life with a casual, "See you some time!" In your heart you know he's never going to darken your date book again.

Perhaps your social life has become so sparse that you don't even keep a date book, because there's no point in writing down "Movies with Bill (the pill)," when even that happens only once every other leap year, practically.

Well, what's the trouble? You look around and see your homeliest friends getting asked to all the dances. And you sit at home and read a book, while some tongue-tied blonde gets carted all around the town and plied with gardenias and adoration. You feel disillusioned, and decide that in order to be popular, a girl has to be beautiful, or Bad, or have a convertible coupe. However, things really haven't come to such a pass. There are plenty of girls who are homely, unobtrusively virtuous, pedestrians perforce—and still popular.

If your dates are infrequent and unsuccessful, there must be a reason. So why not check up a bit? Let's assume that you've done right by your face, and taken due heed of the warnings in the magazine ads. Maybe the whole trouble is just some little flaw in your tech-

nique. It may be nothing more fatal than a loud and persistent giggle. Or perhaps your whole attitude is wrong. How about it; are you a good date?

Do You Concentrate on the Man You're With?

AMONG THE girls who wonder why their dates aren't successful, you'll find a large group who start out on an evening's so-called fun, with the most amazingly cold-blooded attitude. The girl of this type thinks it's a good idea to go out with any man, however awful, because she may meet other men. Even if the man isn't so cute, he's good for dinner and a show. And anyhow, anything is better than staying at home. This is the girl who goes out with a man she doesn't give a whoop about, just to show some old flame that he's not the only pebble on the beach.

This girl doesn't give men credit for any sensibilities. She expects her date to enjoy her company, even when he can't help realizing that to her he's just a meal ticket, a means of introductions, a strictly utilitarian angle for a triangle, or a potential invitation to the prom.

Now while you, yourself, may not be quite so practical as all this, you may verge on the type and give your date the wrong impression. For instance, do you pay attention to him, while you're dancing? Or do you devote your energy to staring with great interest over his shoulder to see who's at the dance, and who's likely to cut in next? When you get broken in on, do you remember to smile at your last partner as if you'd en-

joyed the dance tremendously, or are you so relieved that you fall hastily into the new partner's arms, without a backward glance, a smile, or a parting word?

At a party, are you so busy radiating charm for the benefit of the new men, that you entirely neglect the man who brought you? Of course, at a dance or a party, no date wants to have you hung around his neck like an albatross. He wants to dance and talk with other girls besides you. But it certainly is only civilized for you to be especially devoted to your own date. To give him an occasional glance of recognition, even if he is roped in by some girl across the room. To give him a very special smile when he breaks back on you. To see that he's having a good time, too. In fact, to think of him and treat him as a human being, not just a ticket of admission.

Do You Talk About Him?

THINKING of your date as a human being . . . that brings us to a very nice subject for conversation. Yes, it is himself. You ought to make it a mental habit to wonder about your date—for he is a man. He has ambitions. He has pet hates. He has a hobby, and talents, and weaknesses, and opinions. He has a favorite sport, and probably a favorite radio program. And being only human, he'd rather tell you what he eats for breakfast, than hear about the thrilling football game you saw with Bill.

Don't be afraid to ask questions. Just be little old Pinkerton, and find out + *Continued on page 24*



When WOMEN Enter Public Life



A brilliant newspaperwoman, now a vitally interested member of the City Council of Hamilton, Ont., Controller Henderson is a unique figure in Canadian public life.

WHEN women enter public life, the first lesson they learn is that the business of government is highly complex and that feminine aspirations, so enthusiastically voiced in the women's organizations for social betterment, are not nearly so easy of attainment as they appeared to be.

In public life they actually become sympathetic to men whom possibly they once severely criticized for their apparent unwillingness to bring about sweeping reforms in which women are especially interested.

Sometimes the women they have "left behind them" are resentful of the fact that those whom they thought were to be their especial ambassadors have "gone over" to the men!

Perhaps they have. Let us say that they have become "persons," a state of being which the women of Canada, without perhaps realizing all the implications, had legally conferred upon them some years ago by the Privy Council. For there is neither male nor female in government!

When women enter public life they find that government is often ineffectual to deal with the complicated problems of society, not because it is "man's" government, but because it is the people's government. It must always play go-between to the people, who are continually at cross purposes in pursuing their individual needs and ambitions. Women in government find that women, just as much as men, are divided into economic and social groups whose ends and outlook clash, and that democratic administrations can do nothing better than to step as warily as possible in the fields of these conflicting interests.

RECENTLY IN Hamilton the city council received a petition for early closing from seventy-five per cent of the grocery stores. Under statute on receipt of such a petition the council must pass an early closing by-law. For two months the twenty-five per cent of the small grocers who did not want early closing literally besieged the city hall. Many of these shop owners on both sides were women. The women who wanted the early closing showed the humane considerations involved in regard to their employees. Many of the employees themselves also became active in presenting this aspect of the issue. On the other hand women who kept small stores without help showed that they would be ruined, because it is in the evening that many people who cannot purchase during the day go to the small merchant when the big chain stores are closed.

"This provides us," said these women, "with the best part of our livelihoods."

The shoppers also entered into the controversy. Women's organizations on the whole took the broad social outlook—that early closing is a step in the right direction. But numerous housewives and women whose

work during the day did not permit them to shop until evening, gave good reasons to show what an inconvenience this change would cause.

I only mention this, and have particularly cited the women involved in the controversy, to bring home the point I am advancing.

I could name another issue. Quite recently again a controversy has arisen in Hamilton about the reduction of charges for bootlegging by the city prosecutor. The case in point was that of an elderly man against whom the police obtained all the evidence of bootlegging, but from humane considerations the city prosecutor reduced the charge in court to one of "illegal possession" of liquor. Had the first charge been pressed the man would have gone to jail. On the lesser charge only a fine is imposed.

I had many calls from women in respect to this. Some said: "You must use your influence, Miss Henderson, to stamp out bootlegging. The saloons are bad enough as it is. You must not allow bootlegging charges to be reduced if you can help it. It is putting a premium on a vicious trade that all women should try to stamp out."

Other women—mothers, wives, tenderhearted and above reproach—phoned me and begged me in any influence I could exert, to "use the milk of human kindness." They said: "Here is a poor old man, probably unable to earn an honest livelihood. He is said to be in poor health. He has several respectable married daughters in Hamilton. Surely you would not want him sent to jail! What good will it do? He will only come out embittered and hardened, and probably be a worse member of society for this experience."

It may be that a petition is received from a man, or quite as likely from a woman, for the city to lift restrictions on a certain street in order that a business may be established there. In an expanding city certain districts are continually in a process of "going commercial," and the city council may realize that it cannot forever withstand such applications. It prepares to grant the application, but immediately men and women owners of adjacent properties come in delegations to the city hall to protest such a change. "It will ruin our neighborhood," they say. "As it is we cannot sell our houses because the neighborhood is going down."

"That is the very reason that we must begin some time to build it up as a commercial district," we argue.

What happens to the feminine aspirations?...Does disillusionment follow any actual governing experience?

by CONTROLLER
NORA-FRANCIS HENDERSON

The anti-petitioners admit that this development is inevitable, but in effect they say: "We don't want you to do anything until we have sold our properties and got away."

"Perhaps you would have a better chance of selling if you could sell for business purposes," we reply. And so on endlessly.

IT IS by means of such daily experiences, of a vast variety and range of character, that the women who enter public life come to realize that there is no specific in the feminine psychology which, were it but given the opportunity, could rid society of all its ills.

Nor are there certain social reforms which can be urged by women in the expectation that these can be implemented through legislation without any consideration for the general problems of government. There is only a very troubled and complicated world of affairs to deal with, and once in government the interrelationship of all these social problems presses home upon the aspiring woman legislator.

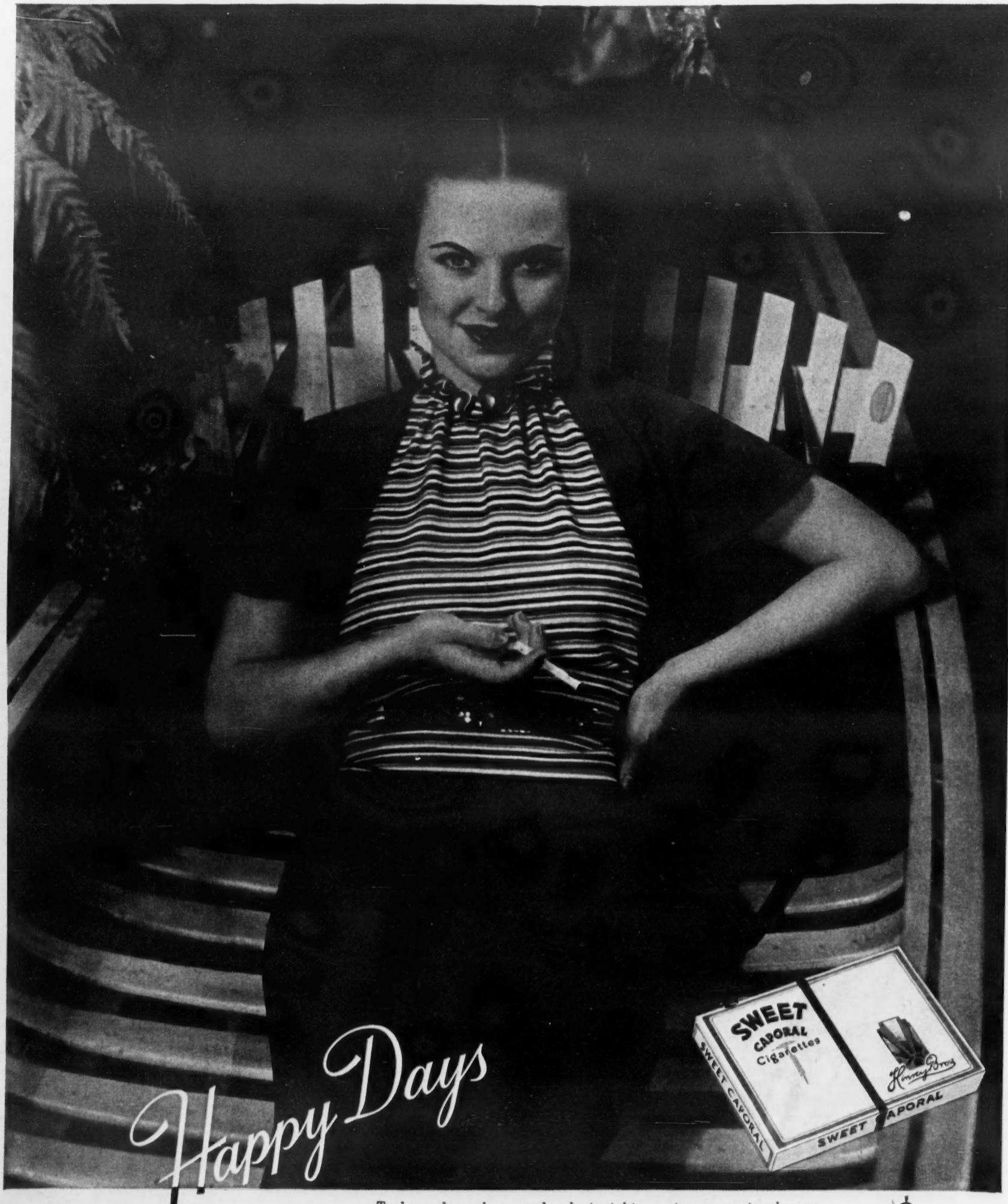
She finds, indeed, that while she once thought only of the good that could be accomplished by effecting certain improved standards for certain people, she is now forced into a realization of the harmful effect this very good may have upon other groups of people. These are precisely the difficulties which have always stood in the way of democratic governmental action.

A woman is elected to the city council largely on the enthusiastic votes of thousands of her sister women, with a special mission to "fight for more playgrounds, more public health clinics and other increased social services for the people."

When she gets down to business, inspects the lengthening lists of those who cannot pay their taxes, learns that when taxpayers default, other taxpayers must make up the deficit, begins to understand what the present high property taxation is doing to people who own their homes, what the decline in the home-owning ideal is doing to the building trades, and what the decline in the building trades is doing to the sixty per cent of breadwinners who normally are employed by them, she begins to get a headache. Perhaps it is a heartache. Perhaps it is both.

She then begins to comprehend that the administrator cannot sever the nerve fibres that connect the heart and the head!

She finds that if there are to be more playgrounds and more health clinics and other social services financed, the money must be raised from the taxpayers. Can this additional revenue be taken from people who have big gardens for their children to play in and who can afford to send their offspring to expensive summer camps? Can it be raised from people who for themselves can well afford private + Continued on next page



To long, lazy days and velvet nights . . . to murmuring leaves and rippling waters . . . to welcome holidays that sweep away the cobwebs and restore lost energy and vigour . . . and to Sweet Caps—the cigarette that adds pleasure to every other pleasure—
They're always good!

"The purest form in which tobacco can be smoked"



Now—Apply Vitamin A

the "Skin-Vitamin"

Right on Your Skin

FOR YEARS we have been learning about the importance of the various vitamins to our health. A-B-C-D-E-G—who hasn't heard of them?

Now comes the exciting news that one of these is related in particular to the skin!

Lack of this "skin-vitamin" in the skin produces roughness, dryness, scaliness. Restore it to the diet, or now apply it right on the skin, and our experiments indicate that the skin becomes smooth and healthy again!

That's all any woman wants to know. Immediately you ask, "Where can I get some of that 'skin-vitamin' to put on my skin?"

Pond's Cold Cream now contains this Vitamin

Pond's Cold Cream now contains this "skin-vitamin." Its formula has not been changed in any way apart from the addition of this vitamin.

It's the same grand cleanser. It softens and smooths for powder as divinely as ever.

But now, in addition, it brings to the skin a daily supply of the active "skin-vitamin."

Use Pond's Cold Cream in your usual way. If there is no lack of "skin-vitamin" in the skin, our experiments described in the next column show that the skin is capable of storing some of it against a possible future need. If there is a lack of this vitamin in the skin, these experiments indicate that the use of Pond's Cold Cream puts the needed "skin-vitamin" back into it.

Begin today. Get a jar of Pond's, and see what it will do for your skin.

Same Jars, same Labels, same Price

Pond's Cold Cream comes in the same jars, with the same labels, at the same price. Now every jar of Pond's contains the active "skin-vitamin"—Vitamin A.

Most People don't know these Facts about Vitamin A and the Skin . . .

First Published Reports

In 1931 and 1933, deficiency of Vitamin A ("skin-vitamin") was first recognized as the cause of specific skin disorders. In the cases reported, a liberal Vitamin A diet made the dry, roughened skin smooth and healthy again. Later reports confirmed and extended the evidence of this.

In hospitals, other scientists found that Vitamin A ("skin-vitamin") applied to the skin healed wounds and burns quicker.

Tests with Pond's Creams

Experiments were made concerning possible causes of deficiency of "skin-vitamin" in the skin.

I. Dietary—The skin may lose "skin-vitamin" from deficiency of it in the diet. In our tests, skin faults were produced by a diet deficient in "skin-vitamin." Without any change in the diet, these faults were then treated by applying "skin-vitamin" to the skin. They were corrected promptly.

II. Local—Our experiments also indicated that even when the diet contains enough "skin-vitamin," the stores of this vitamin in the skin may be reduced by exposure to sun, and also by exposure to warm, dry air together with frequent washing. In further tests, marked irritation resulted from repeated use of harsh soap and water. This irritation was then treated by applying the "skin-vitamin." The skin became smooth and healthy again. It improved more rapidly than in cases treated with the plain cold cream or with no cream at all. The experiments furnished evidence that the local treatment with "skin-vitamin" actually put the "skin-vitamin" back into the skin!

All of these tests were carried out on the skin of animals, following the accepted laboratory method of reaching findings which can be properly applied to human skin.

Even today it is not commonly known that the skin does absorb and make use of certain substances applied to it. Our experiments indicated not only that the skin absorbs "skin-vitamin" when applied to it, but that when "skin-vitamin" is applied to skin which already has enough of it, the skin can store some of it against a possible future need.

The Role of the "Skin-Vitamin"

The "skin-vitamin" functions like an architect in regulating the structure of the skin. It is necessary for the maintenance of skin health. When the skin is seriously deficient in the supply of this vitamin, the skin suffers.

Signs which may indicate "Skin-Vitamin" deficiency

Dryness, Roughness, Scaliness resulting in a Dull Appearance.



MRS. ALEXANDER COCHRANE FORBES, young society woman, grandniece of MRS. JAMES ROOSEVELT: "With Pond's Cold Cream, my skin looks soft—not rough or dry."



MRS. WILLIAM RHINELANDER STEWART, beautiful as when she came out: "The use of Pond's Cold Cream has helped me to keep my skin fresh and bright and smooth."

When Women Enter Public Life

Continued from page 21

medication and hospitalization in time of sickness? Unfortunately, no.

She finds that practically the only revenue that the municipality can obtain for all purposes is from the taxation of property. She quickly perceives that by far the larger proportion of this revenue is obtained from small homes, because there are always far more small homes in every community than there are large ones. She goes into these homes, interviews these oppressed taxpayers as they come to the city hall with their unpaid tax bills and added penalties, and realizes that they are the chief source for these enormous sums being raised for social services in every municipality today. Through a long process of bewilderment and disillusionment, she traces the sequence of events which begins with insupportably high property taxation and ends with unemployment.

WHEN WOMEN enter public life in large numbers and can exert feminine influence on government, shall we find that standards will be heightened? Will representative government be more honest, more humane and responsible?

I see no reason to suppose that this will necessarily be so. Give the woman who underpays and overworks her servants, or the woman shop owner who is dishonest both to her employees and to her customers, a chance to cheat on a bigger scale and she will take full advantage of the opportunity! Take a woman who peddles malicious gossip about the neighborhood and put her into this vicious game of party warfare with its degrading weapons of personal vilification and cynical fabrication of untruths and half-truths, and she will beat the men at their own game, because nature has endowed her with a member of greater elasticity and motive power!

When women enter public life, can we expect that certain beneficial results will justify the theory that government of the people should be by men and women?

Yes. In that it will be in a truer sense government of the people. Therefore it will be a truer democracy. There is the psychology of the man and the psychology of the woman. It is a difference of quality more than it is a difference of kind. This difference is valuable in the management of human affairs because it provides in each case a specific contribution in the effort to obtain a common good. Separated, directed into different channels—called men's responsibilities and women's responsibilities—this difference loses its value in human organization, because common interests and common objectives tend to be lost sight of.

Separatism inevitably engenders enthusiasms and antagonisms between groups of people who, faced with final issues, would admit that their ultimate aims are the same. We see this everywhere. Welfare agencies devoted to specific social problems often work at cross purposes, are critical and jealous of each other, sometimes overlap in a



My faults and virtues
as I see them compared
to Marie Antoinette's

by
**NORMA
SHEARER**

MY MARIE ANTOINETTE

Editor's Note: As the distinguished Canadian actress, Norma Shearer, returns to the screen this season with "Marie Antoinette," Chatelaine asked her to tell us what she thought about her rôle. A year ago it was announced that Miss Shearer would resume her career. She was on the lot three months later, making arrangements for the part she waited five years to play.

MARIE ANTOINETTE, to my mind, was a very human person. Her virtues and faults were no different from those of any modern woman. It was this discovery that first interested me in playing the rôle on the screen.

To me, Antoinette has become more real, fascinating, and understandable, since reading about the intimate details of her life as revealed by Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer research workers, about the things she did and said, and what other people said of her.

Antoinette was outspokenly frank and impatient of ceremony. She never could hide her feelings. Hating her royal robes and ornaments, she exclaimed when freed from them, "Thank heaven I'm out of harness!"

That sounds very 1938!

According to Antoinette's contemporaries, she was gay, witty, generous, considerate, courageous and dependable, so far as her husband, King Louis XVI, was concerned. But she frequently liked to ridicule others.

One item amused me. Antoinette was forgetful about mailing letters. That is one of my worst faults. Just for fun, I wrote down, with Antoinette's frankness, I hope, my own virtues and faults.

I discovered immediately that I have a virtue Antoinette might have wished for. I never get fat. She was inclined to be plumpish. Perhaps I should start with my faults, but those will come later.

Among my virtues, I honestly believe I am not conceited; I love to see other people succeed.

I am an optimist; like to work; am grateful for everything, and easy to get along with; don't dislike anyone; have no pretenses; never get seasick; am affectionate, patient and never get offended or upset. Oh, yes, and I enjoy giving things away—even though I often regret it afterwards.

Possibly that should come among my faults, but there seem to be so

many. With Antoinette in mind, I'll try not to hold back one.

I am always late; never want to do the thing I'm supposed to do; have trouble making up my mind, and usually change it a thousand times; am always giving advice to others; waste time, am stubborn, can't play backgammon or bridge; try to do everything in one day; have a terrible time remembering people's names; am tactless, and I talk too much.

But I think you will find Antoinette's virtues and faults much more entertaining than mine. During the weeks we have been making "Marie Antoinette," Director W. S. Van Dyke II and



There were thirty-four costumes to be fitted, and eighteen wigs!

I have tried our best to work into the picture, the little and perhaps relatively unimportant, but definitely humanizing things about Antoinette.

Antoinette's sheer joy of living for one thing. I believe that Antoinette, despite her tragedy, had a greater capacity for happiness than any woman in all history. She made mistakes, of course. In the end, they destroyed her. But her mistakes were so entirely human, it is impossible to hold them against her.

There has been particularly heavy work for me in the preparation of this rôle. There were thirty-four costumes

* Continued on page 50

spirit of sheer competition. I have myself perceived these disintegrating forces at work within our social welfare structure. Immediate ambitions and programs have obscured the common aim and the common end. It is so with men and women when they conceive their organized interests to be separate.

I THINK I can hear some reader say that I am building up an unnatural theory! That women must always be primarily concerned with babies and housekeeping and family care, and that men must always be primarily concerned in breadwinning occupations, and hence in industry and finance and the professions!

It is because in the main there will always be this natural division of masculine and feminine interests, that there must be some point at which men and women converge outside the home and unite their specific absorptions for the pursuit of a common social end.

The profession of politics provides this common meeting ground and it is essential that here in the future men and women should work together upon the same problems of representative government. Whether it be a matter of sewers or sidewalks, of social legislation, of fiscal policy, of labor laws, baneful or beneficial effects are felt by the family as a whole and the interest brought to bear on these matters of government and the principles governing their operation should be common to both sexes.

Is it conceivable that the average woman will ever be as free to enter public life as the average man? Can we anticipate a time when wives and mothers will leave their housekeeping and their new-born babies and their growing children to the care of others, and devote as much time outside the home as the average man?

The answer is that the average man cannot leave his business actively to engage in political life. Men have young businesses and professional careers to take care of, just as women have growing families. It is only when a man is in exceptional circumstances, or has brought his business to the place where he can leave it in the care of a partner or manager, that he can devote himself to public affairs. In this respect the limitations placed on men and women are pretty well evened up.

There will always be women whose circumstances will permit them to represent their sex in government, and it is my belief that there is also a great opportunity for women in middle years, as their children have grown up, their responsibilities lessened—a time of life when a woman often feels a little lonely and useless. Then they can bring to the management of society all the rich practical experience of life that they have gained. But they will not be fitted for this enlargement of their responsibilities unless they have taken a keen and intelligent interest in public affairs during the years they have been unable actively to participate in them.

When women really enter public life in Canada—for of course they are only beginning to slip through the portals, solitary, apologetic and apprehensive as yet—there will already have occurred a marked advance of our sex in the higher reaches of business and the

* Continued on page 24

but express an enjoyment of some inexpensive pastime like walking, talking, or playing ping-pong. Appreciate anything that comes your way in the line of flowers, shows or dances—but make it a point to entertain once in a while, yourself.

Do You Bore Him to Death?

ARE YOU always the same sweet girl saying the same old things? Or do you drag out a startling opinion now and then, have some new ideas about what to do, or burst out in red fingernails, just for a change? What with variety being the spice of life, and all that sort of thing, you can't blame a man for wanting a little variety in his dates. And if you're monotonous, he'll simply have to look for interest elsewhere. So unless you want your beau wandering afield and coming to see you only every third satnite, the thing to do is supply a whole lot of spice and variety, all by yourself.

Your appearance is one way you can keep things interesting. Don't invariably wear powder blue, just because it's your best color. Dazzle your beau some night, by bursting forth in cherry red, or yellow, or chartreuse. Change your coiffure frequently, and ask his opinion on each change. Just for fun, go sophisticated some night in black, with a veil. Every date have something new as a surprise for him, even if it's just a bracelet he hasn't seen before, or a tricky compact. Curl your eyelashes, wear your sweater backward—anything.

When he asks you what you would like to do, do you always pick out the obvious thing—a movie or dancing? Show a little originality some evening, and try something completely different. Go roller-skating. Call up some friends to come in and play charades. Take an evening off to learn the tango. Make fudge. Read poetry aloud. Hire a horse and carriage and go for a buggy ride. Have a rousing game of tiddlywinks.

Let your personality vary with the mood of the moment. Gay for parties, and sentimental on moonlit nights. Be practically pals for informal occasions—but when it's a real dress-up affair, put on a little glamor with your long skirts. Never let him be sure of exactly what's going to happen. He's not going to get much of a wallop out of a good-night kiss, if it's as inevitable as his egg for breakfast!

The Marriage Broker

Continued from page 11

She would not accept his attentions. She might even not greet him. If he called her, she would not even come to the telephone. As if to prove himself right and torture himself by his rightness, he called the Denwood home. Miss Crane was not to be located anywhere. He left his name.

The day turned out to be misty. Paul spent most of it behind the house on the long sand-spit, focusing his attention upon the unexpected miracle which had transformed his life. *She isn't just beautiful. She is splendid, and she doesn't want me.* She was wrong about love and marriage, of course, but perhaps she was right about not being seen with him. If only out of sheer

Do You Bring Out the Best or the Beast in Him?

MEN REALLY enjoy being chivalrous, and will do themselves proud if you give them half a chance. So don't hop too ably in and out of rumble seats. Let your date open doors. Take his arm over rough spots and across streets. Be a little petrified of fast driving, thunderstorms, and roller-coasters. And get yourself generally looked after and cherished.

In order to bring out the best in a man, you've got to behave yourself in such a way as to Inspire Respect. Of course you shouldn't be too awesome or hoity-toity. There's no need for dragging out all your dignity, unless the occasion seems to call for it. Let him realize that you are good fun, and a nice girl.

If you let a man be late for dates, ignore you at the dances he takes you to, go always where he wants to, and do what he wants to do, and then come home when it suits his fancy,—then you're bringing out the beast in him. And he won't particularly enjoy it. In fact, he'll probably soon be dating some girl who keeps him up to scratch. Yes, men do love to put their girl on a pedestal. So if you want to have lots of dates, climb up on that pedestal and pose!

Do You Have a Good Time?

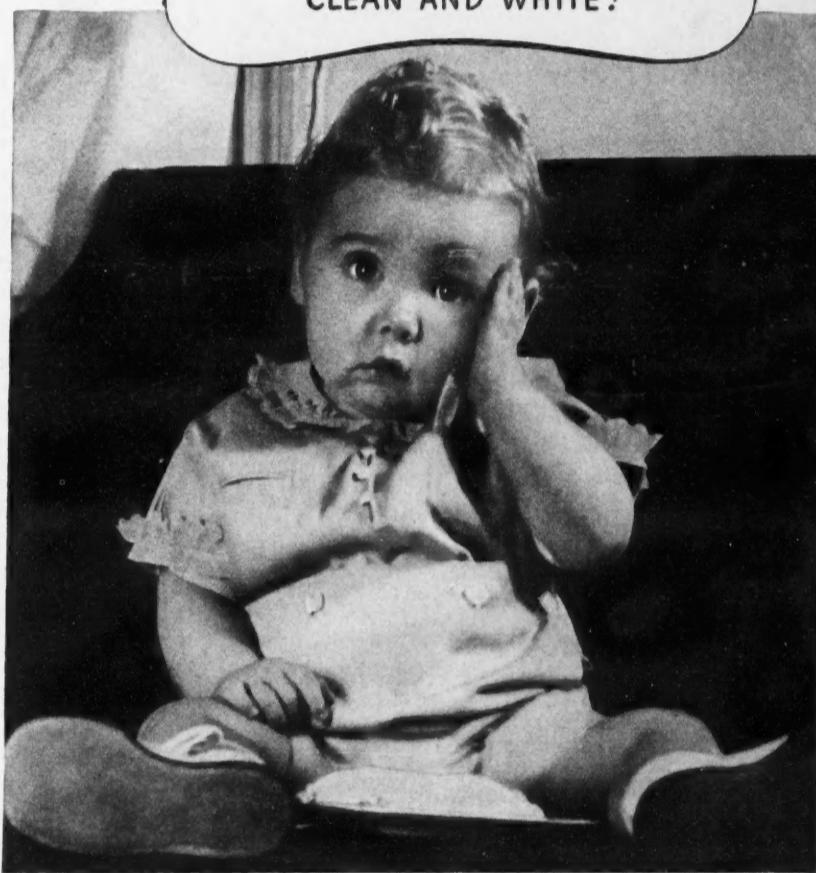
EVEN THE biggest old meanie has a soft streak in him somewhere, and enjoys giving somebody else a good time. You know that virtuous feeling that hits you when you do a GoodDeed. So if you want your beau to enjoy his date with you, let him know that you are having a wonderful time.

When he phones and asks you if you'd like to go to the show, don't pick that time to be blasé. Be pleased, definitely. Say, "Oh, I'd just love to!" And during your date, manage to give the impression that you are perfectly delighted to be going out that night, feel just like going to the movies, and would rather be going with him than anybody in the world. Even if the movie is the dullest epic that ever came out of Hollywood, find something nice to say about it. Enjoy yourself, and the show, and him.

And when it comes time to say goodnight, thank him. Tell him what a grand time you've had. If you've followed all of our suggestions, your evening has been a success, so—many happy returns of the date! ♦

HED BE THE CUTEST BABY
AT THE PARTY IF THAT SUIT
WASN'T SO FULL OF
TATTLE-TALE GRAY

HIS POOR MOTHER MUST BE USING
LAZY SOAP. I WISH TO GOODNESS
SHED SWITCH TO FELS-NAPTHA
AND LET ITS RICHER GOLDEN
SOAP AND LOTS OF GENTLE
NAPTHA GET CLOTHES REALLY
CLEAN AND WHITE!



EMBARRASSING? It certainly is—and then some—when people whisper about your clothes!

So why take chances with tattle-tale gray? Lazy soaps can't wheedle out every last bit of dirt—no matter how hard you rub and rub. There's one sure way to get all the dirt—use Fels-Naptha Soap!

Get whiter washes! Try it and see if you don't get the snowiest, sweetest

washes that ever danced on your line!

See how much easier and quicker its richer golden soap and lots of naptha make your wash! See how gentle it is to your hands, too, thanks to the soothing glycerine in it.

Change to Fels-Naptha! Get a few golden bars from your grocer on your next shopping trip. You'll save money. And you'll save your clothes from tattle-tale gray.

BANISH "TATTLE-TALE GRAY"
WITH FELS-NAPTHA SOAP!

COPR. 1938, FELS & CO.

NOT DULL— But Hard of Hearing



SCHOOL REPORT CARD
Report of Jane Doe
For the Year, 1937-8 Grade 3

SUBJECTS	1	2	3	4	5	TERM
ENGLISH	D	C	D	D	D	D
ARITHMETIC	C	D	C	D	C	C
GEOGRAPHY	C	C	C	C	C	C
SCIENCE	D	C	C	C	C	C
HISTORY	C	D	C	C	C	C
READING	B	C	C	C	C	C
WRITING	B	D	D	D	D	D
DRAWING	B	D	D	D	D	D
HYGIENE	B	C	C	C	C	C
PHYSICAL EDUC.	B	D	D	D	D	D
MUSIC	C	D	C	C	C	C

DAYS ABSENT: 1 1 1
TIMES TARDY: 1 2 1
Parent or Guardian's Signature: John Doe
John Doe
John Doe
John Doe
John Doe

If your child's report card repeatedly shows a low average, it may indicate an unsuspected physical handicap. Ten out of every hundred average school children have defective hearing. Many of them are unfairly charged with being dull.

Inattention, disobedience, a far-away expression, any one of these may point to ear trouble. Once this has been overcome, the school work of these children improves.

Hearing defects often start in childhood, as a result of neglected or undiscovered ear and throat troubles. If detected and treated in the early stages, many cases can be relieved.

Warnings of Ear Trouble

Signs of ear trouble in children should never be disregarded. Such symptoms are moisture or a discharge in the outer ear canal; pain, tenderness, itching in and about the ear.

Deafness is often caused by infections in the middle ear, as a result of prolonged head colds, diseased tonsils, enlarged adenoids, or diseases such as scarlet fever, measles, influenza. The child's ears should be examined by a competent physician after recovery from any such infectious disease.

Temporary hearing difficulties caused by wax in the outer ear, or by foreign bodies—for instance a pea, a bead or a paper pellet—disappear when the obstruction is removed. This should usually be done by a doctor because the ear is a delicate mechanism. Home treatment may cause injury.

Hearing Tests in Schools

Partial deafness causes so many children to fall behind in their school work that many schools are now providing periodic hearing tests. These tests are made with the aid of scientific equipment which reveals even a slight impairment of hearing. When medical science cannot restore a child's hearing, instruction in lip reading will help the child keep up with classes and have a fairer chance in later life. In the Metropolitan booklet "Hearing" you will find a wealth of additional information. May we send you a free copy? Address Booklet Department 9-L-38, Canadian Head Office, Ottawa.

METROPOLITAN LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY

NEW YORK

FREDERICK H. ECKER
Chairman of the Board



CANADIAN HEAD OFFICE—OTTAWA

LEROY A. LINCOLN
President

SERVING CANADA SINCE 1872

professions. These are the natural channels from which candidates for public office are drawn. In those countries where women are already present in considerable numbers in governing bodies, we find that they have already made this advance.

Canada is still a pioneer country, and there has been a reason for and hence a convention in respect of the respective occupations of men and women. Spades and brooms, sickle and suckling, husbandry, housewifery! As the economy grows older, the occupations more diversified, the social life more sophisticated, this cleavage of responsibilities becomes less definite. Women are steadily trekking into the medical and legal and other learned professions; they are gaining responsible positions in business; they are rising to new opportunities as prejudice bows to performance. It is an inevitable and natural social evolution.

FINALLY I would like to suggest that there is one field in which Canadian women as yet have practically no influence. This is the newspaper field. With perhaps the one exception of Dr. Cora Hind, there are no women in positions in our Canadian dailies which allow them to exercise an influence upon public opinion in respect to the problems of the day. A great adventure lies before some woman or women of wealth in this country to finance a daily newspaper. This is not suggested in any spirit of aggression, but in support of a healthy spirit of competition. It would at least break the stranglehold that men have in this, perhaps the most important sphere of all in respect to public life and public opinion. Monopoly is always unhealthy because it is in human nature to abuse it. The exertion through the newspaper, not only of feminine opinion and influence, but of feminine responsibility would do more for the movement of women in Canada than anything else I know.

There is, positively, no fundamental sex aggression in society. To postulate such a theory is to hit at the very root of family life and to suggest that there is a basic incompatibility between the sexes which can never make for common ideals and ends. As women enlarge their interests and responsibilities, as men become accustomed to this ideal of shared obligations for the management of human society, our corporate life must inevitably be enriched by the contribution of the combined opinions and experiences of men and women. ♦

Are You a Good Date?

Continued from page 18

all about him. Plunge right in: "What do you like to do most of anything in the world?" It may sound a little bald, put that way, but it's bound to turn up a good subject for conversation in a hurry.

This is old stuff, really. You've heard it before. "Draw him out." "Get him to talk about himself." Maybe you do ask questions—but are you sure that you listen for the answers? Maybe you've just said dutifully, "Tell me about yourself," and then hurried on, dazzling your date into silence with your chatter, witty remarks, and vivacious giggles. The type of man who'd respond to the suggestion, "Tell me about yourself," is the type who'd do it anyhow without any hints from you.

To get most men talking, your questions have got to be specific. "Do you like Greta Garbo?" "Don't you think the short skirts are prettier?" "Were you ever in an automobile accident?" "What do you do with your spare time?" "Do you really enjoy cutting up frogs?" "Doesn't this sort of thing bore you, really?" "Tell me, what are you planning to do after you graduate?"

If you can get your date to spend his evening telling you about the high spots of his past, his dreams for the future, and his opinions on life, love, women, and politics—well, the chances are that he'll have a grand time. And want to see you again soon.

Do You Reduce Him to His Last Penny?

AS THE old proverb goes, it's the woman who expects orchids that gets them. But perhaps you've been just a little bit too expectin'—and maybe that's why your dates are few and far between. For if a man knows that you

expect to be taken dining-and-dancing, with a corsage, taxi, and all the fixings, he's got to be pretty darn solvent before he feels inspired to phone you for a date. It has been our experience that men, in general, are not frightfully solvent.

Perhaps, in your quiet way, you just expect to be taken to the movies and fed a lemonade afterward. But that all tots up to a dollar or so—which may be four times as much as the young man has in pocket after he's finished paying for his cigarettes, cleaner's bill and haircut.

Really, the clever thing for a girl to do is to show the man, at an early stage in the game, that she loves him for his charming self, not for his money. He may feel that it is only polite to offer to take her out somewhere, when he has a date with her. But the chances are that he'll feel a gentle glow of affection toward her when one evening she says, "Oh, let's not go out anywhere tonight. Let's phone Bob and Jennie to come over and play a little bridge."

It really helps the cause along tremendously for a girl to say, "You know, I enjoy just sitting and talking with you, more than anything." This creates a flattering and inexpensive concept. Again, it falls pleasantly on masculine ears, *après le danse*, for you to say, "Let's not go to the Ritz-Platter. Let's all go up to my house and scramble some eggs." Incidentally, it's a grand opportunity for you to radiate domesticity and charm, as you raid your own icebox, with a becoming apron tied on over your evening dress—that Myrna Loy combination of glamor and comradeship.

The whole financial system sums up to this: Don't snap up a man's every suggestion of a dance, show, or soda,

BEAUTY CULTURE

a department of style and beauty



Go back a new woman

YOU'VE BEEN thinking about it this summer, haven't you? That next winter is going to be different. You'll be slimmer, smarter, more interesting. Not just a nice little thing, or an also-ran in your club, whose looks are passed over because you make such swell cakes. Or a woman other women's husbands dance with because they make them.

Now's your chance. That initial meeting of the bridge club or the informal reunion of your crowd after the holidays, or the first day back at school. You've got to begin right at the start of the season, or you're lost.

I asked Josef, of New York, the other day what women wanted most when they came into his exclusive beauty salon. He said, "They say 'Josef—I want you to change me.'"

And he said, "Do you know what I say? I tell them to go to their mirrors first of all, and pull themselves to pieces."

It's hard to do, I know. But shut the door and tell the family you're having a snooze. Then get in front of the glass and look at yourself from every angle.

I'm pretty sure you'll discover one thing. That you've got to live down your past.

You know. Letting your skin and your hair go this summer in spite of all the warnings and suggestions you've had. Neglecting your lips and your eyelids till they're dry and cracked by sun and wind. Finding yourself with an alarming burst of eyebrows.

So let's begin by supposing you're pretty badly in need of repairs. For, strictly speaking, your next winter's appearance began away back with the first strong June sunshine.

Your Hair. You'll need oil. Gobs of it. Ten to one your skin and hair will want to drink it up. So let them. Make at least every other shampoo for the next few weeks an oil one—either rubbing a good oil in the night before you wash it and wrapping your head up like a Turk's. Or getting an oil treatment at the beauty salon. A special oil pomade rubbed into the hair ends and scalp nightly will offset that whisk-broom appearance. And go in for millions of brushing strokes. Get your locks into decent shape before your fall permanent. If they're too straight to be borne, have a couple of curls done at the sides. Then coax the oil back before the final do. Now you're ready to try a brand new style. This is the time for it. Please go, if it's only this once in the whole year, and have it styled by a good operator. If it's been down, pile it up. If it's been pompadoured, cut a bang. If it's been curled to the nines, have it waved.

All, of course, within reason and the hairdresser's suggestions for your type.

Your Skin. You've probably tanned more than you intended. Or maybe it seemed a good idea at the time. And now that you're wearing to a yellow pea green it's pretty unbecoming. Get a good bleach cream. For the freckles, too. And don't try it a night or two and give up the way you did last year. Keep at it faithfully and by the time the first big dances or concerts or bridge parties are under way, you'll be leaning to petal-pinkness. It's too late now to tell you that bathing suit straps and necklines just never correspond to those on evening dresses. Life is like that. So those two white strips across your shoulders will be pretty evident. Not to mention the high water mark on your chest. You'd better stick to your dark powder and cover the streaks with make-up until you're bleached to an even tint.

Your eyes will probably have a few squint lines around them. Get a good oily cream or oil and rub it in plenty. Dark glasses will have been a good protection, but they may have left a pale skin area, so watch your make-up carefully. Press oil or cream lightly into the eye-area every night—and use an astringent cream to pull the skin back to firmness. Use a gentle rubbing + *Continued on page 28*

Surprise your friends — and yourself — with one of autumn's new doll hats—such as this Schiaparelli toy-size topper over a new Guillaume up-swept coiffure.

Hat and coat photographs by courtesy The Robert Simpson Co. Ltd.



Snap out of the dowdy class with a princess gown of plum colored taffeta finished with buttons and ruching. And there's nothing like a Camel's hair turf coat for first fall swaggering.

by CAROLYN DAMON



IF YOU LONG FOR
Romance
DON'T LET YOUR DRESS OFFEND WITH
"ARMOHOLE ODOR"

MAKE THIS "ARMOHOLE
ODOR" TEST TONIGHT

YOU may spend hours grooming yourself for a particularly exciting date. But if you have once allowed the least bit of perspiration to collect on the dress you are wearing, the evening may drag before it's half over.

Just when you want to make your best impression, your dress may shout "armhole odor." Disillusioned, your escort will think it is you! You may think you couldn't offend that way. But here's a test that will prove your guilt or innocence beyond the shadow of a doubt.

MAKE THIS TEST! When you take off the dress you are wearing tonight, smell the fabric under the armhole. Maybe you will be painfully surprised at its stale "armhole odor." But you will understand, at last, why your dates have been so few and far between. More important still, you will realize the importance of keeping your underarm not only sweet but DRY!

ODORONO IS SURE! With Odorono neither you nor your dress can offend, because your underarm is kept completely dry.

ODORONO IS SAFE! Checking perspiration in that small underarm area is entirely safe.

CUTS DOWN CLOTHING DAMAGE! When used according to directions, Odorono is

MADE IN CANADA



harmless to fabrics, saves them the destruction caused by perspiration acids.

A LITTLE TROUBLE, BUT WORTH IT! The few minutes it takes for Odorono to dry insure you against embarrassment for 1 to 3 days. A small enough price to pay for absolute peace of mind!

GREASELESS AND ODORLESS! Odorono is delightful to use—greaseless and entirely odorless. It comes in two strengths. Regular Odorono requires only two applications a week. Instant Odorono is for more frequent use. Use Liquid Odorono according to the directions on the label of the bottle.

Give romance the chance it has been waiting for! Resolve never to be guilty of revolting "armhole odor." Get a bottle of Liquid Odorono today and be sure! On sale at all toilet-goods counters.



the last name he mentioned. "No Mary called," she said.

He could not just let Mary go that way, without trying again. He must see her once more at least, to assure himself that she was as firm as she appeared. Maybe she too was afraid of being made attractive to another man, of being swept off her feet because she wanted him.

He awoke in the morning with an idea which carried him to the Unitarian Church in Brooksville, the only one on the whole of Cape Rainbow. The refrain of the previous night's excitement sang again in his ears when, from his parking spot on the corner beyond the church, the first worshippers began to appear. She came out quietly, raptly, lost to the world of outer things in the sermon, perhaps in some soft change of heart which the sermon had induced. She wore pearly grey, a color hardly more than off-white, and in the glare of the hot August sky, dry and blue, she looked cool and composed. *She is my sermon. What the sermon does to her, she does to me.*

Paul had opened her car door by the time she reached it. He was conscious of how much more vital the reality of her was than the memory. She moved in some glamor of her own radiation, her gaze straight ahead. When she looked up and saw him, her eyes smoldered.

"How did you know I would be here?"

He listened for the overtones in her voice, and in her intention. "You are, aren't you? So I was right."

"Is that part of your gag—to make a girl feel there is some subtle bond of intuition between you and her?"

"Between us, Mary, in private, can't we bury that joke? Let's talk while we drive."

She made no move to enter the car. "I can't seem to make you understand."

"And yet your heart can be stirred. I saw it when you came out."

"Things of spirit are impersonal. Men are not. Won't you see my viewpoint?"

Not if it means closing me out. Just let me in. Keep the others out. "We really shouldn't be afraid of what people will say if they see us together."

"I don't care about gossip. Please stop following me around, Paul. Did you drive down?"

"I can phone the garage to send my tin music box back," he suggested, hardly concealing the exultation.

"You'll drive it back yourself, then. I'm returning alone."

At the authority in her voice, which to him would always be the mirror of herself, he stepped away from the door, bowed, and closed her in. For a long time he sat in his car frozen, uncertain which way to turn. He must obey her instructions for the present. He must stand still and do nothing. Could everything really be over between them before it had begun? If he did not marry her, forever would he hang suspended, helpless, and incomplete. To go out with another girl, even for an odd evening of fun, would be an empty gesture.

Finding on his return to The Cove Friday night a long list of calls and invitations, he decided he would haunt every event of the August festivities,

*Continued on page 47

"HERE'S A NEW
GOLDEN RULE
FOR SCHOOL DAYS"



Check the spread of classroom colds-

Give Your Children
KLEENEX for
Handkerchiefs !

SCHOOL STARTS SOON—and crowded classrooms mean increased exposure to colds! Cooperate with teachers and other mothers—Play your part in checking the spread of classroom colds by giving your children Kleenex instead of handkerchiefs. Ordinary handkerchiefs let germs slip through, infecting hands, clothing, and everything touched by the sufferer.

Kleenex disposable tissues are five times more absorbent, twice as soft as cotton. They catch and hold cold germs until the tissue is destroyed...germs and all. Because each soft, gentle Kleenex tissue is used only once, they avoid the raw, sore noses that are caused by repeated use of damp, germ-laden handkerchiefs. Your child and every child in the classroom benefits from Kleenex!

Make Kleenex the rule at home and office too! You'll find Kleenex tissues amazingly useful, economical—actually cost less than having handkerchiefs laundered.

BUY KLEENEX*
IN THE
SERV-A-TISSUE BOX

(Only Kleenex has it)
it saves as it serves—one double tissue
at a time



*Trade Mark Registered



Suits for fall are mostly shown with the double-duty topper of fur-trimmed fabric to match the jacket suit.

Fashion Shorts

KAY MURPHY'S
popular and newsy
briefs from Fifth
Avenue.



Fur banding will be popular trimming treatments for coats this winter.

IF I COULD only get my hands on Aladdin's lamp for a few minutes I'd rub it briskly and bring all you lassies down here to New York, so that you could see for yourselves the thrilling new fall styles that are now overflowing in the fashion market. Buyers from all over the United States and Canada are filling the showrooms, viewing coats, dresses, hats, suits, blouses, gloves, handbags . . . everything that goes toward making all the gals well dressed for the cool fall months. Although it's well-nigh a hundred in the shade when this is being written, I am seeing umpteen lovely models parading around, showing us the newest in woollen dresses, fur coats, heavy winter suits, lavishly fur-trimmed coats—yes, and in other showrooms I look on elegant corsets, dainty underwear and coquettish lounging robes. Thank goodness most of the showrooms are air-conditioned, while many are "penthouses" along Broadway and Seventh Avenue. I can turn my eyes from a lovely copy of a Schiaparelli model and through the windows I can see the East River on one side, and the Hudson on the other, shimmering in the sun of a lazy midsummer day.

Generally each manufacturer shows from fifty to seventy-five models and bases his stock on the approval of the buyers. In the end, probably only half the original styles are "cut" for the retail trade and many are remodeled to meet the requirements of buyers from various parts of the country. For what sells in the east does not always sell in

the west or the south or the north, and the manufacturers depend on the judgment of the store buyers to guide them in the selections they finally "put into the line" for the new season. Every style costs from \$50 to \$100 to prepare, even if the garment will retail at, say, only \$7.95. But by the time the designers, models and cutters have been paid, and high prices have been given for original Paris models to be copied, the price of making a line comes high to the manufacturer. Yes, I'd love to see all you gals here, for then you would realize the care and

* Continued on page 51



Bright colors will be the general rule for hats.



MAKING PALMOLIVE 3000 YEARS AGO

Slaves made Palmolive 3,000 years ago. In delicate metal urns they blended the natural oils of Olive and Palm. And 3,000 years ago, beautiful women used this costly, soothing mixture, crude though it was, to keep their skin smooth, clean . . . soft and youthful.

Since then, millions of dollars have been spent to develop countless beauty recipes. But none can equal in quality the gentle, beautifying effects of these two wonderful oriental oils.

In today's Palmolive, it is these same precious beauty aids, blended as carefully as science permits, that are responsible for Palmolive's wholesome purity; its gentle, healthful, soothing lather; its natural, delicate colouring.

Why not give your delicate complexion the benefits of this age-old, time-proven, beauty recipe. Let the new, modern Palmolive bring to all your skin a new, delicate loveliness . . . a soft refreshing youthfulness.

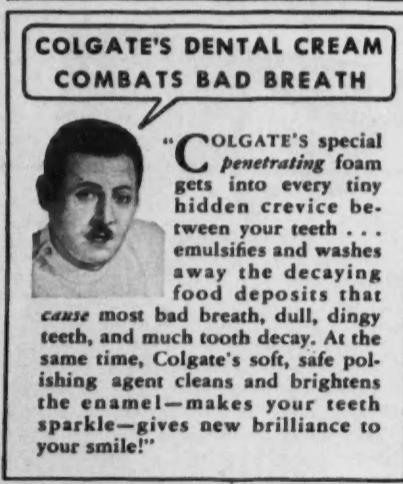
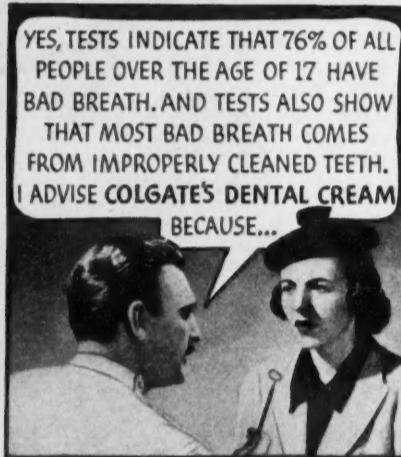


"I've never found another soap at any price that's as good for my skin as the new improved Palmolive. It cleanses perfectly, without the slightest irritation."

(Signed) PHYLLIS CARTER,
2159 Tupper Street,
Montreal, Que.

"Palmolive is the only soap used in the daily baths of the Dionne quintuplets. Their skin is clear, normal and healthy."

(Signed) ALLAN ROY DAFOE.



DOES YOUR COIFFURE BECOME YOU ? We'll Tell You!



THIS IS your last chance to get, free of cost, a personal analysis of your hair style, with advice by leading experts in hair styling as to how you might make it more becoming.

Chatelaine, in co-operation with the famous Antoine de Paris salon, enabled you to do this during the months of July, August and September.

Since the initial announcement in the July issue, many hundreds of readers have mailed their photographs to us. These pictures have been taken to the five stylists at Eaton's-College Street, Toronto, and their suggestions returned with the photographs to the senders.

If you have not yet had your own hair styling advice, here are the simple rules to remember.

This remarkable editorial service will be available, now, September only. The offer will definitely be closed for

all requests mailed after September 30.

The analysis of your hair style and the suggestion for making it more becoming, will be made by the five featured stylists on the staff of Antoine de Paris Salon at Eaton's-College Street, Toronto. M. Rene, M. Gustave, M. Bernard, M. Jacques and M. Louis will give your coiffure individual attention, and give advice for your own particular case.

To avail yourself of this valuable help, mail a photograph or clear snapshot to *Chatelaine Coiffure Service*, 481 University Avenue, Toronto. Enclose ten cents to defray the cost of packaging and returning your picture. Write your name and address clearly on the back of your picture.

If you send a snapshot, be sure that it is clear enough to enable the hair stylist to see your features and the way in which you are wearing your hair.

Go Back a New Woman

Continued from page 27

motion for oil massaging, from the inside up in a circle around the eye. Pat and rub lightly from the centre line to the temples to iron out those forehead creases, too. Never pull.

Your Make-up. Will have to be pretty well done these first few weeks. You're turning back from a gypsy to a hothouse blossom, remember. Or that's the idea. Rub oil or vaseline gently on your eyelids morning and night. Have your eyebrows thinned slightly—not narrowly—to a nice natural arch. Brush nightly with a little oil or vaseline. That for lashes, too. You'll need lots of good lipstick to get your lips soft and smooth again—a lypsol for night time would be a good idea for a while. Avoid orangy tints in rouges till you're out of the various un-tanning stages. You'll be better with a clear red such as raspberry or one of the blue tones. Then, when you're blooming again and ready for exhibition, try some new ideas in make-up. Get different shades in lipstick and rouge than you've been using. Try a pure pink and white kind of thing if you've been working in darker, more sophisticated tints. Get a new eye shadow and mascara. The oil kind is a grand idea. For a while follow the theme of your summer make-up with accented lips and eyes, and darker powder and brighter rouge. This until your skin has lightened.

Your Hands. Look at them hard and see if it isn't worth the bother of

wearing cotton gloves for a few nights to get them back in shape. With lots of nourishing cream rubbed in first. Use cuticle oil night and morning faithfully. If your nails are brittle apply a little colorless iodine around the tips and underneath the nails every second night for a few weeks to strengthen them.

Your clothes. Work hard on your skin and hair before you swing over into the new rich autumn shades. You'll be wanting the lovely plum colors, deep becoming greens and rich browns before long. But they'll look better with a clear skin and gleaming hair.

And please keep to your glistening white or brightly figured summer evening things for a while. If you go suddenly bouffant and quaintly romantic, you'll look like a half-caste. That is if you're deeply tanned, of course. You need to get the fragile, exquisite look back before you start wearing the lovely period styles of winter evening things.

If you're going to college, skirts are fuller and shorter. Sweaters are newest in alpaca and angora, brief, with interesting necklines and patterns. Have at least one plaid skirt or jacket, velveteen or cashmere jersey dresses for the classroom, a suede hip jacket for wear on the campus—two and a half inches longer than they were last year. *

A Woman Can't Wait Too Long

Continued from page 17

he said huskily. "Soon as—soon as I've made enough to buy a farm." It sounded big and daring to him, for up to that minute he had never thought of such a thing.

Again they were silent, then Betty gave a little smile, and he noticed that her teeth were white and straight and even. "I'm glad," she said. "I'll be watching for you to come."

Her hand stroked his arm, and suddenly Caleb was very bashful and disturbed. "I've got to be going," he said. "Good-by, Betty."

"When you come again, will you sing that 'Golden Shore'?"

He felt his skin hot with blushes, but he said, "Yes." Then he tried to move away easily, but before he could get over the fence Betty had flung her soft warm arms about his neck and kissed him.

"Good-by," she quavered. "Don't ever forget where I live. I don't know any other boy I like. I wish you had tried to get work with us."

Caleb was a hundred yards away before he turned and looked back. Betty was standing as he had left her, a splash of color against the green woods. He stopped, and gazed at the white house on the hill, then, conscious of his pulse beating hotly, he walked back. "Had I better go to the house," he demanded, "or is your father in the fields?"

"Oh, Caleb! Really!" Betty's delight was as obvious as his blushes. "Go up that lane to the bars, and then you'll see father. He's hoeing. He doesn't talk much, but I know he'll hire you. It'll be Aunt Julia to look out for. You wait till I get back and start helping her in the kitchen. We've got to fool her or she won't let you stay one day."

Caleb waited until he was sure it was all right, then went up the lane. Betty's father proved to be a short, stocky man with a dark beard and kind eyes. He listened to Caleb's request for work, and nodded. "You look able. Hang your jacket on the fence and take this hoe."

At noon Aunt Julia, a thin little woman with a very definite chin, eyed Caleb sharply. "What's your name, young man?" she asked. "H'mmm. I've heard of the Jordans, but they're mostly mill men. How did you get here?"

"I've travelled," Caleb said, stammering somewhat. "I'm not a mill hand. Folks say I could be a gospel singer."

"That so. Well, while you're here you tend to nothing but your work. Hired help needs to keep in their place."

"Yes, ma'am," Caleb agreed, and gave all his attention to his plate.

Betty, opposite him at the table, said nothing, but once, when her aunt was not watching, she winked at him like a grownup so that he grinned, then squirmed in his chair, quite uncomfortable.

They worked late in the field and then there were chores to do. Caleb was tired when he reached his bed in a tiny room over the back kitchen, but he lay awake for some time thinking of what he had done. He was glad he had shown Betty he was not afraid of her

aunt, and that he would see her in the morning, and every morning. It was going to be a grand summer. Aunt Julia might be disagreeable but she couldn't spoil their happiness.

Mr. Martin seldom spoke, but Caleb found him kind. They worked together all the day, hoeing the length of a long field. Caleb saw Betty several times, and once when she was in the garden where her Aunt Julia could not see her, she waved to him. But each mealtime there was little conversation. Aunt Julia, stiffly watchful, dominated the hour.

The third evening, after Caleb had carried the tall creamers to the spring house and carefully set them in place, he heard a low call from the other side of a cluster of lilac bushes. It was Betty and she danced with delight when he joined her. "She's having a nap. Every day when it's hot she has a nap when it's getting dark, and every time I'll be here, so you come. Tell me true, Caleb. Do you like working for us?"

"Yes," he said, looking away. "I don't mind her."

"Goody!" Betty could scarcely restrain herself. She patted his arm again and told him how she had lain awake a long time and just thought about him. "Sundays she sleeps all the afternoon, Caleb, and I'll get out of the house without her knowing. You be down at the fence where I found you first, and we'll go somewhere and you can sing for me."

Betty was breathless with plans she had and Caleb, grinning his pleasure, nodded agreement. Then they parted.

Sunday was languid with early summer heat and Aunt Julia seemed drowsy. Caleb finished his noon chores, washed himself cleanly in the privacy of his little room, and went down the lane. Locusts were singing on the pole fence and there was a simmering heat haze on the horizon of grass tops. The steady drone of bees sounded from the clover field.

He had scarcely reached their rendezvous before Betty was with him. She had on a freshly ironed dress and pretty ribbons in her hair, so that he was sure she was the most beautiful girl on earth.

"Do you think I look nice?" she queried archly. "You make me think you do, the way you stare."

"You look better'n any girl I ever saw," he said confusedly. "Would your father like it if he knew you were with me?"

"He wouldn't mind, not likely." Betty refused to discuss the subject. "Let's go down the deer trail, if it isn't too hot, and you sing once, anyway."

Somehow her hand got in his and they walked that way, and then he had pulled off a leafy branch and was keeping flies from her, and she was fanning him. The path went on much farther than he had explored it, and they arrived at a brookside. It was cooler there, with plenty of shade and mossy stones, and dragonflies skimming the long pools. He found a log clean of bark that made an excellent seat, and there they talked of everything Betty wanted to discuss.

You can't have BEAUTY, if you have SEBORRHEA*

*Chief Cause of Shiny Nose



Shine Occurs When Germs Aggravate Oily Nose

With oiliness comes unflattering shine. Dermatologists identify excessive oiliness as Seborrhea. Germs aggravate this condition. Woodbury's Powder retards germ-growth, helps subdue nose shine.

How Woodbury's New Germ-Free Facial Powder overcomes Nose Shine as it Glorifies your Skin

BEAUTY editors have written reams about Shiny Nose. Every girl who owns a mirror has pleaded for longer-clinging face powder. Yet what's been done to conquer Shiny Nose? Something startling! Woodbury's Facial Powder is now germ-free!

Shiny Nose May Be Aggravated by Surface Germs

Dermatologists say the oiliness that makes your nose shine is often due to Seborrhea. Germs aggravate this condition. Your innocent-looking powder puff may be spreading harmful germ-life to your skin.

Now you realize the beauty need for germ-free powder that will convey no germs to puff or skin. Tested with 19 other leading brands, Woodbury's, alone, proved germ-free both before use and after contact with a germ-laden puff.

Give your complexion a seductive bloom with Woodbury's Powder, a surface loveliness that brings no aftermath of oily shine. The seven glorious shades are as natural as life and as young as you'd like to appear! Windsor Rose, for instance, which is becoming to almost every skin.



Send for 7 Thrilling Youth-Blend Shades

John H. Woodbury, Ltd., Dept. 558, Perth, Ontario
Please send me 7 shades of Woodbury's Facial Powder; trial tubes of two Woodbury's Beauty Creams; guest-size Woodbury's Facial Soap. I enclose 10c to cover mailing costs.

Name _____

Street _____

City _____

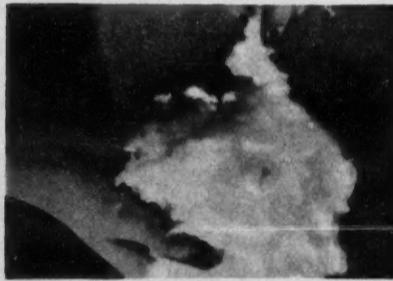
Province _____

(MADE IN CANADA)

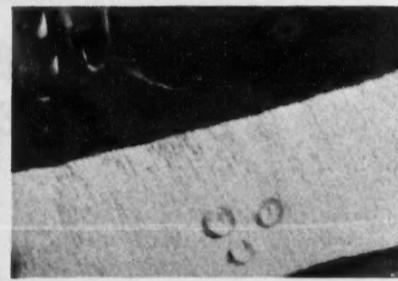
About face!



Is this the way you look on days when nerves are tense—and endurance at a low ebb? Does chafing, irritation and the fear of embarrassment make "difficult days" more difficult? Then, lady—wake up to the miracle of Modess! Get a package to-day and try this easy convincing test . . .



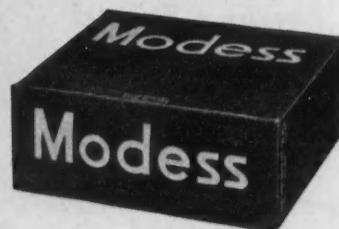
Cut a Modess pad in two. Examine the filler! It's soft and fluffy, entirely different from ordinary napkins made of close-packed papery layers. That's why Modess won't . . . can't chafe and irritate.



Now—look at the moisture-proof backing! Test it! Drop some water on it and see for yourself that not a drop "strikes through". Think what this special kind of protection means to you!



You owe it to yourself to try Modess—to enjoy the comfort, security and peace of mind that this superior napkin will bring you. No more chafing and irritation—no more fear of embarrassment! And though it's hard to believe, Modess costs less than any other nationally known brand!



**Softer!
Safer!**



An example of the Christie cut from the Elizabeth Arden Salon

THE NATURAL WAVE

What is it—a milestone in feminine beauty, or a passing fancy ?

by ANNABELLE LEE

CHATELAINE has been getting a lot of enquiries about natural wave hair-cuts. What are they? Can anybody get their hair cut in waves? Will such waves last indefinitely? Do they mean that you don't need any more permanents?

So your Beauty editor went out to see for herself. I put these questions to Canadian operators who have obtained rights to the Ken Christy patented "Natural Wave" Cut—learning how to do it at a fee of \$350. I asked a number of hair-cutters who are using—and say they have used for a number of years—scissors to cut as much natural wave as they believe possible to give to a head of straight hair.

The scissor-wave proponents, as opposed to the Christy-cutters, believe that one expert barber's cut is, by and large, as good as another's. And if the hair has a tendency to wave, well-trained cutters can encourage it, as many of them have done in the past. If it hasn't, they believe the permanent is your only lasting hope.

Christy himself has been cutting a wave swath through thousands of straight hair-do's, according to press clippings. And hair he did as long as eight years ago is still waving merrily away. His pupils believe his system to be unique, unchallengeable and impossible to imitate. They point out that it is a trick method of cutting, not just a system of thinning-out or layer-snipping.

Here's what would probably happen to you if you went to get the new \$25 hair cut.

Your hair would be diagnosed. Poker-straightness is no deterrent, say the Christy-ites. But hair without body, or too badly bleached is.

The hair must be in a normally healthy state, and heavy enough to allow for manipulation with the shears. So if yours is so fine and light that a hat flattens it completely, or if it has been bleached to a frayed-rope consistency, you're out. Or if you want a highly stylized, individual type of hair dress, the new cut will be too "regular" for you.

Operators admit that they are turning many women away for one reason or another.

Besides, if you've had a permanent recently, you'll have to wait until the hair grows out at least four inches back from the temples (ear to ear). Greyness doesn't matter—some of the nicest work has been done on older women.

NOW THEN, your natural-wave tendency is ascertained. That means, where your hair would wave, if it did—even though it doesn't—if you see what I mean. Then you get the mysterious cut with straight scissors, thinning shears and a pressure of the hand. It takes from an hour and a half to two hours, altogether, and you won't get a look at yourself until it's finished. The Christy secret is well guarded.

The result is, from what I have seen, wide, deep, natural-looking waves, usually two on one side and three on the other. If you want curly ends, you'll need them permanented. But if you're the smart, sleek business-woman type, you can get the big waves and have an effective swirl cut across the back, and there you are.

There's one thing you can't do—and that's put a permanent over it. Try it—and your natural wave disappears.

NOW YOU'VE got the wave. The point is to train it. So you have to come back until you've acquired the necessary cunning to do the post-shampoo push-up yourself. Some women, with a natural talent in their fingers, get it down pat in two or three showings. Sometimes it takes five or six months. But, says Mr. Christy, the wave is set for life. Any good barber can cut and thin your hair afterward without disturbing it. You can even change the part, and with a little extra training, as in naturally curly hair, all will be well again.

So that's the natural wave cut. A milestone in feminine beauty culture—or a passing fancy. I'd say it's a new and valuable idea for a limited number of women. Time will tell. *

There was nothing to prove that Caleb had a share in anything and the farmer's brother, who came to take possession, was a hard-souled character who challenged every argument Caleb could raise and demanded that he bring his proof to court. He offered Caleb fifty dollars in wages as a settlement, and that was all he would do. Some of the neighbors protested strongly, but in the end Caleb accepted the money. He sent thirty dollars to Tillie Jane, bought himself some clothes with the rest and started eastward. He would see Betty and explain to her that he would be delayed in getting a farm.

The snow had been deep until late in the spring and then warm sun had thawed the banks to running water, almost in a day, and rains came. Brooks became roaring rivers, and rivers that entered the valley spread to a raging torrent. Caleb rode for three days with a man who wished a passenger in case some bridge were out. The fourth day they arrived at the flats, and Caleb saw they were flooded to a sea.

He got passage with a man in a buggy who was hurrying along the hill road, anxious over the fate of a saw-mill halfway down the valley, and from the higher ground they both gazed with awe at the rush of water and the destruction in its wake. The mill man lashed his horse to greater speed, and they were near a white house when a woman came running from the field, calling to them.

They saw that to which she was pointing. Away out in the centre of the flats, now a wide sea, a small group of people were stranded on a slowly submerging island, a lone ridge of higher ground the waters had not covered. "Help them if you can," the mill man said, letting Caleb alight. "I haven't time to stop."

Caleb got over the fence and ran toward the woman. Then he stopped and took his hat from his head.

"Why—uh—Betty!"

"Caleb Jordan!"

He saw her skin was even prettier than he had remembered, that her hair still glistened in the sun, and then she was in his arms, holding him so tightly he could only murmur words he wanted to say. "I'm so glad," she sobbed, "so glad. Caleb, you did come back to me. I've waited and waited for so long."

He tried to tell her his errand but the words would not come to him, and then she was pointing again at the stranded group and hurrying him to a shed where they got an axe and coils of rope and a long chain. Then she led the way down the hill to wreckage that had been a river bridge, and Caleb was glad he had spent his winters in the logging game. He worked with deftness, arranging bridge stringers and planks and timbers until he had them roped and chained and fashioned into a raft that rode buoyantly in the flood.

It was difficult to get it free of the bank and its litter of driftage, but at last it was nearly accomplished and he shouted for Betty to get on shore. Her answer was to push with all her strength on the pole she was using and the thrust sent them into the current. There was nothing, then, he could do, for it took all his strength and skill to get their awkward craft from one

swirling current to another on their way to the island. He knew they must catch it from the upper side, for once they were carried past it there would be nothing he could do.

Thrusting and heaving desperately, swinging with all his weight on his pole, Caleb fought their course and knew as he toiled they would never have won their goal had not Betty been there with him, attending to her side of the raft, splashed to her knees, her hair blown free, working as gamely as a man.

There were six persons on the island, two men, three women and a child, and they shouted encouragement as a final struggle got the raft into a current that carried it toward the knoll. Wading thigh deep, the men caught the end of the raft and steadied the floating timbers in to the lee of their refuge, and there they helped the women on board.

The soaked timbers dipped and rocked as each new passenger climbed onto the raft and then as it settled into the flood, wetting them all, they saw that which Caleb had feared. It was not buoyant enough to carry everyone. Someone must stay behind.

The men looked at each other and the women began crying. Caleb made quick decision. "I'll wait here," he said, stepping to the island. "You can come back for me."

They stared at him as the raft became more buoyant. "Go on," Caleb shouted. The two men pushed with their poles and as they did so, Betty leaped on shore. With the surge that raft swung into a current and was swept away.

"Wait!" Caleb gave a terrific shout, but it was useless. The men were powerless to get back to the island. He groaned, and went up the bank to her. "What made you do it?" he said hoarsely. "We haven't a chance to get from here."

"Maybe not," she panted, "but I wouldn't leave you, not after all these years I waited."

He stared across the yellow flood. It was a long way to high ground, and no human could hope to swim and ford it. Then he looked at a fence stake in the bank, and went closer to make sure. The wood was black-soaked a full two inches above the highest lap of the water. "Look!" he called. "It's going down! See this post!"

Betty ran to look, then smiled tremulously. "Isn't it wonderful?" she said, and pointed to planks and rubbish drifted at the lower end of the island. "Let's make a big fire by that maple tree and dry ourselves."

He worked eagerly, selecting drier wood and splintering it to kindlings to get a quick blaze going. Betty wrung the water from her skirt, and took off her stockings and dried them by holding them out on sticks as if she were toasting bread. Caleb made a seat of the driest planks and arranged it at the foot of the tree.

"Now," Betty said when they were comfortable, "tell me everything from the beginning. Five years is such a long time."

It helped him to start that way. He began with telling her about his sleeping in the hayfield that first night when he had left, and then went on and told how at last he had hired with the farmer who had been living alone. He

* Continued on page 36



Vacation Spirit all the year round—with this **WONDERSOFT** napkin, cushioned in cotton

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—AND HE DIDN'T KISS MOMMY YESTERDAY, EITHER...

Poor little tyke... it worried her... that indifferent, even distant, attitude with which her Daddy was treating her Mommy lately. And, like her Mother, she couldn't understand why... maybe it was because Mommy's breath wasn't as pleasant as it used to be.

When a man and his wife begin to "get on each other's nerves" it is usually not due to one big difference, boldly brought into the open, but to a series of petty annoyances that secretly smoulder in the dark of discontent.

How's your breath?

Number one among them is halitosis (bad breath). A breath that isn't what it should be is a pretty hard thing to live with. The insidious thing about halitosis is that you yourself never know when you have it. And since

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Grand Radio Entertainment...the top-ranking Mystery Thriller, "DRUMS"

Starring WILLIAM FARNUM

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							Friday 7-7:30 P.M.

Then Caleb sang, "In the Sweet By-and-By," and told her about his father dying, and his singing at the grave. He sat in awkward silence for a time when he discovered that she was crying a little, and didn't mind her having hold of his arm.

It was Caleb who was first conscious of the passing of the afternoon, and then they were both alarmed. They hurried as fast as possible to the fence, and Caleb waited there until Betty could get to the house, before he went up the lane and started to get the cows from the pasture.

It was a futile scheme. Aunt Julia was there in the yard, talking in her high, sharp tones. "Send him off this minute," she was saying to Betty's father. "He'll not stay under this roof tonight. I've told you not to have young hired help here. Haven't you any pride for your daughter?"

IT WAS dark and he was still traveling on the road, hot and dusty, before Caleb could remember all that had taken place during that last hour. Betty's father had talked to him sternly, but had given him his wages even if it were Sunday, and at the last, when he was out of hearing of Aunt Julia, he had spoken differently and said he hoped Caleb would get on all right. As for Aunt Julia, she had been terrible, and had only got him his supper after Betty's father insisted on it.

Betty had not appeared. She had been sent to her room in disgrace, but Caleb, looking back once from the lane, had seen her at her window and he had waved to her, his brain whirling with crazy notions. Betty had kissed him seven times—he had kept careful count. No girl, not even Tillie Jane, had ever kissed him before. No one else would have believed that he would ever have a farm, and Betty had said she would always want to hear him sing.

He came to a field where new-cut hay had been raked in heaps for over the Sabbath and there made himself a bed. It was cool and soft, and he was soon soundly asleep with only the stars above him.

Caleb sang less and less as the summer passed. He was too tired most of the time and some days he had very little to eat. It was not until autumn frosts had come that he found a farmer who wanted to hire him for any length of time.

The farmer was a kindly old fellow who had cleared stumps from neglected first-settler ground and won himself fertile acres of rich black soil. Furthermore, there were logging operations in the district each winter, so that there was plenty of work for men and horses as long as there was snow for sledding.

Caleb learned to load the wide logging sleds and to help place logs on skids at the mill brow. He broke roads and brushed swamp holes and, before the winter was over, could handle the big team as well, or better, than the farmer himself.

The farmer was a widower and they had largely to cook their own meals, but Caleb had helped Tillie Jane enough to be handy around the kitchen and each noon they ate with the men at the logging camp. The time passed quickly, but during the long hauls on the logging road it was easy to think

of Betty and all they had talked about. On Sundays, when the farmer was asleep, Caleb would go to the back field and sing the hymns he knew. He always began with "The Happy Golden Shore" and he practiced it more than any other.

In the spring when he should have received his wages, Caleb told the farmer of his wanting to get a place of his own, and the farmer offered him a proposition. He had an option on the half-cleared farm alongside, he said, and if Caleb would agree to work five years, helping clear both farms, he should have a share of the crops, and at the end of his serving receive a deed to the second farm.

Nothing could seem fairer and Caleb accepted the offer. It would save him looking farther, which he dreaded. He had grown inches and was a young giant, strong and willing. Summer long, as he worked in the fields, he kept thinking of the progress he had made.

The second year passed more quickly than the first, and Caleb began to take the lead in planning their work. In the winter he got out timbers for himself and during the third summer built a barn on the place that was to be his. The neighbors helped with the barn raising, and there was a dance afterward, with plenty of girls wanting to be partners with Caleb. He wanted to thank them all at the finish and did not know how to begin, so asked them if they would like to hear him sing. They shouted agreement, and so he stood on a beam and sang, "Beulah Land." Everyone was quiet, suddenly, and when he had finished the older women pleaded for more. So he sang, "The Sweet By-and-By" and "The Happy Golden Shore." They crowded about him afterward and praised him until he was the happiest he had ever been.

The next day he wrote a laborious letter to Tillie Jane, telling her how he had got on, and about the barn raising. He did not mention Betty Martin.

That winter he began to plan his house. He decided to build it like Betty's home, and as he worked again at the seeding in the spring and saw new dark green growth cover his acres, he had dreams that carried him swiftly through the summer. That fall he got out the timbers for his house.

But in the spring the farmer was ailing and there was no time for hewing sills. Caleb worked long hours and put in the crops for both farms, and there was not even a chance to dig his cellar. The corn and potatoes thrived amazingly, and they had such crops that the farmer hired two extra men.

It was the next spring that the farmer died.

One noon Caleb found him gasping for breath and trying to say something about "papers." It was not until the funeral was over that he realized what his partner had been trying to tell him. They had had no written agreement. And at that time a letter came from Tillie Jane: "Dear Caleb," she wrote, "Jabez has got married and his wife wants me out. Can you send me thirty dollars so I can go for a man in the west? He is Jim Keller. He has a place but no money. He writes if I could get to him he would marry me. That would be heaven longside of here. Write very soon if you got it. Your sister."



2854

2865

2862

2902

A FOURESONE FOR FALL

BACK TO brisk days and your first fall dress.

Dramatically simple with its cleric collar and smooth little jacket, No. 2854 fits perfectly into the pattern of your busy life, for it may be worn successively for luncheon, shopping tours and tea.

Make it in black matelassé or one of the soft new woollens, in such wonderful colors as grapevine or teal blue.

The aristocrat of outdoor fashions, No. 2865, is a reefer suit, built for strenuous living—country weekends, football games and motoring. Fleecy herringbones in two-color combinations, such as brown and dusty blue, make it luxuriously practical and warm.

Composed in a harmony of glowing autumn colors, a three-piece suit becomes the backbone of many successful campus wardrobes. The topcoat of No. 2862 with its beautifully-shaped collar is a smart complement to other tailored costumes, while the trimly fitted suit makes endless alliances with bright woolly scarves and sweaters.

As an audacious salute to Indian Summer, No. 2902 poses "arrow-head" pockets at the shoulders of a cleverly detailed jacket. Well-aimed darts taper the waistline to flattering proportions, and a flared centre panel adds verve to the skirt . . . style points well suited to dress-weight tweeds or feathery woollens.

Descriptions of Patterns on page 68

Simplicity Patterns may be obtained from your local dealer, or by mail through the Pattern Department of Chatelaine Magazine, 481 University Avenue, Toronto.



SO MUCH depends on how she looks that first day back at school. If high school is a strange, new world, for instance, she needs the assurance of nice clothes. A grand outfit would be the suit, No. 2856, with short fitted jacket buttoned snugly down the front (how girls dote on silver buttons), topped with a smart box coat for cooler weather. How about royal blue soft wool for the suit, tweed in blue and rose fleck for the coat?

Fourth graders rustle importantly in No. 2864, for the circular skirt reveals a taffeta petticoat to match the plaid collar and big sash bow. Try green rayon crepe with green and red plaid.

And do the suspender dress, No. 2860, with its cotton or linen shirt, in navy with a deep red and navy and white big check jacket.

For her kindergarten debut, frisky pleats and buttons from neck to hem make No. 2869 the perfect frock, especially in a Swedish printed cotton, and a dark print for big sister. No. 2861, has a zipper closing which is very grand.

Descriptions of Patterns on page 68

ALL SET FOR SCHOOL

It's a Dangerous World!

Continued from page 5

IN WINTER there is the danger of thin ice and air holes. Ice should be tested to see if it is safe. Children should not coast down driveways or down hills that end in a road, nor hitch sleds to moving vehicles. When coasting, keep a safe distance from the child ahead. Throw only soft snowballs, and never aim at anyone who wears glasses. Frostbite may be avoided by proper clothing and by rubbing the chilled part. If actually nipped, rub with snow.

Falls are common to childhood, but dangerous ones may be guarded against. Warn the child not to lean against screens, windowpanes, railings, banisters, or door handles; not to climb on anything that is likely to tip or break, such as ladders and thin branches. Not to sit or lean on the sills of open windows; not to leave marbles or

any small round object on the floor, nor anything on the stairs, nor orange and banana peel on the sidewalk.

Children should learn that any break in the skin needs to be cleaned and disinfected promptly. Even the tiny child can be taught to run to mother and have the red mark from kitty's claw made safe and better. Many cases of lockjaw might have been avoided by this simple precaution.

As soon as children are old enough they should be taught first aid; what to do in case of a drowning accident; what to do for a burn, and so on.

This long list of dangers and precautions makes the world appear to be a very dangerous place, but, after all, a great many people reach maturity without any serious injury, and many more would do so, were they carefully guarded and instructed in childhood. *

Party Girl

Continued from page 9

darkness. Office lights glared down on the dark head of Barry Hunt, poring over papers on his littered desk; and on the gleaming brown head of Joan, typing expertly at her own desk near the window.

At the sound of a book being slammed, she looked up to find Barry regarding her thoughtfully. "I'm sunk," he announced. "I'm all washed up. For two cents I'd chuck this mess and blow you to dinner somewhere. What do you say?"

"I say two dinners is too much. You have one scheduled already."

He frowned. "Is that tonight—my aunt's?"

She nodded. "Eight o'clock. You may have time to dress."

He went over to the window, and stared into the thin darkness at the winking lights in other office buildings. When he turned back, he looked pleased with some thought of his own. "Get Mrs. Thornton, please," he said abruptly. "I'll get out of this. I'm in no mood for another of those dinners tonight."

Joan hesitated. "Isn't it—important, Mr. Hunt? Mrs. Thornton's leaving town tomorrow."

"I can take care of Mrs. Thornton," he answered shortly. "After all, I'm her one and only nephew. We're Hunts—and a Hunt, in the eyes of my aunt, has privileges."

Joan moved to the phone. "It's so late—it'll leave someone partnerless . . ."

He knew what she meant. For once Grace Van Nuyts would have to consume a formal dinner without benefit of his company. But this gentleman's agreement that seemed to obtain among hostesses this winter—that neither he nor Grace should eat dinner except in close proximity to each other—had become a little annoying. Not that he wasn't fond of Grace. But—"Get Mrs. Thornton," he said shortly, "if you please."

After he had hung up, he grinned at Joan. "That's that," he said in a pleased voice. "Now we'll have

dinner—and come back here afterward to make it legal."

But they didn't come back. He wouldn't hear of it, only he settled back in his chair, regarding her with an air of contentment. Even in the dark, unobtrusive office dress she stood out, he thought. Something about her eyes, or the way her hair grew—"You know, this is swell," he said slowly. "Loafing around like this. You can create your own mood, strike any pitch, high or low, that pleases you. Obligations wear you down."

"I don't, of course, rate as an obligation?"

He grinned. "If you did, I wouldn't be here. No—you're good fun. And you don't expect too much."

She looked at him sharply. "That works both ways, of course."

"Of course. I won't expect a thing. I promise you that."

Those, then, were the rules—not to expect too much. They couldn't, of course, last forever. But strangely enough, they had lasted almost a year—until tonight. And tonight, inevitably the break had come.

THAT HAD been March. The following summer he took her out with increasing frequency. They danced on the Biltmore Roof, high above the clinging heat of the city, to music that made them forget a lot of things. They drove to Longue Vue, far up the moonlit Hudson, and back through the hurting magic of an August night. They spent long, heavenly Sundays driving through Westchester, stopping where their fancy dictated. All the pleasant summer things New York held out for them to do, they did. And they thought—they were quite sure—it was enough.

Joan understood him perfectly now. She knew his social life as intimately as his business life. She handled all details, made all arrangements; found it amounted to something of a career, this being a Hunt. It set you apart; conferred not only unique social



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THE NEW
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IT'S ABSOLUTELY
GREASELESS

YES—IT
VANISHES
COMPLETELY
AS YOU PUT
IT ON



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The new Odorono ICE keeps your underarm completely dry for as much as three whole days. Yet it takes only a few seconds to apply. Light and delicate in texture, Odorono ICE is greaseless and non-sticky. And there is nothing but its

own fresh odor of pure alcohol which evaporates immediately.

Here is a satisfactory answer to the appeals of fastidious women for an effective, greaseless underarm deodorant. A really pleasant, quick way to put an end to offensive odors and embarrassing and costly perspiration stains.

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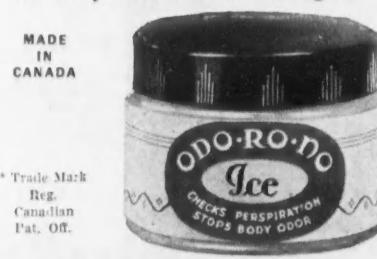
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Why Feet Swell and Ache
Standing or walking all day throws undue strain on foot muscles, tendons, ligaments. Causes fatigue acids to settle in them—make them ache and burn. Circulation of the blood through the feet is hampered. Soon the whole foot puffs up and throbs. Absorbine Jr. brings prompt relief!

Quick Relief for Sore, Burning Feet

ON HER FEET all morning—then, at the end of it all, standing . . . waiting . . . till sidewalk or floor seems to burn holes into the soles of her feet!

There's quick relief for that. The moment you get home, rub Absorbine Jr. all over your feet, especially around the ankles and on the soles. Absorbine Jr. speeds the blood through the feet. The blood carries off the fatigue acids, and the burning and swelling are quickly relieved. No soaking necessary. Your feet feel rested! You are ready for the evening's fun.

At all druggists. \$1.25 a bottle. For free sample address W. F. Young, Inc., Lyman Building, Montreal, Canada.

Famous quick relief for muscular soreness, sprains, mosquito and insect bites, sunburn, Athlete's Foot.



ABSORBINE JR.
Speeds FATIGUE ACIDS out of Feet

A Woman Can't Wait Too Long

Continued from page 33

told her of his great luck with the crops, the way he learned to chop and skid and yard logs, and about the barn he built, the barn raising and the way he had sung hymns at the finish, and how all the people had wanted to help him after that.

Betty was so quiet that he almost wondered if she were listening, but each time he paused she would look at him and say, in a low, tense voice: "Tell me more, Caleb. Don't leave out anything."

So he went on and told her about the house he planned and the timbers he got ready, and then, not looking at her and talking as rapidly as he could, he gave her all the truth, his weakness in not having a contract, and the total loss of all his five years work. He even showed her Tillie Jane's letter and told her he had sent the money. When the last bitter detail had been explained, he stared into the fire and said: "I've no right to ask you to wait any longer, Betty. A woman can't wait too long."

He saw her lips quivering but she could not answer him, so he got up and went for more fuel. She was still silent when he went back to the fire and piled on more wood, but he saw that she was watching him, and his want of her stirred him to the depths. Before he realized what he was doing, his arms were about her and he was kissing her as he had imagined he would when he dreamed of her during the long hauls on the logging trail.

"I promised you I'd sing 'The Golden Shore' when I came back," he said awkwardly. "Do you want me to?"

"I'd love it." In the fire glow he saw her eyes fill with tears, and the way she looked up at him made his throat swell with emotion, so that he sang the best he ever had, his voice rolling out over the water. He sang another hymn, and another and another.

The stars came out and it seemed, to him, a night of miracles. Their island seemed a million miles from any interference, and he felt as if, in some mysterious way, all the hard years of logging and seedtime and harvest had really counted, and life would never be the same again. But he could not say the things that were in his heart, for it would not be fair to ask Betty to wait longer for him.

Twice he tried to get her talking about herself, but she was evasive, and swung the conversation to the Sunday afternoon they had had together. Her memory was even better than his, and she recalled nearly everything they had said, and then told him of her aunt waiting at the fence, unseen by them, as they emerged from the deer trail. Caleb sighed then and looked into the fire. It would be useless for him to think of calling at Betty's home.

IT WAS coldest in the morning just before sunrise, but Caleb piled all the wood they had on the fire, and an hour later they saw a boat putting out to get them.

The men in the boat rowed with a

will. "Glory, Miss Betty," they said, "your aunt's been terrible scared. They had the story goin' that you'd been drowned, but we could see your fire and we come out soon as we could watch out for driftage."

"Is Aunt Julia down at the bank?"

"No, ma'am. She's got everything steamin' hot for you at the house, and she said the man was to go with you."

Betty was shivering in the morning mist. She turned to look at Caleb. "Tell her who you are, first thing," she said. "I—I want you to."

"I will," Caleb promised, and he took her arm and helped her from the boat.

They thanked the men and went up the hill together, silent. Caleb stared about him. Some of the fences were down and others needed mending. No crops had been planted. There were no cows waiting at the barn. He stopped, and looked at Betty. "What's happened?" he asked. "Tell me before we go in."

"I wanted to." She could barely whisper. "I tried to last night, and couldn't. Caleb, father died two years ago. Aunt Julia and I are all alone."

They went on and the door was opened to them. "Betty—my darling!"

Caleb stood in amazement. He was prepared to meet a bitter, challenging, sharp-eyed old woman, and instead Aunt Julia was bowed and shaken. She was sobbing, her thin arms clasping Betty.

"All night I've tramped this floor," she quavered, "thinking of all I've said and done to you. I'm a wicked old woman, God forgive me. I think I've been crazy to act the way I've done."

"Never mind now," Betty tried to soothe. "We'll have a hot breakfast and then we'll all feel better. Listen. This is Caleb Jordan, the boy who used to work for us, and sang for me one Sunday afternoon at the brook."

Aunt Julia straightened and looked at Caleb. Her chin was just as definite, he saw, but there was a chastened light in her old eyes.

"This is a mercy I don't deserve," she said, trying to keep her voice from breaking. "I cleared you out just like I cleared out all others, but I knew you were the only one who counted. She cried into her pillow every night for a week, and I said it was nonsense. She was too young to be thinking of men. But I was wrong, you hear me? Wrong. She never stopped thinking about you. Acting gay now and then, trying to whistle like a meadow lark fooled her father, maybe, but not me. I knew what was in her mind and I couldn't drive it out, much as I tried. And last night, when I thought she'd been drowned, I saw what a wicked old creature I've been."

"She went up to Caleb and took his hand in both of hers, holding it hard. She tried to speak and failed, and tears blurred her sight. She tightened her lips, fighting to get control, then turned toward Betty. "Be good to her," she managed. "Waiting's hard—for a woman." *



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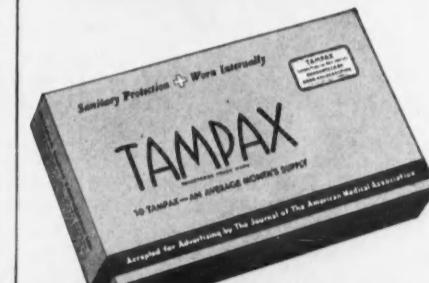
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with the bitterness of regret, and her mother never mentioned them at all.

Joan remembered things clearly only from the time, when she was about six, they had moved from Chicago to the small city of Ellerton, a hundred miles away. This move had been made because the ebb in the tide was already setting in. High-water mark had passed; long intervals stretched between engagements; fine lines thickened about her mother's eyes. Then Anne was born. For a while it made a difference, but inevitably the family settled once more into the familiar habit of discontent. Her father resented bitterly the fickleness of fame; he had been able to take the glory, but not the retreat from glory. He sulked, grew morose under it. A fog of frustration and bitterness hung in the very air of the house they lived in.

Maybe that was why Joan had taken the particular attitude she had toward her young sister. As far back as she remembered anything, she remembered feeling that she must look out for Anne, must make up to her somehow for the lack of a normally happy home life.

They discovered early that Anne had inherited her father's voice as well as his temperament. For a while that discovery instilled fresh hope in him. He trained her voice intensively, found vicarious outlet for his own sense of defeat and frustration. But only for a while. He was too essentially self-centred to find lasting satisfaction outside himself, and soon he sank again into the morass of his own bitterness. He let Anne's voice go, and nothing was done about it.

But now the purpose that had been growing in Joan came to full flower. She was twenty, and she had saved a little money from her stenographic job. She announced one morning, with dramatic suddenness, her intention of going to New York. There were tears and protestations, but she went. She had to get away herself, and she had to give Anne the chance to do something with her voice.

That had been three years ago. The first two years, in spite of the earnestness of her trying, she had got nowhere at all. She had counted herself lucky to keep from going home herself. Then, a year ago, she had got this job with Barry. And she had waited patiently, putting aside money, till she was sure she was justified in sending for Anne. A week ago the time had seemed ripe. She had money enough saved; she had a job she was sure of. The stage seemed set at last, and she had written Anne, sending the money for her fare.

Well. That little dream was over. She shivered suddenly in the fresh dawn air that poured through the windows. Bright daylight streamed into the room, and she glanced at the sky. Faint rose deepened to scarlet, faded again to pink and then white. At last she sighed tiredly and stood up. She might as well try to sleep. Today was Sunday, and there was nothing she could do. Later in the day she would write to Anne, asking her to wait. Tomorrow she would go to the office and resign.

When she awoke, the doorbell was ringing with a jarring insistence, as though it had been ringing for some time. For a moment her mind fumbled

helplessly, then she stumbled out of bed, slipped on a dressing gown, and smoothed her hair hurriedly. She glanced at the clock, saw it was afternoon. Then she went to the door, sleep still pulling at her mind. She pushed the buzzer and waited. At the sound of the elevator stopping, she opened the door quickly.

"Anne!" she cried. "Anne, my darling!"

NEXT MORNING she left for the office reluctantly. Anne was still asleep, and Joan left a note for her. Then she faced the problem of the day as best she could.

The fact of Anne's being here changed things, of course. She wasn't sure—she hadn't been sure last night, as she twisted and turned the question in her mind after Anne was asleep—whether she had the right to give up her job now. Anne had come so trusting, so filled with expectations. It would be cruel to send her home now, without so much as a chance. No, she couldn't do that. She was quite sure she couldn't do that—

Gradually Saturday night's incident with Barry slipped farther from her consciousness, becoming a little unreal in the face of this reality of Anne. Maybe she had exaggerated it. Maybe she had even misinterpreted it. Suddenly her own attitude seemed to her schoolgirlish, even a bit cowardly. Why shouldn't she trust herself? Why shouldn't she keep this job and her own integrity too? Barry was no ogre. Besides, he might already have forgotten it. Surely, by the time he came back, after three months in Europe, he would have forgotten it. She was making an important mountain out of the most insignificant of molehills.

The decision, arrived at by slow stages in the course of the day, brought with it a great relief and a faint, tingling excitement. She realized suddenly how much staying on here meant to her. Her eyes swept the room, luxurious yet restrained; every touch mirroring the warm, finely tempered personality of Barry. She loved it, loved everything about it. If it didn't occur to her, then, that it was because the room was Barry, it was only because she was too close, too much a part of it, to see.

Going home at last, she felt oddly gay and lighthearted. It was because Anne would be there, she told herself. Someone to welcome her, to spend the long evening with her. The thought of Barry caught at her suddenly, but she pushed it aside. She hurried now, and as she turned her key in the lock, rushing footsteps sounded inside, and the door was flung suddenly wide. "Darling!" Anne's voice was breathless, her arms about Joan's neck stranglingly. "You're home at last! I'm so glad to see you!"

Joan laughed. This was the Anne she remembered—bubbling with laughter, flying in all directions. "Did you, darling? Tell me—"

"Oh, and Joan—" the eager young voice broke in ruthlessly—"I met a man—the keenest man—"

"So soon?" Joan kept the dismay out of her voice. Of course, this would be inevitable—with a girl like Anne. "How did it happen?"

"Oh," Anne laughed, "it was respectable, darling. I couldn't help it.

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standing, but unique social obligation. You went certain places as a matter of course; equally, you omitted certain others. The girl you married would be your social equal. The clothes you wore came out of Bond Street. It was all, for you, accepted fact.

Joan learned all this in the usual course. But Barry, one night that fall, tried to put it into words. They had come into the Divan, chilled through with three hours of watching a football match through a coldly drizzling rain. Now the sudden warmth of the restaurant, the smell of good food cooking, sent their spirits soaring.

Barry watched her, his look approving her—the dress and hat of dull green wool that struck off gold glints in her hair, lent green shadows to the cool greyness of her eyes. "Good sport, Joan," he said suddenly. "And no post-mortems."

A smile gathered at the back of her eyes. "You don't have to tell me, Barry."

"I know." He was feeling his way. "I think I want to tell myself."

She laughed. "Of course," she said, and her voice mocked him faintly. "Tell yourself stories, Barry."

He smiled sheepishly. "All right. Strike it out."

"No—go on. You'll enjoy it, and so shall I, really."

He looked at her, saw the laughter in her eyes waiting for his, and grinned suddenly. "It's a habit with a lawyer," he said apologetically. "Getting things on the record."

"Especially if he's young . . . But go on. Once upon a time there was a young man named Barry Hunt, alias Don Juan—isn't that it?"

"Don Juan was a heel. Am I that bad? Am I really sinister?"

She considered. "The sinister part may be out. But temperamentally—"

"Maybe that way. I don't like to stay put."

"I've noticed. You're not the restful type."

He was trying to get something across to her without quite saying it. "I mean—I don't like to stay put emotionally. Plenty of time later to sit by the fire with a good book."

"And a good wife."

He grinned. "And a good wife. A rising young lawyer can get on without all that."

"Especially without all that," she agreed evenly.

"At least for years. And then—"

"Then—" her voice broke in on his—"it'll be the girl they expect a Hunt to marry. Someone out of the Register. A young lawyer must think of his connections."

He looked at her oddly, a slow flush rising to his cheeks. "Not quite that last," he said stiffly. "Not that crude—"

But she was already annoyed with herself. "Sorry. Please strike it out." There was a moment's pause. "But there is the family, Barry. A Hunt never bucks the family."

He nodded slowly. "Yes," he admitted, "there is the family."

Suddenly she laughed, a little more gaily than the moment called for, because she had to carry this off. "Barry," she said quickly, "this is funny. You don't need to go into all that. We settled it once—we made the rules. I wasn't to expect anything,

and neither were you. You've lived up to your end of it."

"I have, haven't I?" he said reflectively. "And you know that's quite remarkable—considering how lovely you are."

"I don't even expect flattery," she said quietly.

He frowned. "This isn't a build-up, Joan."

"Of course it isn't. I'm just telling you—the sweet nothings aren't necessary. I don't expect them. I don't expect anything. I'm really—not interested, Barry."

He leaned toward her eagerly. "I know you're not. It makes everything swell."

It did, of course. It meant they could go on—blindly, getting in deeper. Quite, quite sure they had the situation well in hand . . . Well, it was over now. Tonight had climaxed it. There was no going back; and equally, there was no going on—from here. They had reached the end of the road.

She slipped on a dressing gown and sat down by the window. Sleep was unthinkable. The sense of Barry still hung, almost tangibly, in the room. His eyes looked at her out of the warm darkness, his arms reached for her . . . Deliberately she shook off the feeling and tried to think; tried to realize what it all meant, and what she must do about it.

HOURS LATER, as the oblongs of the windows grew slowly grey with morning, she reached her decision. Reached it reluctantly, with full knowledge of what it meant to her. It meant starting over again; long searching, doubtful landing. It meant giving up this sense of security, of belonging, that made her present position so invaluable to her. It meant not seeing Barry again, at all. When he came back from Europe, she would be gone from the office. She wouldn't see him again—ever.

It meant something else, too. She couldn't send for Anne. Only a week ago she had written her young sister to come on to New York as soon as she was ready. She had told her there was money enough saved, and she was confident of her job. There was no need now to wait longer.

Writing that letter had been for her the realization of long-cherished hope; the hope of taking Anne—the young, lovely and eager child that was Anne—out of the stultifying dreariness of home before it was too late. The setup at home was so difficult, and had always been so difficult. Joan's thoughts swept back, in swift intuitive flashes, over the years, seeing her home life in perspective as she had been unable to see it when she was so close to it. Seeing it with anger, and with a pitying regret.

It had never been happy; never in any sense satisfying. She had always realized it, without being able to tell where the trouble lay. But now she saw it clearly enough. It lay somewhere in the meshes of her father's insatiate vanity and selfishness. He had been an artist, a singer of national note, and twenty years ago his name had been a household word. Joan supposed those had been happy days, flowing with plenty, but she had been too small to remember them. Her father mentioned them now only

SMART SEWING

Here are some useful little tips that will save you many dressmaking worries



1. Velvets.

Always cut your velvet with the pile running up, and baste seams closely together to avoid slipping. Use a fairly loose tension on the sewing machine, and stitch from the top downward. Velvet thus sewn against the pile will hold more firmly.

2. Silk jerseys, rayon jerseys, wool jerseys.

Watch out for stretching! A slightly loose tension on the sewing machine helps. If you're shirring jerseys, use the small shirring foot on the machine for a neat job. Rows of shirring should be uniform if you want a good fit and appearance to the frock.

3. Woollen dresses.

Get your material pre-shrunk at the shop or by a tailor before you start. Always press each seam as you sew it, and dampen each seam with a small sponge before you press it. It makes a lot of difference in the final appearance of the garment.

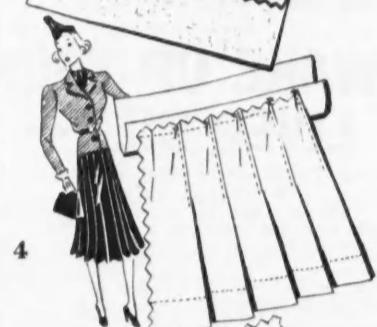
4. Pleating skirts.

Use a material two and a half times as wide as your waist measurement for a pleated skirt. Make a waistband that fits, then adjust the surplus material to the size of the band. If you want the skirt stitched down a ways, stitch on the extreme edge of the pleat for the smartest effect. Cut on the bias for sunburst pleats, and be sure to get fully two and a half times the hip measure in the width of your fabric, so the pleats won't stretch out from the hipline.

5. Military braid.

For that grand flat tailored effect stitch braid close to the edge on both sides. Ribbon, as a trimming, is stitched on one side only.

* Continued on page 46



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They were in the living room, and Joan was taking off her coat and hat. "He's red-headed," Anne was rattling on happily. "But not the kind with blue eyes and freckles. His eyes are brown—like mahogany. And he's huge—he's enormous!"

Joan laughed in spite of herself. "Little idiot! But how did you meet him?"

Anne's eyes danced with excitement. They were the bluest eyes, Joan thought, she had ever seen. And Anne's hair—the blondest, silkiest hair. She stared at this young sister of hers, whose beauty glowed vivid as a lighted candle. Anne was too lovely, she thought. It would be too hard to shield her . . .

But the gay young voice was rattling on. "I went for a walk—down that way—till I came to a park. A cute park, with an arch in front of it—"

"Our Washington Square," Joan put in dryly.

"Kids were playing in it, and people sitting around. I stayed a while, and then I came home. But I got on the wrong floor, the one under this. I was trying to get the key in the lock, and suddenly the door opened, and a man stood there staring at me. 'Why,' I said to him, 'You're in my apartment!' 'The deuce I am!' he said to me. 'You're breaking into mine!'"

Joan laughed with her. "And then what?"

"Oh, he got nice right away. He brought me up here—but he didn't come in," she added hastily, seeing Joan's look. "He said he'd come when you're home."

"I see. You told him about me?"

"Oh, yes. We talked a long time."

Well, there it was. She saw all too clearly how it was going to be. Looks like Anne's—with a temperament like Anne's—There was only one thing to do. She must get the girl started at her singing. It would take up her mind, give her an outlet for that fizzing energy of hers. And she must do it, Joan knew, at once. All the more reason, she thought contentedly, for keeping her job.

They went out to dinner, and Anne bubbled with enthusiasm. Everything delighted her and filled her with wonder. They walked through the Village streets in the early dark, and Anne was fascinated at the remodelled stables that now housed aspiring artists. They wandered through the Square, its grass still brown and draggled with winter, but putting forth somehow an odd air of spring. Finally they went back to the apartment.

They were hardly inside when the bell rang. Anne ran to answer it, and Joan knew she was hoping for the man downstairs. But her voice floated back from the hall, "A wire for you, Joan!"

"Radiogram, lady," the boy said flatly.

Joan's heart pounded in spite of her. She ripped open the envelope with fingers she tried to keep steady, conscious of Anne's watching interest. The letters danced briefly before her eyes, then settled into place.

Here's hoping you can see it my way. Back soon. Barry.

"What is it, darling?" Anne asked eagerly.

"A wire," Joan answered easily,

"from a friend who's gone to Europe."

"A man, I bet!"

"It happens to be a man."

"How thrilling! I'd love to get things like that. Did he send love and kisses?"

Joan smiled. "Something like that." Then, to divert the girl, "You'll get them some day—radiograms, I mean. Have patience."

But Anne was too intrigued to drop the subject there. "Is it serious, Joan?"

"Not a bit. It never will be."

"But—has he asked you to marry him?"

Joan tried to keep the impatience out of her voice. "Of course not, darling. It's nothing. It's really nothing at all."

But later that night, thinking the whole thing through again for the hundredth time, she knew that wasn't true. This word from Barry was too significant, too pointed. And the naturalness of Anne's question drove it home all the deeper. "Has he asked you to marry him?" He hadn't; and he didn't intend to. Moreover, he didn't mean to let the matter rest where it was. He meant to take it up exactly where he had left it off. As soon as he came back, it would start all over again.

And suddenly Joan knew, in her heart, she wouldn't be equal to it. She wouldn't be able to withstand the daily contact with him. In the end, he would have it his way in spite of her.

NEXT MORNING she went directly to the office manager. "May I see you, Mr. Peters?" she began at once.

He smiled at her, noting the worried look. "Of course. But it can't be as bad as all that."

She colored quickly. "It's not, of course. It's just that I—I'm leaving."

"Leaving?" The smile changed to a quick frown. "I thought you liked it here, Miss Marshall."

"Oh, I do! It isn't that. It has nothing to do with the office."

"Then what's the trouble?"

"Something—quite personal—about my family. It means changing my plans completely. I—I have to leave, Mr. Peters."

There was no mistaking her sincerity. "I'm sorry. We'll miss you." Suddenly he frowned. "Mr. Hunt won't like this," he added. "Couldn't you stay till he gets back, and take it up with him?"

She shook her head quickly. "I couldn't. It's urgent. I'll stay the rest of the week, get things in shape—"

The door behind her opened suddenly, and she turned. But it was only Mr. Thornton, a familiar client of the firm. He was married to Barry's aunt, and she knew him well. She smiled at him, and took advantage of the interruption. "If that's all, then, Mr. Peters—"

She hurried out of the room and to her own office. There, closing the door carefully, she leaned against it weakly, and tried to cope with the reaction that was already setting in. Well, she had done it. She had resigned this job where she had been so happy, so completely content. She had flung herself, and her young sister as well, on the mercy of chance. There was no telling where it might land them.

* To be Continued

that every one in Jask including her husband had been ill with malaria, and that she was the only one who had fortunately escaped.

(On and on, she flew, time driving her endlessly, with only brief hours for sleep and food. With Benares and Calcutta behind, Rangoon was finally reached, where Jean Batten heard the disconcerting news that the monsoon was expected to break sooner than usual. Hoping for the best the girl left on scheduled time.)

AS I flew on, the weather became steadily worse. Ahead of me, and completely blotting out the horizon, was a great bank of dark cloud, stretching like a wall far out to sea and blending with the big banks of treacherous-looking cloud covering the mountains inland. The air became rough and turbulent. I knew I was entering an intensely bad storm area. "Should I go back to Rangoon?" I thought, quickly checking up on the remaining petrol. I was five hours out from Rangoon, and there was not sufficient petrol left to return even to Moulmein. Vainly I flew on, searching for a break inland or out to sea so that I might fly round the storm, but the rain-clouds ahead were like great dark curtains screening all from view. Victoria Point was another two hundred miles farther on, and there was no alternative but to fly through the storm, hoping that it would not extend over a wide area.

The rain thundered down on to the wings of my airplane like millions of tiny pellets, and visibility was so bad that the wing-tips were not visible and the coastline was completely blotted out. It was like flying from day into night, and in the semi-darkness the luminous instruments glowed an eerie green from the dashboard. Very soon the open cockpit was almost flooded, and my tropical flying-suit wet through. The rain was blinding, and it was distinctly unpleasant flying blind at such a low altitude. The engine gave an occasional sputter, then regained its steady roar, and I marvelled how it kept going in the deluge. Through a break I suddenly saw the dark blur of the jungle beneath me, and flying lower picked up the coastline.

It was good to see something after the strain of blind flying, but I wondered if I had overshot Victoria Point in the rain. According to my watch I should be over Victoria Point in five minutes if the wind had not altered since I had last checked my position. Only the dark, blurred line of the jungle and the giant white rollers breaking on the shore were visible immediately beneath the airplane, and it was impossible to fly land. Nine hours had passed since I had left Rangoon, so I decided to fly up and down that section of the coast in the hope that the rain would clear sufficiently for me to see inland. Five minutes up and five back: there was sufficient petrol left for one and a half hours flying.

After thirty-five minutes of anxious cruising the curtain of rain lifted temporarily, disclosing the bases of the mountains. I located a clearing in the jungle which was the aerodrome, although it resembled a lake, and landed just as the rain closed in again. Great sprays of water rose on each side of the machine as it taxied to

where a group of natives were sheltering under umbrellas and grass mats. A white-clad figure waded out to meet me, and I stopped the plane as he neared the cockpit. A big smile and two honest blue eyes looked out at me from beneath a white topee, and a big hand grasped mine in a welcome handshake. "Better take the machine over to the dry patch," he said, pointing to where the natives were huddled together. "The dry patch" was a few inches deep, and I stepped out of the cockpit up to my ankles in water. Although the rain continued to beat down, we managed to picket the airplane and tie the canvas cover over engine and cockpit.

I learned that my new-found friend's name was Russell, and that he was in charge of a rubber plantation and was the only white man in Victoria Point. Although it was still raining it was extremely hot, and my friend removed his topee, down the brim of which the rain streamed like a veil, and mopped his brow every few minutes. I donned my raincoat, although it was not of much use, as I had been wet through for hours. Refuelling was not possible, so we drove to Mr. Russell's home near the aerodrome. It seemed to be the only house there, and was built high up off the ground on supports, as is the custom in the East. After changing into dry clothes I felt decidedly happier, and gave my wet flying-suit to the native servant to dry, as anything damp becomes covered with mildew in a short time in that climate. The big living-room was most comfortable, and I enjoyed a welcome cup of tea and the most delicious egg sandwiches I had ever tasted. There was a wireless station some miles away, and I learned that Mr. Russell had gone to fetch the wife of the wireless operator to keep me company.

(A happy evening with her friends, was followed by a dangerous take-off and anxious hours over the jungle, where great flocks of brightly colored parakeets rose from the trees, evidently startled by the roar of the engine. The night was spent at Batavia, with a hospitable Dutch couple.)

WHEN WE ARRIVED at the aerodrome next morning it was to find a thick layer of fog covering the ground. I despaired of being able to take off until the sun had dispersed the fog later in the morning. Mr. Smet, however, declared that although it was so dense the fog was not very thick through. "I shall drive my car at full speed up and down a section several times and clear a pathway through the fog," he said. "Then if you are quick you can take off down the path before the sides close together."

The scene assumed an air of unreality. There we were standing beside the airplane, which looked ghostly in the poor light, and hardly able to see each other when wisps of fog drifted across the vision like smoke—there we were, talking about clearing a pathway through the fog. Alice in Wonderland would not have been more surprised at the idea than I. Mr. Smet, who was most enthusiastic, however, and eager to try his scheme, drove the car alongside my airplane. I shook hands with him, and climbing into the cockpit ran the engine up.

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RENDELLS

I Fly Alone

Continued from page 13

was not interested in another projected flight to Australia, so the airplane was sold and afterwards reconditioned. Fortunately I was able to interest Lord Wakefield, who agreed to help me finance another flight.

In April, 1934, after I had set off again, I had one of the most thrilling experiences of my career. Having battled with head winds on a flight from Marseilles to Rome, my airplane ran out of petrol at midnight in tempestuous rain and pitch darkness over the Italian capital. Gliding the silent machine to the outskirts of the city I managed to bring it safely down with very little damage in a small field surrounded by wireless masts. When I saw this field in daylight I was astounded at my miraculous escape. The masts between which I had glided were some hundreds of feet high; bordering the field were high-tension wires over which I had glided in the darkness, and only twenty-five yards in front of the spot where I landed was the high embankment of the river Tiber.

About a week afterwards I flew my airplane back to London to make a fresh start. My reason for returning to England instead of flying on was that I was reluctant to add the week spent in Rome on to my time, for I wished to make a reasonably fast flight through to Australia. It was my intention to establish at least a women's record for the journey, realizing that my airplane was not suitable for anything faster at this stage.

ALTHOUGH I only arrived back in England from Rome on May 6, 1934, I set off again at dawn on May 8, accompanied with the good luck that has flown with me ever since.

The airplane which I flew was by no means a modern one; in fact, it was fifth-hand and nearly five years old. I had bought it for the modest sum of £260, and after spending a considerable amount on having the engine overhauled and a number of modified and new parts fitted thought it capable of flying the 12,700 odd miles to Sydney without failing me.

The cruising speed of this veteran was only 80 miles an hour. Therefore the schedule of fourteen days which I had set myself was a fairly ambitious one. The route I planned to follow differed from that taken on previous flights to Australia. Instead of calling at Aleppo, in French Syria, as I had done on my flight to India, I intended to fly along the Mediterranean to the eastern end and land on the island of Cyprus, then cross the Lebanon Mountains to Damascus and the Syrian Desert to Baghdad. From there I would fly along the usual route to Australia via Persia, India, Burma, Malaya and the Dutch East Indies. This route was about five hundred miles farther than the route across Central Europe, and entailed the crossing of considerable stretches of water.

On the take-off from Lympne my heavily laden Moth climbed gallantly above the boundary of the aerodrome and over the misty Channel toward the

coast of France. It was bitterly cold sitting in the open cockpit and exposed to the icy blast of the slipstream from the propeller. Despite the fact that I was wearing a leather helmet, goggles, a heavy lined flying-suit, and fur gloves, I felt the cold dreadfully. South of Paris I was obliged to fly at 7,000 feet, owing to low clouds on the mountains, and very soon my hand gripping the control column became numb with the cold. After a cup of coffee from the thermos flask I felt better, and my spirits rose as I passed over Lyons and the sun came timidly from behind the clouds.

(Soaring over the world, with only imperative stops for re-fuelling and rest, Jean Batten flew to Rome, where she spent the first night.)

While the engine was warming up the customs officer arrived with my journey log-book, which he had retained overnight together with my Certificate of Air-worthiness, registration papers, my passport and *carnet de passage*. I accompanied him over to the control office, where I paid the landing and hangar fees, signed the declaration forms, cleared customs for Greece, and obtained a weather report for Brindisi and Athens. This was the usual procedure with slight variations at each stopping-place on the way to Australia. Few people realize that flying an airplane to different countries is similar to sailing a ship to foreign ports, and at most places the same declaration forms and customs manifests stating the name of the captain of the vessel, passengers, crew, freight, destination, etc., are used for ship and airplane.

(Framed by the silver wings of her Moth plane, the young girl looked down upon successive scenes of vivid beauty as she flew to Naples, and to Athens "one of the most beautiful cities on the face of the earth." Over the Aegean sea to Nicosia and Damascus; to Bagdad, Babylon, and Bushire out over the Gulf of Oman.)

The sun beat down relentlessly, and I was glad that I had discarded my heavy flying-suit at Damascus for my white tropical suit. A little shelter was afforded by the cork helmet which had been specially made for me in London so that I could wear it in the open cockpit without fear of it blowing off.

Hours slipped by as I continued my flight along the barren coast of Persia with its peculiar rock formations, and far inland rocky mountain rising to great heights. There was scarcely any vegetation to be seen except for a few date-palms and shrubs at an occasional tiny village tucked away in a valley. Just as the sun set in a red glow Jask came into view, and I landed on the long, narrow promontory where the aerodrome is located.

Mohammed Ali helped me to refuel and to picket the airplane down for the night; then we drove in his ancient car to the rest-house kept by a Dutchman and his wife. All accommodation in the tiny rest-house was taken, but the wife of the proprietor arranged for me to share her room. The Dutch lady was, I thought, very plucky to live in such a hot, lonely place as Jask. She spoke a little English, and I learned

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we heard steps on the path and voices. Two white-clad figures approached, and as they stepped onto the verandah the lamplight caught the gold buttons and epaulettes on their uniforms. "I am so sorry that we were not at the aerodrome to meet you, but we did not know you had arrived," said one of the visitors, who proved to be the Dutch Superintendent of the island, as he shook my hand and introduced his companion. Their blue eyes twinkled as I told my woeful tale of the total lack of food in the pasangrahan. The Superintendent was not at all surprised, and explained that it was the custom for travellers to bring provisions with them or send the proprietor of the pasangrahan to the market to purchase food. "We have brought some 'flesh and fowl' for you," he said.

In answer to a command from my Dutch friend, and almost as if by magic, a native servant appeared with a hamper, which when opened disclosed all manner of good things. The table was set, and I was soon enjoying what the superintendent had called "flesh and fowl" and the delicious fruits which, I learned, grew in abundance on the island. After giving the proprietor orders for my breakfast and arranging to drive me to the aerodrome the tall, fair Superintendent and his friend departed.

My Dutch friends arrived punctually next morning, and we drove to the aerodrome, to find that the fuel agent had already removed the screw pickets. A little crowd of admiring natives watched me turn the propeller over, and fortunately the engine fired the first time I swung it on contact. While the engine was warming up I bade farewell to the faithful fuel agent, paid the native watchman, and thanked my Dutch friend for his hospitality. The two beautiful little colored native baskets containing sandwiches and some mandarins which the superintendent had given me were packed in the cockpit, together with the flask of coffee and maps for the day's flight.

Circling to gain height before crossing the mountains, I looked down and saw the little group of people waving farewell. I did not know then the utter loneliness I was to endure for almost eight hours steering my frail low-powered aircraft into the teeth of a strong southeasterly wind over the Timor Sea.

As I left the coast and headed out over the open sea I looked back and tried to check the drift of the fast-receding land. The magnetic course was 104 deg., and I flew very low so that I could gauge the direction and strength of the surface wind, and make adjustments to the compass course to compensate for drift. Hour after hour slipped by, and I began to long for the sight of land. I seemed to be in a world of my own. As far as my eye could see there stretched the blue expanse of the Timor Sea, and overhead the sun burned fiercely down from a clear sky. Six hours passed, and I broke the monotony by having lunch. I took as

long as possible over the meal, and finished with a cup of coffee and an orange. I had been so occupied trying to peel the orange that I had not noticed the sky become overcast and a dust-haze gradually obscure the horizon. Seven hours out from Kupang I pumped the remaining petrol into the main tank and strained my eyes ahead for some sight of land. Time dragged on, and every minute now seemed more like an hour. The haze lifted slightly, and a dark smudge on the horizon seemed to become more definite as I flew on. Land! It was really land ahead this time, I assured myself, not just another misleading cloud-bank.

Some seconds elapsed before I grasped the fact that my eyes were not deceiving me. My feelings were indescribable as I sat watching the Australian coastline become more definite, until I could discern the actual contours and then the dark green of the bush. Very soon I was looking down on Darwin Harbor, and the little pearl-lugger boats looked like toys on the calm, azure waters fringed with thick green tropical foliage that spread over the country like a great carpet and seemed to stretch into infinity. Circling the township I located the aerodrome, and when I shut off the engine to glide down to a landing I could still hear its full-throated roar, so accustomed had my ears become to its steady note.

As I was greeted by the warm-hearted residents of Darwin on that memorable day of May 23, 1934, I was deeply conscious of the joy of achievement, when I realized that my time of fourteen days, lowered by over four days the time established by Miss Amy Johnson.

(The dangerous 2,200 miles across the continent to Auckland remained however. With an escort plane, Jean Batten found her way by following the railway, stock routes and water bores, as it is unwise to steer by compass when flying across the featureless country of Central and Northern Australia, if the airplane is not fitted with radio.)

The arrival in Sydney was a triumph. I found several thousands of the warm-hearted Australian people waiting to greet me at the Mascot Aerodrome, and I shall always remember that particular reception, for it was a big milestone in my career: not only for the fact that I had made my first big solo flight, but I had gained valuable experience. On my arrival I had no idea that I should be asked to make a speech, having never before even attempted to speak in public. I listened with growing uneasiness to the various speakers, until at last a great roar went up from the crowd, and I found myself standing alone in front of the microphone being filmed making my maiden speech. That marked the beginning of a great series of receptions given in my honor at which I was to receive the warm hospitality of the Australian people.

(Next month Miss Batten tells of her enthralling and record-breaking flight from England to Brazil.)

The October Chatelaine is

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off and strapping myself in securely I called to him that all was ready. The fog was so thick that I could only just distinguish the dark blur of Mr. Smet's car as it raced forward and disappeared into the fog. I had visions of Mr. Smet driving blindly along at full speed, becoming lost somewhere in the middle of the aerodrome, but suddenly the car reappeared, turned, and raced back again. It seemed hopeless, and yet after many similar dashes the fog thinned out in the path of the car, and gradually began to look as if some one had sliced it with a knife. The effect was really extraordinary, with the high walls of fog on each side, and reminded me of a Biblical picture I had seen as a child depicting the crossing of the Red Sea. Mr. Smet shouted to me to get ready as he made a final dash down the rift he had cleared. Although he had insisted that the fog did not extend up to any appreciable height, it was with a certain amount of misgiving that I pushed the throttle lever forward and guided the airplane through the rift. Just as I neared the end of the pathway the machine left the ground and the walls closed together. The fog enveloped everything in a dense whiteness.

Climbing the machine gently, for there was a heavy load of petrol aboard, I wished desperately that I had not attempted to take off. Suddenly I was almost blinded by a strong glare as the machine penetrated the fog layers and emerged into the brilliant sunlight and a blue sky. Beneath me stretched the white carpet of fog, completely covering the ground, and, knowing that Mr. Smet would hear the roar of my engine and realize all was well, I set a course for Soerabaya and Rambang.

The wind was blowing fairly strongly when I arrived at Rambang, and I felt hot and tired after the rough trip from Soerabaya and in no mood for a cross-wind landing on a strange aerodrome. There was no alternative, however, and after circling a few times I gently slipped the machine over the palm-trees and landed.

There was a small grass hut in the corner of the aerodrome, and a native surrounded by a number of small children stood in the doorway. Taxing the airplane over, I turned it into the wind and switched off the engine. The native regarded me with faint surprise, but could not speak English, so all my questions fell on deaf ears. I felt like a person from another world; in fact, I might have landed from Mars, for none of the small crowds of natives who were gathering understood a word I spoke. The only thing to do was to sit down and wait for some one to arrive, for I had flown over the village, and the fuel agent must have heard the airplane. Eventually a truck loaded with four-gallon drums of petrol and crowded with natives drove up. One of the natives greeted me and proudly pointed to a red gilt badge on his breast and bearing the name of the Shell company, which he represented. The language problem seemed an insurmountable obstacle until the agent produced an effective solution. He walked over to the truck, and returned with a notebook in which a number of questions and answers were written in Javanese with English translations. Very soon we were carrying on a silent

conversation. I would point to a question written in English and the agent would read the Javanese translation, then delightedly point to the answer. Unfortunately, however, the list was all too short and soon exhausted.

Refuelling was soon being carried out by the natives, while I perched on top of the engine adjusting the tappets, magneto points, and attending to the numerous other items of the schedule. The sun slipped down, leaving us to complete the task of pegging the machine down in the darkness. As the only means of communication seemed to be the list of questions and answers I took charge of the precious book. Scanning the list by torchlight I pointed to a line reading, "I want a watchman to guard my airplane for the night." The agent read the question and entered the grass hut in the corner of the aerodrome, emerging almost immediately accompanied by a native, whom he sat down beside the airplane. I explained to the watchman by sign language what would happen if he whiled away the hours by smoking, and stressed the importance of my instructions by using phrases which were not in the agent's book, but which nevertheless seemed to be perfectly understood by all present. Taking my bag from the airplane, and also the upholstery and movable equipment from the cockpit, I boarded the truck, and we set off for the village of Selong, seven miles distant.

There was a pasangrahan, or rest-house, in the village, and I was impressed by the cleanliness of the room to which I was shown. The floor was bare, and there was little furniture. An oil-lamp on the wall provided the only light. In the centre of the room stood a bed draped with a mosquito net. After I had bathed and changed into my white silk frock I felt decidedly refreshed.

The faithful agent was waiting on the verandah to receive final instructions for the morning. He seemed mildly surprised when I managed to make him understand that I was hungry and wanted my dinner. Calling the natives in charge, he was soon in deep conversation with them. It was quickly apparent, and the proprietor made it quite clear, that there was no food to be had in the pasangrahan. My spirits sank as I thought of the few dried-up sandwiches I had brought with me from Batavia, and the thermos flask, half full of cold black coffee. The milk tablets, raisins, barley sugar, concentrated meat tablets, and the rest of my rations had been left in the airplane. Not that I regretted the fact particularly. During the flight when breakfast or lunch-time came round I would place a meat tablet in my mouth and try hard not to think of roast chicken or a porterhouse steak, and attempt to console myself with the thought that each tablet contained the equivalent nourishment. I was never quite able to convince myself that the milk tablets with which I rounded off the meal were really the equivalent of the large iced glass of milk I visioned as I sucked the tablets. That was all very well in the air, but I had no intention of dining off tablets when on the ground.

"Are you sure there isn't any food at all?" I asked the dusky Mother Hubbard. Before he had time to reply

The Marriage-Broker

Continued from page 26

now at their height, to catch a glimpse of Mary. He must maintain at least a virtual bond, tenuous and unsatisfactory as it might be.

A sailing party Saturday morning, a charity fete Saturday afternoon, dance at the club Saturday night, tables of bridge, amateur theatricals, finally Ellen Kent's twenty-first birthday party on Sunday night—also her first wedding anniversary. Since the Kents never defiled their mansion with dancing, a pavilion had been erected outdoors and the garden lighted, in the substantial Stanley Kent way, with big glass globes. A quickening of all his senses convinced him that Mary was here. *Mary, where are you?* He stood outside the railing, counting off the couples as they swung by. He did not see her. He walked up the steps, edged his way along and bumped smack into his hostess. She left her partner unceremoniously and seized Paul's hand.

"I've been looking for you," Ellen said. "Come and talk to me." She was small and fluffily clad in miles of ruffled net, ridiculously decorated with large spangles the size of a half-dollar. With a helpless adoring expression in her pale upturned eyes, she clung to his arms while steering him purposefully toward the refreshment tables under the stars, not too remote from the dancing.

AND AT that moment he caught sight of Mary, dancing shoulder to shoulder with a college youngster, a mere boy who would be safe. Their eyes locked. Her gaze shifted first to include Ellen, who was urging him along. He was furious with Ellen but he had to do the polite thing. He would get away quickly. The silly mirrors on Ellen's gown caught every stray gleam of light, drawing the spotlight of attention to them. Every time Mary danced by, she would know they were still together.

Paul said: "Congratulations and all that, Ellen."

"I didn't expect you to remind me of it."

"Well, it is your birthday, isn't it? And your wedding day. Ellen, you're not old enough to resent a birthday."

"I'm as old as the Kent mansion and I'm married a hundred years. I'm married to all the Kent banks."

He supposed it might be dull and sober married to Stanley, and he wondered what his next step should be. His natural grave courtesy suggested a way. "I suppose it is tiring planning a big crush like this."

"Tired!" Ellen scoffed, drawing closer. "I'm an old hag already."

This sort of cue Paul understood. "You know you're prettier than you ever were," and so she was in a way. She had lost the startled elfin look he had loved, but marriage had erased the uncertainty from her face and added a petulant prettiness to it. Her hair which had been pale gold was now bright, and attractive. To keep the conversation on a safe level, one which he thought would please any mother, he asked, "How's the baby?"

She drew a sharp, impatient breath.

"That's all I hear. How's Stanley? How's the baby? The baby's just fine, thank you. A regular little banker—grabbing at things even at his tender age. I've given the Kent banks an heir—hosannah! Stanley's so pleased and happy."

Behind Ellen he saw Mary just finishing a dance with an old bore, who was also safe. A disgust swept over him for Ellen. Had he ever really believed himself stricken by her jilting?

"You haven't been near us all summer, Paul. You were always such fun, but everything we do now is like—like a state ceremony, even going to the movies. Do I have to give a party or a dance just to see you?"

Paul rose slowly, deferentially. He bowed low over her hand, with neither mockery nor exaggeration, merely as he used to do to the nineteen-year-old Ellen before she chose Stanley Kent. "You know I'm a working man, Ellen. Dance the next?"

She flung herself into his arms. The dance lengthened into the next and the next, and when Ben Carson finally met his importunate glance and cut in, Paul escaped. The Denwood chauffeur assured him several times that Miss Crane had come alone in her own car, and had, fifteen minutes before, driven home.

She ran away from me again. He got into his own tin music box and drove furiously beneath a moon hidden behind a black lace fan of cloud, visible but unapproachable, like Mary. He'd have to see her at the tennis matches next week-end.

HE DID. Unerringly his gaze had gone directly to the spot where Mary was sitting with Sandra. But Connie Arlen had already noticed him, and in a voice which she meant to be heard by everybody she called, "O Paul, I've got a seat for you here!"

Seething underneath, he returned to take the one empty chair at her table. Connie Arlen was now the acknowledged hostess of all Cove athletic events, although as Connie Ross she had not known a tennis racquet from a croquet wicket. Dave Arlen was playing Ben Stokes, and she nodded her lovely head toward her husband.

"We're playing champion tennis today, aren't we," she mocked. "Just look at our muscles."

Dave Arlen was about twenty-eight, a tall blond length of agility, trained down to slim hips, narrow waist, steel muscles. He had an infallible flair for making the simplest shot spectacular, but he was an excellent player despite that.

"Top form, I'd say," Paul remarked.

"And why shouldn't we be? That's all he's done this summer, play tennis." For all the venom in her voice, her classic face was cold and expressionless, beautiful but vapid. *Mary said it was.* Her rich brown hair was sleek and straight, drawn down over the ears, knotted in the back, smooth as a silk peasant scarf. "You can't imagine the busy life of a man who has nothing to do but play games."



"What a headache!
Our first party at the
Burtons'—and I would get a run!"

Why not cut down embarrassing runs—guard S.A.—by using Lux?

SAVES ELASTICITY. Lux saves elasticity so stockings can stretch—then spring back into shape—with-out breaking into runs so easily.

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HOW YOU CAN Attract MEN



Men Love Peppy Girls

If you'd like to help change your dull, drab life into a more happy, thrilling existence—if you'd like to be more sought after and admired by men, consider this:

It's the girl bubbling over with vivacious pep and ginger who attracts men. Men can't stand cranky, ailing women.

So in case you need a good general system tonic remember this:—For over 60 years famous Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, made especially for women from wholesome herbs and roots, has helped Nature tone up delicate female systems, build up physical resistance, and thus help calm jittery nerves and give more pep and zip to really enjoy life.

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VEGETABLE COMPOUND**



At home—quickly and safely you can tint those streaks of gray to lustrous shades of blonde, brown or black. A small brush and BROWNATONE does it. Guaranteed harmless. Active coloring agent is purely vegetable. Cannot affect waving of hair. Economical and lasting—will not wash out. Impart rich, beautiful, natural appearing color with amazing speed. Easy to prove by tinting a lock of your own hair. BROWNATONE is only 50¢—at all drug or toilet counters—always on a money-back guarantee.



Make your skin young looking. Flake off the stale, surface skin. Reveal the clear, beautiful underskin by using Mercolized Wax Cream regularly. Give your skin the combined benefits of cleansing, clearing, softening, smoothing and beautifying in every application of this single cream. Mercolized Wax Cream brings out the hidden beauty of the skin.

Use Saxolite Astringent Daily
THIS tingling, antiseptic astringent is delightfully refreshing and helpful. Dissolve Saxolite in one-half pint witch hazel and apply.

Try Phelactine Depilatory
For quickly removing superfluous hair from face.
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Some First Fall Thoughts



236

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BLACK and all shades of BROWN.



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**BLEACH THE SKIN WITH
OTHINE DOUBLE STRENGTH**
AT ALL DRUG COUNTERS

The Marriage-Broker

Continued from page 26

now at their height, to catch a glimpse of Mary. He must maintain at least a virtual bond, tenuous and unsatisfactory as it might be.

A sailing party Saturday morning, a charity fete Saturday afternoon, dance at the club Saturday night, tables of bridge, amateur theatricals, finally Ellen Kent's twenty-first birthday party on Sunday night—also her first wedding anniversary. Since the Kents never defiled their mansion with dancing, a pavilion had been erected outdoors and the garden lighted, in the substantial Stanley Kentway, with big glass globes. A quickening of all his senses convinced him that Mary was here. *Mary, where are you?* He stood outside the railing, counting off the couples as they swung by. He did not see her. He walked up the steps, edged his way along and bumped smack into his hostess. She left her partner unceremoniously and seized Paul's hand.

"I've been looking for you," Ellen said. "Come and talk to me." She was small and fluffy clad in miles of ruffled net, ridiculously decorated with large spangles the size of a half-dollar. With a helpless adoring expression in her pale upturned eyes, she clung to his arms while steering him purposefully toward the refreshment tables under the stars, not too remote from the dancing.

AND AT that moment he caught sight of Mary, dancing shoulder to shoulder with a college youngster, a mere boy who would be safe. Their eyes locked. Her gaze shifted first to include Ellen, who was urging him along. He was furious with Ellen but he had to do the polite thing. He would get away quickly. The silly mirrors on Ellen's gown caught every stray gleam of light, drawing the spotlight of attention to them. Every time Mary danced by, she would know they were still together.

Paul said: "Congratulations and all that, Ellen."

"I didn't expect you to remind me of it."

"Well, it is your birthday, isn't it? And your wedding day. Ellen, you're not old enough to resent a birthday."

"I'm as old as the Kent mansion and I'm married a hundred years. I'm married to all the Kent banks."

He supposed it might be dull and sober married to Stanley, and he wondered what his next step should be. His natural grave courtesy suggested a way. "I suppose it is tiring planning a big crush like this."

"Tired!" Ellen scoffed, drawing closer. "I'm an old hag already."

This sort of cue Paul understood. "You know you're prettier than you ever were," and so she was in a way. She had lost the startled elfin look he had loved, but marriage had erased the uncertainty from her face and added a petulant prettiness to it. Her hair which had been pale gold was now bright, and attractive. To keep the conversation on a safe level, one which he thought would please any mother, he asked, "How's the baby?"

She drew a sharp, impatient breath.

"That's all I hear. How's Stanley? How's the baby? The baby's just fine, thank you. A regular little banker—grabbing at things even at his tender age. I've given the Kent banks an heir—hosannah! Stanley's so pleased and happy."

Behind Ellen he saw Mary just finishing a dance with an old bore, who was also safe. A disgust swept over him for Ellen. Had he ever really believed himself stricken by her jilting?

"You haven't been near us all summer, Paul. You were always such fun, but everything we do now is like—like a state ceremony, even going to the movies. Do I have to give a party or a dance just to see you?"

Paul rose slowly, deferentially. He bowed low over her hand, with neither mockery nor exaggeration, merely as he used to do to the nineteen-year-old Ellen before she chose Stanley Kent. "You know I'm a working man, Ellen. Dance the next?"

She flung herself into his arms. The dance lengthened into the next and the next, and when Ben Carson finally met his importunate glance and cut in, Paul escaped. The Denwood chauffeur assured him several times that Miss Crane had come alone in her own car, and had, fifteen minutes before, driven home.

She ran away from me again. He got into his own tin music box and drove furiously beneath a moon hidden behind a black lace fan of cloud, visible but unapproachable, like Mary. He'd have to see her at the tennis matches next week-end.

HE DID. Unerringly his gaze had gone directly to the spot where Mary was sitting with Sandra. But Connie Arlen had already noticed him, and in a voice which she meant to be heard by everybody she called, "O Paul, I've got a seat for you here!"

Seething underneath, he returned to take the one empty chair at her table. Connie Arlen was now the acknowledged hostess of all Cove athletic events, although as Connie Ross she had not known a tennis racquet from a croquet wicket. Dave Arlen was playing Ben Stokes, and she nodded her lovely head toward her husband.

"We're playing champion tennis today, aren't we," she mocked. "Just look at our muscles."

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**IN THE MIDDLE OF
THE PARTY SHE LOST**

S.A.

*[STOCKING APPEAL]

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A LEVER PRODUCT**





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Some First Fall Thoughts



BE PREPARED for two-color themes in the new costumes. It's something to be thinking about now, when you're lazing on the beaches or your own verandah. Not just in accessories—but right on dresses themselves, the two-color idea is smart. And so is the fabric contrast. Skirts and bodices different—striking effects with panels, drapes, insets, yokes of all kinds.

Evening dresses indicate the straight, supple lines being developed for evening. And in the circle, left, are the new smooth, square or gigot sleeves. At left, we see that the peasant and empire theme is going to be carried over to the autumn. *

Smart Sewing

Continued from page 41

6. Apply fur and fur collars.

Attach a narrow tape to the fur on both sides and slipstitch it to the garment from underneath, catching the tape only. You can do it with the sewing machine. If you put the fur right on the cloth, you'll get a bulky look. For a fur collar—if you haven't a pattern take the coat to a furrier and get him to cut a collar pattern on paper to fit the coat. It's no amateur job. Then pin the paper pattern to the coat and place the coat on a form. Cut the fur according to the pattern, and place and pin it evenly to fit the coat pattern, before sewing.

7. Padded quilting.

Place one thickness of flannelette next to the material, baste securely,

stamp the pattern on the flannelette, stitch with a small stitch, following the pattern on the flannelette with the material right side down to the sewing machine. Use the quilting foot attachment. Wrong side stitching gives the slight puffiness that makes quilting so effective. It also avoids stitching through paper, and having any mark of the pattern on the right side.

8. Metal cloths.

Seams on these fabrics have an annoying tendency to curl. Deep seams will flatten them. For definite flatness, pink the seams. Instead of pressing out to each side, press to one side and the double thickness will help prevent curling. *



236

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—somewhere. What do I care about her?"

He murmured soothing but impersonal things, until Sandra went back to her unrestrained and unconvincing weeping, and silently he went out. *Mary is leaving tonight. I shall not see her again.* He tried to shake off the scene in which he had just participated. Ellen, Connie, Sandra. Three furies. Would they always pursue him? This had to stop. *If Mary will have me, it will stop.*

"I have to talk to Miss Crane," he said to the maid. "Tell her it's necessary. Ask her to come down."

"She's in the garden, sir, somewhere."

In the garden where it's cool and open, where there are no furies, no bidden motives. He started down one path, took another, retraced his steps. He stood still then to get his bearings, to let that extra sense function. Where would she go to escape the confusion in the house? To some clear, sun-swept spot, down near the free vast ocean. And there she was, on a platform of

rock jutting out into the water. He watched her for a moment, savoring the sheer precious delight of her presence, then noiselessly he dropped down beside her. Here was peace in the sun, respite. She didn't turn until he said, "Are you really going away?"

"Tonight."

"Is it good-by, really?"

"Absolutely. I've chosen a profession. I'm going to give all I have to it." Her voice softened. "Sandra is pretty upset, isn't she?"

"I did what I could. She'll make peace with herself after a time."

"She's in love with you."

Paul met the challenge in her eyes. "I'm sorry about that."

"And so are Ellen and Connie." Was that the old note of mockery?

"No. I don't believe any of them are. They want to be loved but not to love. It was you, Mary, who really made me clear on that point."

"How could I, when I don't see the difference?"

They were so close here on the platform.

♦ *Continued on page 51*

A Lesson in Zoology For Drivers

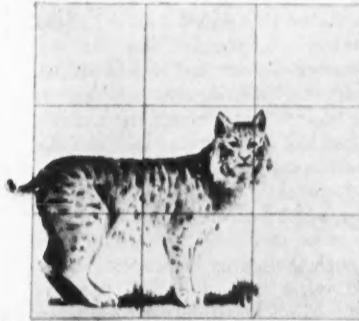
This is one of a series of pictorial features in Chatelaine's campaign to arouse Canadian women's interest in their own responsibilities for the high toll of traffic accidents. Make sure that the young people in your house see this dramatic presentation. Shown through the courtesy of the publishers of "Death Begins at Forty."

A CAR IS LIKE A CAT

It is quiet except for a low and pleasing purr. Its padded tires are like padded feet. It has powerful eyes that shine at night...and when it is allowed to run wild, it gives an awful screech at the moment before it does its victim to death.



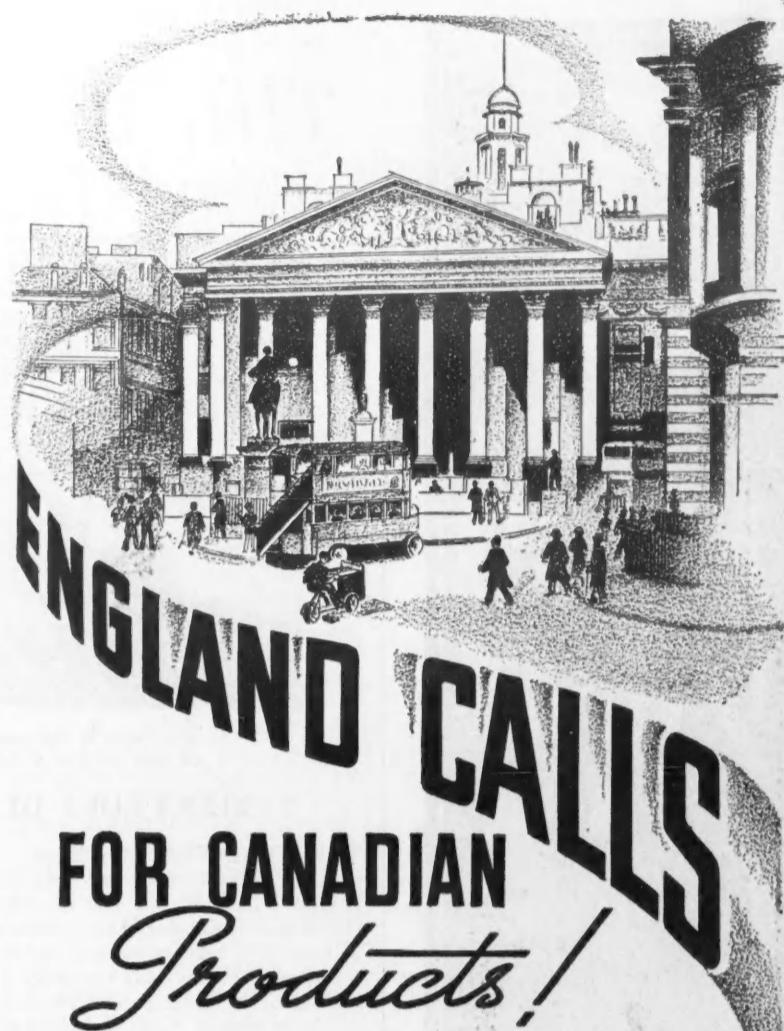
At twenty-five miles an hour it is like a pussy cat. It may scratch you up in an accident, but it isn't likely to kill you.



At fifty miles an hour it is not twice, but four times as powerful. Like a bobcat, it is quite able to inflict great damage.



At seventy-five miles an hour it is not three times but nine times as powerful as at twenty-five. Nine times as hard to stop—nine times as hard to turn—nine times as deadly.



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This is particularly true in the United Kingdom where an aggressive, well planned campaign is being carried on by the Department of Trade and Commerce to acquaint consumers with the quality and utility of Canadian-grown and Canadian-made products.

Every dollar's worth of export business thus secured is a dollar in the pockets of Canadians so that everyone in Canada should be vitally interested in the efforts of the Government to expand our export trade because, directly or indirectly, the success of these efforts will affect our future prosperity and well-being to a marked degree.

By its Trade Commissioners located in strategic positions throughout the world; its Exhibitions, offering opportunity to display Canadian products; its Motion Picture Bureau; its Bureau of Statistics; many and diverse services are offered to those interested in developing export business.

It is through these services that the Department of Trade and Commerce at Ottawa is opening the Gateways to New Progress by increasing the sale of Canadian products in the markets of the world.



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"But how have you been, Connie?"
"Much you care, Paul my darling, only that's what I'm trying to tell you. I should be fine. We lead such an estimable life. To bed at ten, up at dawn. Light meals because we're in training—we might gain a pound. We musn't smoke. We musn't drink . . ."

"It agrees with you, Connie. You're looking handsomer than ever."

"Oh, it's a fine life for turnips," she retorted. "I know now how turnips feel—having the farmer intrude on their most sacred moments of privacy. You see, we have a trainer with us all the time. No affectionate conversations at night, no whispers in the dark. When his trainer puts him to bed at ten, the lights go out. And dancing—phui! That's a special devil invented for athletes. And athletes' wives are expected to be in bed by ten, too."

Paul took a cigarette, shifted uneasily. He felt suddenly unclean, as if he had eavesdropped on Dave and Connie in their bedroom. Arch glances were being directed at him and Connie, but he fought them off by staring across the room at Mary. No men danced attendance upon her. She and Sandra sat alone, and his whole being struggled toward the girl who could save him if she made the slightest sign of recognition.

"Paul," Connie was saying, her voice ragged with frustration. "We had such good times together, you and I. Your play was all in fun. You thought more of a girl than you did of a golf stick or a tennis ball."

A clatter of applause broke around them. Dave was bowing. He had taken the second set too, and was crossing to the showers, walking lightly with not a glance for his wife, who applauded mechanically. People began to visit at different tables. Mary never stirred.

"Paul, I've got to get out and do something. Really, Dave doesn't care what happens to me after his lights are out. Take me dancing next Sunday?"

"Hi Paul," cried Walt Benson, coming up from behind Connie, "still monopolizing the ladies?"

"Give us a chance, Connie, will you?" said Bill Armsley, closing in.

"And what goes on here that you two can't look at a hot tennis match?" added Josh Melrose, joining them.

Connie warmed instantly at all this interest. "Get ready for a big time next Sunday night, my friends. Your Connie is coming out of retirement. Paul's taking me to the big fracas next week."

IN THE rather loud and false exclamations of delight which followed, Paul bowed his way out. He knew, almost before he looked across, that there was a large and yawning hole where Mary had been sitting. A brief investigation assured him she had gone. He needed a plunge in the sea, a good clean scrubbing and buffeting by the waves. He must have been bewitched to have ever dreamed that he wanted to marry Connie.

He was sorry for her disappointment, for Dave's indifference, but he vowed to each oncoming wave that he'd be a three-toed sloth if he took her to that dance. Finally he floated on his back, until the rhythmic rocking

of the sea brought Mary back to him, alive in that secret chamber which she had lighted the first night. Mary in all her forthright glistening honesty, in all her new moon splendor. Then he swam around the bend to his mother, sitting in her deck chair on the point. He stretched himself before her, his restlessness suddenly calmed by her restful affection.

He looked away. Beyond the rocks a row of sandpipers stepped gracefully and lightly in single file along the water's edge. "There's a type in them that sandpipers. Something agile and dainty and swift," he said in a sort of despair.

Grace reached out and combed his hair with her sentient fingers. "Paul, can't I do something to help? Would you like me to give a small tea or—I think we could manage a sailing party. I'd do anything, my dear."

"You're a queen, Mother, but it's no use. She won't have anything to do with me." Why is she so adamant with my need of her so great?

By Friday night he still did not know how he was going to get out of taking Connie to the dance. Only a miracle could save him, unless this blind pain in his heart actually turned into an illness and he should be unable to go.

It was Sunday morning again, and the ringing of the telephone was annoying him. His mother had apparently not yet gone downstairs. Lillie, their colored maid of all work, must be at church. So although he had avoided the telephone, he answered it, and knew Sandra's voice too well to have to ask who was calling.

She was crying desperately. "Paul, something terrible has happened. You've got to come right over."

"Be calm, Sandra," he said quietly. "What is it?"

"I can't tell you over the phone. You're the only one who can help. Oh Paul, don't let me down! I can't stand it." Her last words were choked by the clicking of her receiver.

His thoughts naturally flew to Mary, but if it were Mary, Gil would be the one to stand by. It must be Gil. He jounced along the road, pushing his car to the limit, taking deep breaths of wind-purged early morning air to sustain himself. A maid opened the door so promptly that she must have been stationed there to await his arrival. "In the alcove, sir," she whispered pectorally. "Oh, the poor madame!"

In the alcove where he had first seen Mary, Paul found Sandra lying face down in a nest of surrealist cushions and a swirl of brown chiffon negligee. Her face was tear-stained, contorted by violent emotion, her hair gleaming red and disarrayed. Before he reached her, he almost tripped over bronze satin mules which obviously she had flung from her into the centre of the room.

"What's happened, Sandra? Where's Gil?"

"Where's Gil? That's what I'd like to know."

"Didn't he come down Friday night? You mean he's disappeared? Have you called his office?"

She sat up, motioned him to sit beside her. He drew up a chair and sat down opposite. She made no move to cover her bare leg exposed to the knee by her sudden change of position. Her

toes curled convulsively. "Oh, I know where he is, if that's what you mean. He's coddling old Dowager Melrose's ancient liver. He wants to take it out. He hasn't been home since Friday night—he's living there, I guess. I won't stand for it. He was supposed not to practice when he came down here for week-ends, but just because he takes care of her vitals all winter, she won't let him alone now."

"I'm sure he's getting the best of everything there," Paul soothed. "But why don't you call him if you're worried?"

"Worried?" she cried, breaking out into fresh weeping. "Do you think I care about him? Does he care about me? Leaving me here alone in this old creepy barn of a place? Ignoring me as if I were a poor relation?"

"There's a whole staff of servants here, Sandra, and—and a house guest." He could not bring himself to mention Mary's name.

"What do they care about me? I didn't know how it was going to be. I married a medical institution, not a man—an X-ray machine, a fluoroscope Paul, what am I going to do? You're the only one who really cares what happens to me."

What a dunce I am. "Put on your slippers, Sandra. It's a cool morning." He handed the mules to her, but he had no intention of helping her with them.

She clutched them, clutched his hands too and rested her cheek against them. "You see—you do care. Does Gil ever tell me to do anything like that? And if he does, it's about as impersonal as his pen scratching out a prescription. I don't know why he acts like that. He doesn't have to work. He's got enough money." Paul slowly disengaged his hands while she poured out her fury. "I won't go on with it, Paul, what happened to us? Why did you ever let me get away from you?" "You made your choice, Sandra."

"I made a mistake, I tell you. Why did I? I'm in love with you. Paul—I'm—I'm in love with you still. Please take me away."

He could not be ruthless, but his attitude must be unequivocal. "You wouldn't have had all this with me, Sandra. A personal maid, a town house, a country estate—it's a pretty luxurious creepy old barn."

"I'd have you."

"Not twenty-four hours a day as you want Gil. I have to work for my living, you know that. Marriage isn't just a love story."

"Why not? Why can't it be? It would be with you. You're human. You laugh. You make a woman know she's desired and precious. You wouldn't leave her alone forty-eight hours."

"Sandra—think what you're saying. I'm sure Gil will come home this morning. Lie down, rest. I suppose you didn't expect your honeymoon to be over so soon, but when a man has a life work . . ."

"Stop it!" she cried. "I know what you're trying to tell me. You don't love me—"

"I'm glad you understand, Sandra. Shall I send your maid to you? Would you rather have—Gil's cousin? She'll help you—sit with you."

"She's packing. She's leaving tonight for a visit with another relative

The Marriage Broker

Continued from page 49

form of rock that their very minds touched, fused. All in a flash before he answered, Paul entered her heart, read that the answer to her question would fill some desperate need in her.

"There doesn't seem to be any happiness anywhere," Mary continued, "for love or whatever you call it. My visit here has made me see that."

"I think there is, Mary. It's delicate and elusive. It can be captured. Then it has to be nourished and held. The difference is this. Those who are in love want to be loved, to be admired, to take. Those who love want to give. That's all—just give and let the getting take care of itself."

She turned her face full toward him. Sunlight spangled the water behind her, glistened on her onyx hair like powdered gold. Something intense, almost searing, trembled on her lips. "I never thought of it that way. I've only seen people trying to get, to take. Stan and Dave and Gil—they only wanted to get what they thought you were getting from the three girls. They're not giving except in a material way. They don't know that you were giving something else."

"I wonder if I was, Mary. I didn't

actually love them or either of them."

"It isn't very flattering to them."

"No, it isn't," Paul admitted.

"But you did give something to the three men—eyes to see. Do you know anybody who really gives unselfishly?"

"Mary Crane."

"It's useless, Paul. Let's not get down to personalities."

"Let's—by all means. Mary, you're prepared to give everything to your profession. You don't care what it may do to you—drive you, scorn you, crush you. Maybe there's something else you didn't think of, Mary—that one can give in many directions and still have enough to give. Aren't there any professional women who have husbands, children, and a home? You could share your giving, Mary."

"How do you know so much about me?"

He was losing her, losing his oneness with her, losing that point of union which made the incoming and the outflowing waves one.

"Because I love you, Mary."

She turned on him fiercely. "Stop it! Don't say that!"

"I love you, Mary," he repeated.

"The way you loved Connie and Sandra!"

The whole width of the Cove seemed to separate them. That current which had flowed from him to mingle with her was torn and slapped back against the rock of his persistency.

"No—differently. I tell you I didn't love them. I may sound like a brute to you, Mary, but I didn't hurt them. Somehow they were necessary to my experience, as suffering is—sometimes. They were needful in my life to lead me to this moment—to bring me to your feet. That's all, I guess."

The silence pulsed and rocked about them, moving in with the sea, moving out with it. Presently the movement surged in his mind. So the rocks must feel when the tide comes in, so the sands must feel when the tentacles of water explore them. And the surge came from Mary. The current swirled from her, entered into his being, wrapped itself about him.

But nevertheless he began to talk. He did not know why. The words poured from him, impassioned, involuntary. "There's a kind of giving, Mary, so great that it is inexhaustible. It gives because it must. It's so loving, it waits for the right moment to give of itself—when the recipient is ready to receive. Haven't you ever stopped to

think that giving in one channel limits you?" She's coming back. I'm reaching her. "Don't you know that sharing enriches your next gift? Can't you see that the happiest people are those who give in such abundance, in all directions, that they feed their capacity to give by the sharing? No, it doesn't scatter the energies. It strengthens them. It makes them invincible—and that's the way I love you—my Mary."

The answers to her "why's" were lost in infinity. He saw it in her face in that one flash when the sun seemed to divide the waters. He saw the obstacles crumbled, the falsities of her own making dissolved, the vital needs of her nature satisfied.

"You've been loving me all the time," she whispered, releasing her anguish. "You've known about love all the time and you didn't tell me," and in that moment when she leaned against his shoulder, when his arms went out to sustain them both, his last fear left him.

No man will ever take her away from me. They will never see her as she is. She will mask herself and I shall shield her. She will never permit another man to see her so, because she does not want to be loved, but only to love.

Fashion Shorts

Continued from page 29

thought, the money and the hard work entailed in getting together the lovely new fall fashions that YOU will wear this coming season . . .

THE COATS have gone in heavily for dolman sleeves again—and bloused bodices appear on many of the smarter garments. Fur sleeves, little fur boleros which may be worn separately, and skirt inserts of fur are some of the ways that fur appears on these coats. While black, as always, is an important coat color, you'll also be seeing many shades of green, brown and a lovely new deep tone of purple. For the gay younger girls, Paris is advocating a real scarlet red, and this shade is appearing with enough frequency in the coat showings, to be noted. Fur edging the front of the coat and banding the cuffs are consistent trimming treatments. Persian lamb, silver and other foxes, kolinsky, mink, skunk, fitch and beaver give a wide variety of choice, so pretty well any of these furs is a winner for style. Cloaks with surface interest, particularly of the boucle family, are important.

*
THE SUITS are mostly all shown with the double-duty topper of fur trimmed fabric to match the jacket suit, or with a fur coat that is lined with the suit material. Where two piece suits appear, the longer jacket is strongly advocated, coming well to the hips. Double-breasted suits, in the reefer style, are well liked, and in heavy wools are practical for early winter.

*
THE DRESSES are a riot of color and fabric. Oh, of course we have the perennial black, which is always lovely, but c-o-l-o-r is very important in the

new dress fashions. Again we will see a great many shades of green, particularly in the wool dresses. Lime green, so favored by Queen Elizabeth this past summer, is a very popular shade in both wool and crepe dresses and the prominence the Duchess of Kent has given to violet and soft grey shades is also reflected in these new fashions. Cloaks and richly surfaced fabrics are important for daytime wear, while brocades, embroidered taffetas and gold encrusted crepes are to the fore for evening wear.

*

THE FALL SILHOUETTE — I'll now take time out to tell you just what the general picture in fall fashions is presenting. As we all know, Paris still

leads in giving the world the ideas for a new season. But Paris delights in harking back to previous ages and evolving from bygone years, fashions brought up to date. Thus we see for fall and winter TWO silhouettes. The elegant, picturesque styles that were worn around the reign of Louis XIV of France are given prominence, for Paris is in the throes of celebrating the anniversary of that famous monarch. On the other hand, many couturiers are taking the gay days of Edward VII of England as their favorite period. So on the one hand we see the trappings of olden France, with stiffened fabrics, exaggerated hiplines—to make the waist look slimmer, peruke bows, sweeping ostrich plumes and other styles that revert back to romantic

Louis Quatorze days. The *femme fatale* of the 1900's introduces a more siren-like picture. Sleekness is the theme of this silhouette and Paris is making the most of it. But the two periods have many things in common, such as "voluptuous" bustlines and shoulder treatments, so that it is hard to say just whether a style is faithful to Louis XIV or is compromising with the Edwardian period. Here in New York, where we are VERY much "World's Fair" conscious, the designers are adding their own ideas to the Paris picture, and are striving successfully to make the Paris leads as modern as the Trylon and Perisphere, the theme buildings for the World's Fair. It is too early for any of us to say which silhouette will survive. Personally, I think that we will see ALL of them, and pay our money and take our choice . . .

A WORLD OF SILENCE

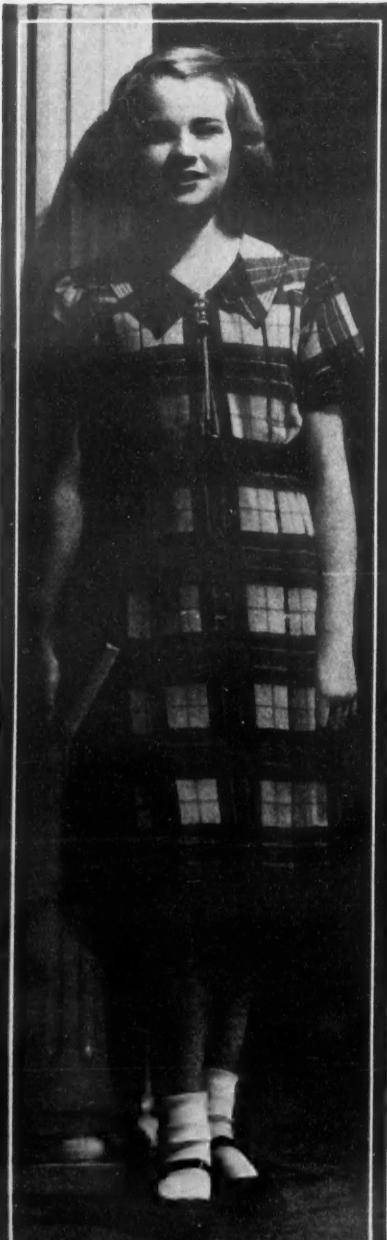
By CAMERON NELLES WILSON

And I so loved the lilting call of meadow-larks in spring,
The drip of rain on sodden leaves, the beech-tree's whispering;
Rough gasps of winds and harried streams gone wild in angry spate,
A bubbling urn, the welcome of a creaking garden-gate.

The rhythmic klop of horses' hoofs upon the King's Highway,
A dog's keen bark, the gladsome cry of children deep in play;
The drone of friendly voices by an open fire, the din
Of noisy homecomings and chores that usher evening in.

The muted wail of violin, an organ's thunderous peal,
The swish of waves that sluice and sough against uneven keel;
Wrapped in a world of silences — oh, would (dear God bend low)
That I might hear a sparrow shriek, a factory whistle blow!

AND, OH, THE HATS—Wonders will never cease, especially in the millinery line. I really didn't think hats could go much higher or much smaller, but they have! Some of them are so microscopic that one would almost miss seeing them on top of our masses of curls. But then we have a saner theme, too, which will suit the average woman in a smart way. Ostrich feathers, whole birds, flowers, veils . . . we have them all with us again. As the hairdress continues to be high and curly, the small, high hats can be coaxed to nest very comfortably and I'm all for your trying out at least one of the more daring pieces of millinery, even if you keep it for an "Occasion." Bright colors in hats are the rule rather than the exception—reds,



SHE THINKS SHE'S VERY IMPORTANT

... ready for school in her pretty Viyella dress...the little English Flannel frock that's so light in weight, yet so obligingly warm.

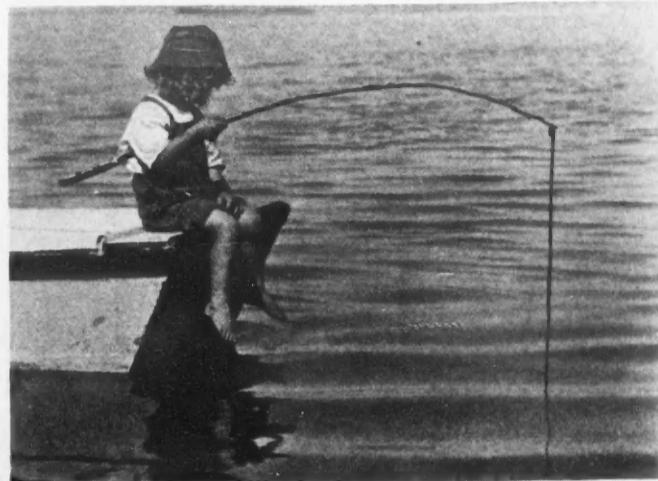
And mother thinks it's important that Viyella is truly economical...it washes forever without fading or losing shape. It's wonderfully soft, yet resists that dreaded "shine" from constant sliding in and out of desk seats.

Viyella comes in delightful tartans, stripes and solid colors. It makes up charmingly...for dresses...skirts...blouses...shorts. Also in ready-to-wear. You'll find Viyella at your favorite store...or write William Hollins & Co., Ltd., 266 King Street, Toronto.

Viyella
READY
washable and colorfast

THE BABY CLINIC

Conducted by Dr. J. W. S. McCULLOUGH



With hours in the sunshine nearly over, cod-liver oil must become a daily ritual for sound health.

TUBERCULOUS GLANDS OF THE NECK

THIS CONDITION of children is usually called tuberculous adenitis. It is most commonly met with in early childhood. These glands are involved as a result of tuberculous infection of the tonsils. Unless early treatment is instituted, the glands break down with a running abscess. General dissemination of tuberculosis from this source is, fortunately, uncommon. Tuberculous glands in the necks of children are not nearly so common since it has become the practice to boil or pasteurize the milk used by children. The process of pasteurization destroys not only the tubercle bacillus, but all sorts of disease producing germs found in milk. It has proved a preventive measure of high value, and certainly no parent should allow his children to use raw milk. To do so, is simply inviting disease.

Although the value of pasteurization is becoming thoroughly well known, milk so treated is not always available. Under such circumstances, the mother of a child may pasteurize her own supply if she has a double boiler in the home. The milk should be placed in the boiler and heated to a temperature of 145 degrees Fahrenheit. It should be kept at this temperature for thirty minutes. The bacteria in the milk will thus be destroyed. The milk should then be cooled rapidly to a temperature of forty to fifty degrees and kept at the latter temperature until used.

It is not difficult to distinguish tuberculous glands of the neck, but sometimes swollen glands due to colds and other infections have to be considered. The tonsils should always be examined

in these cases. Often they will be enlarged.

The treatment of tuberculous glands should begin with the removal of the tonsils. After removal, their examination will disclose whether or not the condition is tuberculous. It is often surprising how quickly a tuberculous gland will diminish after the source of infection (the tonsil) has been removed. The best results will be gained after operation if the neck is prevented from movement by splints. Children with these glands profit greatly by a term at the seaside. They should have good nourishing food, cod-liver oil, malt and iron. A course of ultra-violet rays is useful. As soon as all the child population no longer drinks raw cows' milk, we shall have few cases of tuberculous neck glands.

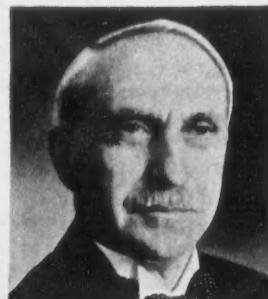
YOUR QUESTION BOX

Question—My little girl, almost three years old, continues to wet. I have tried taking her up late in the evening but this does not seem to help. —(Mrs. —), Stettler, Alta.

Answer—Limit her fluids in the evening and continue to take her up so as to anticipate the accident. See if she has any pinworms. Habits of this nature usually cease after five years. In the meantime you must persevere. Perhaps your doctor might be able to give some medicine that would help, but such could only be properly supervised by a physician who sees the child. Medicines for this trouble are not safe unless under a local doctor's directions. *

A MONTHLY SERVICE

Dr. J. W. S. McCullough, who contributes these articles monthly, will answer questions to Chatelaine concerning the care of babies. A stamped, addressed envelope should be enclosed if a private answer is desired. Free prenatal and post-natal letters are available by writing to the Mothercraft Service of Chatelaine. These are issued by the Canadian Council on Child and Family Welfare through its Child Hygiene Section and the Department of Public Health.



Those little garments you place next to baby's tender skin should be washed alone, under your own supervision. Maytag's Gyrofoam action quickly washes them clean. Its indestructible wringer is a joy to operate. Maytag is built for lifetime durability. Electric models come in a wide range of prices. Maytag can also be supplied with two-cylinder vibrationless gas engine.

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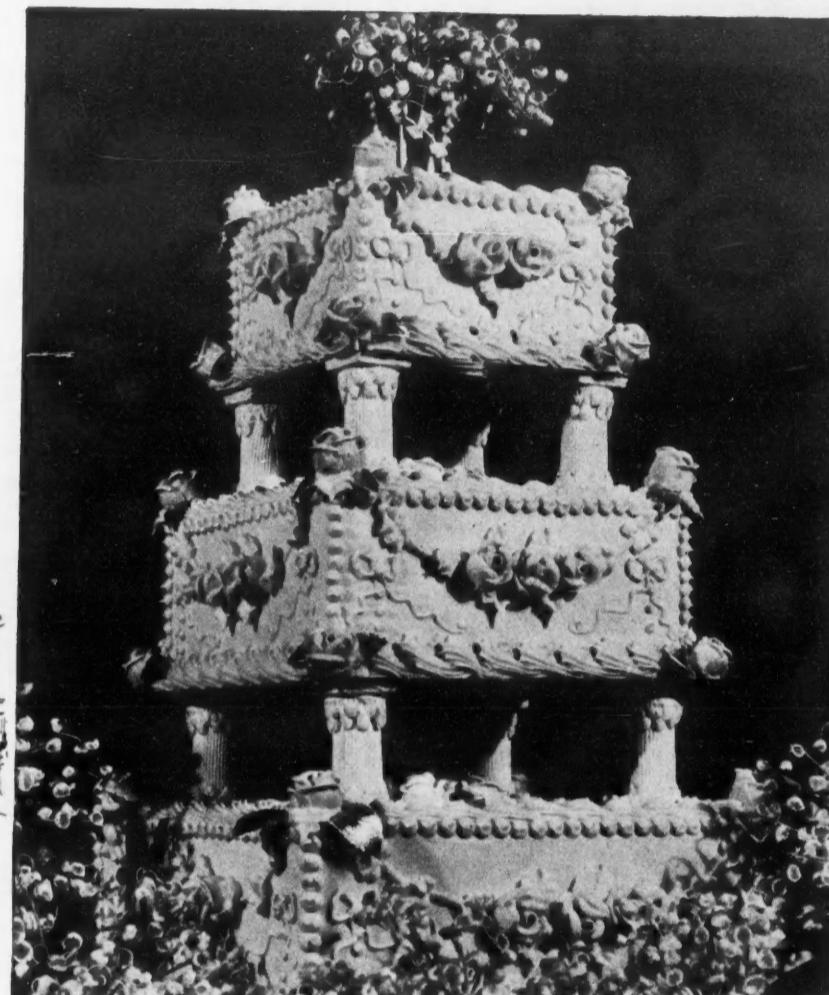
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A DEPARTMENT OF HOME
MANAGEMENT-Conducted
By HELEN G. CAMPBELL.

*The Institute answers
your questions about
wedding breakfasts—
what to serve and
how to serve it.*



Photograph by McCullagh Studio.

Is it correct to serve a wedding breakfast buffet style?

A strictly buffet meal—arranged for complete self-service—is suitable for only a small, intimate home wedding. And even then, the bridal party are usually served, as befits their importance.

At a more formal wedding, semi-buffet service is both smart and practical. In this case, the guests help themselves to the main dish from a beautifully appointed table. But rolls, relishes and other accompaniments are passed by waiters or friends of the bride. The dessert course, too, is often served in this way, and the beverage passed. Or, it may be more convenient to reverse the order—serve the main plates and set out the accessories for self-service. It's a sort of co-operative affair with enough previous planning and management to make things run smoothly.

The guests may either stand or be seated at small tables. The latter is a more comfortable arrangement, if space in the house or on the lawn permits. Often there is a special table at which the wedding party—bride, groom, and their attendants—is served. And sometimes another for the parents of the couple, the minister and his wife—or the priest—and the eldest and best-beloved relatives.

How is the bridal party seated?

The important couple are together either at one end or in the centre, along one side of the table. The bride sits on the groom's right and next to her is the best man. The matron, or maid of honor is placed on the groom's left and bridesmaids and ushers alternately around the table.

Object—Matrimony

by HELEN G. CAMPBELL

At the parents' table, the mother and father of the bride are host and hostess. The groom's mother is given a place of honor at the host's right, while his father sits at the right of the hostess. At her left is the clergyman, and at the host's left, the clergyman's wife.

If there is only one bridesmaid and best man, it is customary for the parents and clergyman to sit at the bride's table. The bride and groom have the head of the table, the bride to the right of her husband. On the groom's left is the bridesmaid's place; the best man is next the bride. The bride's father and groom's mother sit at the opposite end of the table, with the clergyman at the lady's right, and next to him, the bride's mother. Then the groom's father and any close relatives or friends. The clergyman's wife is seated beside the bride's father and the other places filled with uncles, aunts, and so on.

Are place cards used?

It's a matter of choice, but they do facilitate things and avoid any confusion over position at the table. If the party at the bride's table is large, they are particularly appreciated. Have them plain, or with the simplest decoration.

When is the cake cut?

This is a little ceremony all by itself, immediately

following the dessert course. The bride stands and makes the first cut in the cake, using a large silver knife with a tulle bow or some such decoration. If the wedding pair is seated at the side of the table, the cake, used as a centre decoration, is within easy reach. When they are together at the head of a large table, the cake may be set at that end to avoid moving it later, or having the bride leave her place to cut it. If there is no table but everyone is served standing or seated informally, the bride and groom go to the buffet table for the ceremony of putting the knife into the cake. Don't have her turn her back on the party but stand facing them, or at one end.

Then the cake is removed to the kitchen, cut in small pieces, and passed with punch, to drink the health of the bride.

Who toasts the bride?

Often the clergyman, or some older male member of the family or circle of friends. Sometimes it's the one who can be depended upon to make a short speech who is elected. He doesn't need to go back to her cradle days or enumerate every good quality she possesses; merely say some pleasant, gracious things and ask the guests to join him in a toast to her health and happiness. People rise to respond and drink the toast.

Who replies?

The groom—poor soul. It's a matter of thanking everyone, on behalf of his bride, and publicly acknowledging his good luck in winning such a treasure.

What is served to toast the bride?

Fruit punch is a suitable beverage. It may be made of any variety of juices— • *Continued on page 57*



Children love Krumbles—and the whole family will enjoy its crisp and delicious goodness! Best of all, these toasted shreds are filled with vital wheat nourishment—energizing and body-building, a tasty, nourishing breakfast you'll want your family to have.

Krumbles is the **only** cereal that gives you wheat shredded, and flavored—and **krumbled!** Extra delicious—extra convenient. Abundant in proteins, carbohydrates, minerals, and the important vitamin B₁ of wheat.

Order Krumbles tomorrow. Sold by most leading grocers. Made by Kellogg in London, Ontario.

TUNE IN—Boys and girls will thrill to "HOWIE WING—a Saga of Aviation." Broadcast four times weekly. See your newspaper for station and time.



THE BREAKFAST OF ENERGY

greens, purples, wines, golden browns and tans and many grey tones.

ACCESSORIES—The first fall accessories run to suede—suede shoes, gloves and bags. While black and brown will be the two important color leaders, there will also be plenty of dark greens and a lovely new wine shade called "Chianti"—*

Novelty boutonnieres will be the rage—with glass vegetables and fruits very well liked. At the moment, Paris is all for decorating our early fall lapels with glass strawberries or radishes. Now, that's an idea. *

NOW, ABOUT MAKEUP—There is quite a revolution going on regarding the cosmetics we'll be using this fall. There are two schools of thought regarding this important matter. If you wish to look like one of those beauties that had herself a time in the days of Louis XIV, you'll strive to look "natural"—with delicately tinted cheeks, healthy looking lips and nail polish to match the lips. If you aim to acquire the 1900 glamor, Paris says to leave the rouge off your cheeks, use a pearly-white type of powder and employ mauve eye makeup AND mauve nail polish. Sounds rather ghastly, but I have seen this latter

makeup and on certain types of gals who can "get away with it" it really was rather stunning. But I always say you can't improve much on nature and to me the most becoming makeup is the one that suits you the best. However, it's not a bad idea to try out a few new cosmetic themes at the beginning of a new season, especially if your outfit goes in for color. A little ingenuity with makeup can make a plain lass pretty, and a pretty lass beautiful . . . *

YOUR FIGURE IS YOUR FORTUNE—The new fall picture revolves so much around a lady's figure that it behooves me to say a few words about the new corsets. I am really amazed at the strides this very important item is making in the fashion world. It took us a long time to accept the idea that practically ALL figures are improved with the right sort of foundation garment. Truly, marvels are done with the correct girdle and the suitable brassiere. But for land's sake, get outfitted before getting your new fall duds. You'll be surprised how much better your clothes will look on you, and how much more easily you will be fitted for these new clothes. The newer corsets are stressing a lovely shade of peach—a welcome change. *

My Marie Antoinette

Continued from page 22

to be fitted—ponderous affairs of silk, satin and brocade over steel frames, with a wheelbase of eight feet. These were gaily decked with ribbons, feathers, spangles, stars and other doodads of eighteenth-century fashion. They're all lovely to look at—but a trial to carry around! There were eighteen wigs in all, some two feet tall, weighted with lead to prevent their toppling over. To be well dressed in Antoinette's day, required a minimum fifty-two pounds of wardrobe!

There were six distinct transitions of age to be considered in the make-up details, taking Antoinette over the twenty-year period from her girlhood to the guillotine. I learned to dance the minuet properly; absorbed the elaborate etiquette of King Louis

XVI's court—and mastered so they tell me one of the longest parts written into a motion picture script. My average day at the studio was ten hours. But I enjoyed it all, as I am planning to devote my entire attention to the screen. And I am happiest when busiest.

Throughout all the labor of screening the picture, I have tried hard to cloak my Antoinette with happiness, vitality, and the joy of living. I believe that she was one of the happiest women who ever lived. It is impossible to read her letters and not feel this. As the Queen of France, she was placed in an impossible position. She could not escape her destiny, but before it had run its course, she had taken everything from life that it had to give. *

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Chatelaine Housekeeper's Digest for September

Here's a new service for you from Chatelaine Institute—a condensed digest of household facts—a summary of new recipes—new flavoring ideas—unusual food combinations—hints to busy housewives on how to make their menus more attractive—based on further reference to the articles and advertisements in the Institute Department.

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INSTANT POWDERED
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MADE IN SCOTLAND FOR 100 YEARS

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**LONG...
LONG...
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reaches to your table



Did any of your motor trips this summer take you down Leamington way, in Ontario? Did you often slow down to admire the colourful panorama of Heinz pedigree tomatoes ripening in the warm sun? Thousands of motorists enjoyed this scene in the miracle play that gives you summer sunshine and dew in bottles, at your dealer's—enhancing flavour for a hundred different dishes.

Today, in thousands of homes, in Vancouver and Halifax—and in between—hands reach eagerly for the big, red bottle of Heinz Tomato Ketchup. Roasts and stews, fish and poultry, omelettes, and many a dish of cooked vegetables will taste all the better for a dash of this inimitable condiment.

There is no substitute for this thick, slow-pouring sauce with the savour that has made Heinz the largest selling tomato ketchup in the world. Prize tomatoes, cooking artistry, housewifely care—these are synonyms for Heinz. Heinz Chili Sauce, Heinz Tomato Juice and Heinz Cream of Tomato Soup all have this rich, deep, true tomato taste. Treat your family at the next meal. Watch your husband smile. Get a bottle or two of Heinz Tomato Ketchup now. You are sure to agree it's cheaper to pay more for something better.

57

Heinz
TOMATO KETCHUP





Some hot food along with the salads and fruits and cold drinks give the summer meal a better balance.

Photograph by Milnes Studios. Silver serving dish courtesy Birks-Ellis-Ryrie Ltd.

One Hot Dish at Every Meal

by HELEN G. CAMPBELL

IT SEEMS to be the general idea that, if food is cold, it's cooling. Such, however, is not always borne out by the facts of the case. Some of the chilliest concoctions are heat producing, due to their richness, and some of the hot ones have a freshening effect, even on a hot summer day.

It depends more on the make-up than on the temperature of the dish, you see. Anyway, it's a good thing to have some hot food in every meal along with the salads and fruits and ice water. Stimulates the digestive juices and gives the menu a better balance.

You might begin with a not-too-hearty soup, which puts the stomach into good humor and provides a contrast to its chilly followers. Consommé, bouillon, vegetable soup, or a cream of something, suits the weather admirably, though even a more rugged variety is appropriate when it's considered the main course. What you want is nourishment without a lot of richness, to revive but not tax your wilting system. And soup is a ready answer in any one of its many flavors. Which reminds me to tell you that you can make distinctive soups of your own, by merely combining two canned varieties, such as tomato and consommé, cream of mushroom and chicken with noodle, for example. Incidentally, you can use canned soup as an ingredient in many savory dishes, and many kinds make grand sauces for meat, fish, vegetable combinations, and others. Simply twirl the can opener, dilute to the consistency desired, and there you have it—smooth, blended and seasoned to the queen's taste.

If you like, the soup course could be chilled or jellied. Or you could start the meal with tomato juice, a fruit cup or some other chilled appetizer, and follow it up with a hot dish, simple and easily prepared.

Casseroles fill the bill, in this respect, and their beforehandness recommends them for summer meals. You can get them ready in the cool of the morning or the night before, keep them in the refrigerator until

needed, and pop them in the oven a little while before mealtime. No perspiring effort required and, as you serve them direct, there are not a lot of dishes to wash up. Individual glass or pottery bakers also simplify both preparation and service. They provide an infinite variety of tastiness and can go on the same unheated plates which hold their cool accompaniments. Keep the creamed vegetable separate from the cold, sliced meat or the salmon soufflé from the cucumber salad, and thus protect the individuality of each.

How about a mixed grill—sausage, bacon, mushroom, potato cakes and tomato halves—cooked under the broiler with no more effort than an occasional turn? Meat and fish loaves, patties with a savory filling, creamed food of all sorts on toast, stuffed vegetables and croquettes, are among the many hot-dish possibilities which build you up but don't wear you down.

A meal that is cold in its first courses can be well rounded off with a dessert of opposite temperature. Fresh fruit baked with a light batter topping, a fruit rolypoly, or cup cakes with a fruit sauce, are apropos for summer service and by no means the only versions of the theme.

Sometimes it's the beverage which tempers the meal. Though you sip long iced drinks in between, a cup of tea or coffee is cheering to most folks, let the weather be what it may.

Chicken Mushroom Soup (Prelude to a cool salad luncheon.)

1 Can of mushroom soup 1 Can of water
1 Can of chicken soup

Turn the mushroom soup into a saucepan, stir until quite smooth and free from lumps. Add the chicken soup gradually, stirring constantly to keep the mixture smooth. Gradually add one can of cold water, while

continuing to stir, heat the mixture to boiling point and serve. Four servings.

Tomato Consomme

(Introducing a "cold plate" dinner.)

1 Can of tomato soup	1 Can of consommé
2 Cans of water	5 Thin slices of lemon
	Chopped parsley

Combine the tomato soup and consommé in a saucepan, and add the water. Mix thoroughly, heat to boiling and allow to simmer for two or three minutes. Serve garnished with a thin slice of lemon, sprinkled with chopped parsley. Five servings.

Homemade Potato Soup

(With crackers and cheese and a fruit dessert, this makes a satisfactory lunch or supper.)

4 Medium onions	1 Tablespoonful of flour
2 Tablespoonfuls of butter	4 Cupfuls of milk
2 Cupfuls of water (hot)	(scalded)
3 Medium potatoes, cooked	Salt, pepper and celery salt
	Chopped parsley

Peel the onions, cut in thin slices and cook in the butter until soft. Stir in the flour, blend thoroughly with the butter and onion, and cook until lightly browned. Add the water gradually, stirring constantly and cook until thickened. Add the hot milk gradually to the mashed potatoes, blending to remove any lumps. Combine this with the onion and water mixture, and season to taste with salt, pepper and celery salt. Serve piping hot, garnished with chopped parsley. Six servings.

* Continued on page 58

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recipes are improved
by Swans Down



Women with reputations as cake bakers are delighted with Swans Down because they find that even their favorite cakes reach a new standard of lightness, fine texture, moist deliciousness. Because only the finest part of the special Swans Down wheat is used, it takes 100 pounds of wheat to make 26 pounds of Swans Down.

LIGHTNING LAYER CAKE

3½ cups Sifted Swans Down Cake Flour; 2 teaspoons Calumet Baking Powder (if you use another baking powder, increase the quantity as recommended by the maker); 1 teaspoon salt; 2 eggs; shortening; 1 cup milk; 2 cups sugar; 1 teaspoon vanilla. Sift flour once, measure, add baking powder and salt and sift three times. Break eggs in cup and add enough soft shortening to fill cup. Put all ingredients in mixing bowl and beat vigorously for two minutes. Bake in 3 greased pans in moderate oven (375°) 25 minutes.

S138

**SWANS
DOWN**
BRAND
CAKE FLOUR

*Write for free recipe folder to
General Foods Ltd., Cobourg, Ont.

Object—Matrimony

Continued from page 53

fresh, canned and bottled—but should have the clear, tart flavor which is very acceptable after a meal and with the cake.

How should the table be decorated?

There is no definite rule about this. The bride's table—if there is one—usually has the cake as the centrepiece or main decoration. A garland of fern around the base sets it off, or you might use any greenery with single flowers or tight little nosegays tucked in among the leaves. Again the finish might be tulle, Cellophane, or a wreath or frill of paper doilies pinched at the centre to form rosettes. Low bowls of flowers are an attractive addition to the table.

The setting may be all white, with a cloth of damask, lace, or embroidery, but color is a new fashion note this year. Many brides have gone in for pastel shades in their gowns and on the table. An ice-blue cloth, for instance, is a lovely foil for the cake and clusters of white flowers. Pink and white is smart, or any other pale tone which matches the wedding dress, or bridesmaids' costumes.

What governs the type of meal and form of service?

The time of the ceremony, the amount of room, facilities for serving and the amount of money you want to spend. Following a morning wedding the menu could be on the order of a luncheon—simple or elaborate as you see fit. If it takes place in the afternoon or in the evening, refreshments may be about the same as served at a large formal tea or reception. Or, if it's a small party, you can have a sit-down meal. Semi-buffet service is ideal for looking after a host of relatives and friends, but if the party is small it may be more convenient to seat everyone at tables. It depends on what is most practical in your particular circumstances.

Who serves the meal?

When expense means nothing in your life, you might have a caterer who is responsible for everything—food preparation, arrangement, service and clearing-up afterwards. Or, the caterer may provide only partial service, assisted by friends of the bride and any of the guests who feel like making themselves useful at a buffet meal. A number of friends may be asked beforehand to act as waitresses at the bride's table.

What is used for the wedding cake?

It is usually a rich, light or dark fruit cake—often made at home some time in advance and iced by a professional. It can be one story or as many more as you like, and decorated in white with silver trimmings or with pastel flowers and motifs on a white ground.

Is it correct to have wedding cake in boxes for the guests to take home?

Yes; small white boxes are used for the purpose. They are often mailed—you can get little cardboard containers for them—to relatives who cannot attend. I have just tasted a delicious bit of wedding cake from Australia, packed in a little tin box for its long journey through the tropics.

Please suggest menus suitable for weddings. + Continued on next page

ISN'T IT GRAND

WE GOT SUCH AN

EARLY START?

A WHOLE DAY

FOR OUR PICNIC!

YES—THAT'S
THE BEAUTY OF
A BREAKFAST
THAT'S SO EASY
TO SERVE...



"I don't know why any one bothers with hours of breakfast cooking, when Kellogg's Corn Flakes save so much time and work. They're delicious too. Perfectly cooked and toasted. Crisp as a morning breeze!"

"The children love them, and I'm always glad to serve Kellogg's because I know they're wholesome—full of energy and easy to digest!"

Kellogg's Corn Flakes, with their matchless crispness and flavor, give you such value as you can buy nowhere else. Deliciously oven-fresh in the patented WAXTITE inner bag. At all grocers. Made by Kellogg in London, Ontario.

TUNE IN—Boys and girls will thrill to "Howie Wing—a Saga of Aviation." Broadcast four times weekly. See your newspaper for station and time.



Kellogg's CORN FLAKES

MADE BETTER • PACKED BETTER • TASTE BETTER



Meals of the Month

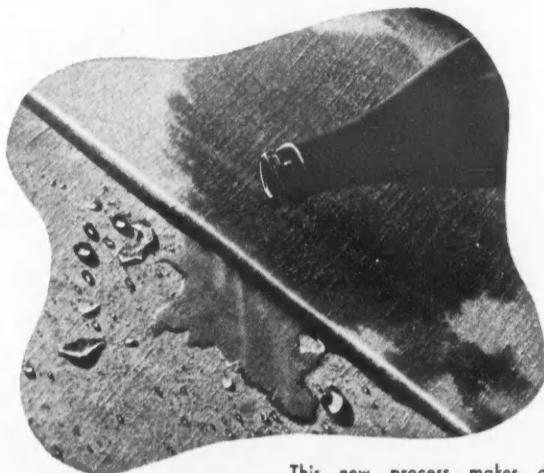
THIRTY MENUS FOR SEPTEMBER

BREAKFAST		LUNCHEON or SUPPER		DINNER		BREAKFAST		LUNCHEON or SUPPER		DINNER	
1	Grapefruit Juice Cereal Toast Coffee	Baked Stuffed Eggplant Sliced Cucumbers and Onions Apple Sauce Tea	Ginger snaps Cocoa	Broiled Fresh Ham Mashed Potatoes Fried Tomatoes Baked Cocoanut Custard Coffee	Tea	Sliced Bananas Raisin Scones Tea	Cereal Jam Tea	Chicken Haddie on Toast Canned Pineapple Gingerbread Tea	Cocoa	Cream of Celery Soup Baked Stuffed Sweet Potatoes Broiled Tomatoes Cauliflower au Gratin Apple Pie Coffee	Peas Cheese Tea
2	Stewed Prunes Soft-cooked Eggs Toast Coffee	Bean Soup Molded Vegetable Salad Biscuits Tea	Cheese Cocoa	Oven-fried Fillets of Halibut Parsley Potatoes Creamed Celery Fresh Peach Crisp Coffee	Tea	Orange Juice Toast Coffee	Cereal Marmalade Tea	Mixed Vegetable Salad Bran Muffins Jam Tarts Tea	Cocoa	Hot Baked Back Bacon Baked Potatoes Vegetable Marrow Pineapple Cornstarch Pudding Coffee	Tea
3	Orange Halves Cereal Toasted Biscuits Coffee	Corn on the Cob Sliced Tomatoes and Lettuce Prunes (from Friday) Cookies Tea	Cocoa	Broiled Kidneys with Bacon Creamed Potatoes Buttered Cabbage Grape Tapioca Pudding Coffee	Tea	(Sunday) Grapes French Toast Syrup Coffee	Oranges Cereal with Dates Toast Coffee	Cold Baked Back Bacon Potato Cakes Pickles Ice Cream Tea	Caramel Sauce Cocoa	Fried Chicken Mashed Potatoes Peach Shortcake Coffee	Corn Tea
4	(Sunday) Honeydew Melon with Lemon Waffles Coffee	Ramekins of Salmon à la King Celery Hearts Bowl of Fresh Fruits Lemon Layer Cake Tea	Olives Cocoa	Roast Spring Lamb Browned Potatoes Baked Summer Squash Fresh Plum Pie Coffee	Tea	Scrambled Eggs with Tomatoes Toast Canned Berries Cookies Tea	Tomato Cottage Caramel Tea	Swiss Steak Boiled Potatoes Tapioca Cream with Jelly Coffee	Cabbage Tea	Roast of Pork Apple Sauce Browned Potatoes Creamed Onions Baked Pears in Maple Syrup Coffee	Tea
5	(Labor Day) Sliced Bananas Cereal Bacon Coffee	Assorted Sandwiches Whole Tomatoes Raw Carrot Strips Peaches Hot or Cold Chocolate Marmalade Toast Tea	Tarts Milk Drink	Asparagus Soup Cold Roast Lamb Pan-fried Potatoes Cantaloupe and Ice Cream Coffee	Corn Tea	Sliced Peaches Bread and Milk Corn Muffins Jelly Tea	Grilled Smoked Fish Sliced Cucumbers Chilled Melon Plain Cake Tea	Casserole of Macaroni and Chipped Beef Green Salad Hot Biscuits Jam Cocoa	Tomato Lyonnaise Harvard Beets Steamed Chocolate Pudding Foamy Sauce Coffee	Veal Birds Mashed Potatoes Buttered Carrots Individual Baked Custards Tea	Roast Pork Cold Roast Pork Lyonnaise Potatoes Harvard Beets Steamed Chocolate Pudding Foamy Sauce Tea
6	Tomato Juice Cereal Toast Coffee	Minced Lamb and Potato Patties Chili Sauce Pear and Orange Salad Tea	Cake Cocoa	Round Steak Roll with Dressing Baked Potatoes Buttered Carrots Cottage Pudding Caramel Sauce Coffee	Tea	Pork Chops Buttered Noodles Swiss Chard Blackberry Roly-poly Coffee	Apple Sauce Soft-cooked Eggs Marmalade Tea	Baked Stuffed Peppers Tomato Soup Sauce Brown Bread Sliced Oranges and Bananas Tea	Cocoa	Steamed Cod Egg Sauce French-fried Potatoes Stewed Tomatoes Baked Lemon Pudding Tea	Tea
7	Peaches Savory Omelet Toast Coffee	Tomato Soup Sliced Canned Corned Beef Cole Slaw Baked Apples Tea	Cocoa	Meat Loaf Mashed Potatoes New Turnip Raisin Rice Pudding Coffee	Tea	Half Grapefruit Cereal Conserve Tea	Pea Soup Cabbage and Nut Salad Layer Cake Tea	Wing Steaks Parsley Potatoes Turnips Rice with Syrup Tea	Tea	Rib Roast of Beef Browned Potatoes Baked Summer Squash Plum Roly Poly Tea	Tea
8	Orange Juice Griddle Cakes Syrup Coffee	Cheese Toast and Bacon Mixed Pickles Canned Berries Fruit Bread Tea	Cocoa	Baked Trout Potato Chips Pears in Cherry Jelly Wafers Coffee	Peas Tea	Cereal with Raisins Toasted Nut Bread Jam Tea	Mushroom Soup Fresh Pear and Cheese Salad Chelsea Buns Tea	Cold Roast Beef Scalloped Potatoes Apple Betty Tea	Peas	Fried Liver and Onions Creamed Potatoes Fresh Lima Beans Fruit Jelly Whipped Cream Tea	Tea
9	Grapes Cereal Toast Coffee	Potato Salad with Stuffed Eggs Brown Rolls Stewed Apples Cookies Tea	Cocoa	Sausages Creamed Potatoes Brussels Sprouts Cup Cakes Chocolate Sauce Tea	Tea	(Sunday) Grape and Pineapple Juice Bacon and Eggs Iced Cake (from Saturday) Tea	Orange Sections Cereal Jam Tea	Irish Stew Boiled Potatoes Cabbage Rennet Custard with Toasted Almonds Tea	Tea	Scalloped Salmon Mashed Potatoes Spinach Peach Pie Tea	Tea
10	Stewed Apples (from Friday) Creamed Trout on Toast Tea	Spaghetti with Tomato Sauce Mixed Fruit Salad Cream Dressing Tea	Cocoa	Roast of Beef Browned Potatoes Buttered Beets Baked Apple Dumplings Brown Sugar Sauce Tea	Tea	Tomato Juice Fish Cakes and Bacon Tea	Melon Cereal Scrambled Eggs Tea	Grilled Ham Slice Sweet Potatoes Creamed Celery Orange Bavarian Cream Tea	Tea	Scalloped Salmon Mashed Potatoes Spinach Peach Pie Tea	Tea
11	(Sunday) Pineapple Juice Cereal Bran Muffins Honey Tea	Chicken (canned) Shortcake Celery Curls Chilled Melon Iced Fruit Punch		Ox-Tail Soup Cold Roast Beef Pan-fried Potatoes Cream Onions Prune Whip Tea		Frankfurters Mustard Pan-fried Potatoes Apricots Filled Cookies Tea	Vegetable Soup Sardine Salad Baked Apples with Raisins Tea	Creamed Eggs on Toast Head Lettuce Half Grapefruit Tea	Cocoa	Scalloped Salmon Mashed Potatoes Spinach Peach Pie Tea	Tea
12	Grapefruit Cereal Soft-cooked Eggs Toast Tea	Sliced Fresh Bologna Cole Slaw Stewed Prunes with Lemon Tea	Cocoa	Minced Beef and Onions on Toast Peaches and Cream Butterscotch Cookies Tea	Cocoa	Sliced Bananas Cereal Date Muffins Honey Tea	Tomato Juice Kippers Tea	Creame	Tea	Tea	Tea
13	Orange Halves Cereal Toast Coffee	Baked Beans Chili Sauce Apple Celery and Nut Salad Tea	Cocoa	Lamb Chops Mashed Potatoes String Beans Fresh Plum Crisp Tea	Tea	Tomato Tea	Tea	Tea	Tea	Tea	Tea
14	Fresh Pears Bacon Toast Tea	Pepperpot Soup Corn on the Cob Stewed Pears Fresh Gingerbread Tea	Cocoa	Salmon Loaf Celery Sauce Parsley Potatoes Green Salad Chilled Lemon Pudding Tea	Tea	Frankfurters Mustard Pan-fried Potatoes Apricots Filled Cookies Tea	Vegetable Sardine Baked Apples with Raisins Tea	Creame	Tea	Tea	Tea
15	Tomato Juice Cereal Poached Eggs on Toast Tea										

The Meals of the Month as compiled by M. Frances Hucks are a regular feature of Chatelaine each month

LET IT RAIN!

BY HELEN G.
CAMPBELL



This new process makes dress materials absolutely waterproof.

THE WEATHER man is nearly licked. It won't be long now till air-conditioned houses bring indifference to the rise and fall of temperature, and water-repellent fabrics make our finery impervious to showers.

Not long ago I went to an exhibit of specially-treated materials. There I found a lot of people playfully squirting water at each other without any of the usual dire consequences. Their processed clothes were still smart and dry after a dousing, for the cloth of which they were made shed water like a duck.

This is the result of a new product which combines with the fibre, making materials proof against rain or other

liquids, and giving them extra softness and draping qualities. The treated fabric hasn't the harsh closeness of an old-fashioned mackintosh, and you don't feel "sealed in" when you wear it. Dress goods of all sorts—silks, woolens, linen, cottons, celanese and rayon—take kindly to this latest treatment, which increases their durability and smartness. Clothes retain their fresh appearance and protect the wearer from dampness. Isn't it a lovely way to be caught in the rain!

Drapery fabrics, upholstery materials and other textiles used in house furnishing can be made proof against spills. I've seen ink roll off a table cover and not leave the slightest mark. Think what this stain-resistant quality will mean to easy housekeeping.

The beauty about this new finish is its permanence. It will not wear off even after dry-cleanings or launderings which, by the way, are less frequent occurrences when garments repel stains and discourage soil. So, it's safe to say that fabrics will last longer, look smarter and give more satisfaction. There'll be no crying over spilt milk, no ducking out of a shower, and no harm done if you upset a cup of tea in your lap. When a car whizzes by you on a muddy street, your stockings will not bear witness by spots and splashes, and even the new shoes may be impervious to puddles.

Let it rain—let it pour; wet weather won't hurt your waterproofed finery. *



(Above) Treated fabrics retain their smartness much longer.

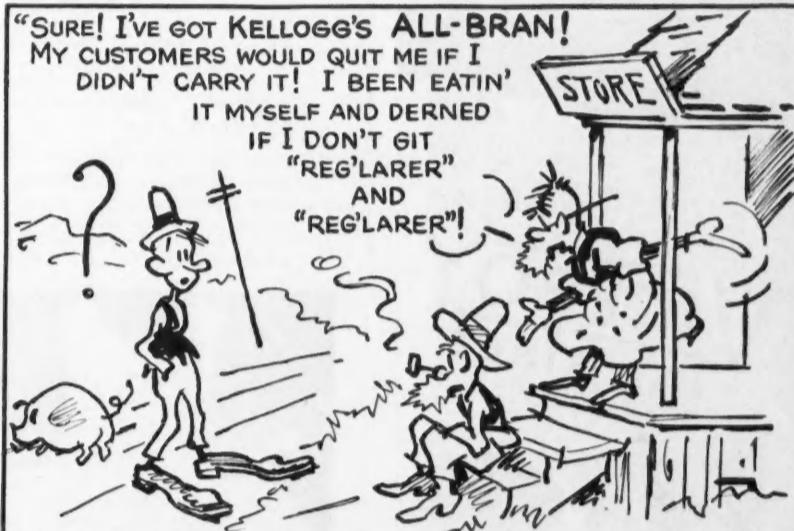


(Right) Like water off a duck's back, leaving no dampness and no stain.

Photographs
courtesy Canadian
Industries Limited.

SUITCASE SIMPSON'S RECOVERY

—by Fontaine Fox



SOMETIMES LATER



It is lack of "bulk" in the diet that so often causes common constipation! And "bulk" doesn't mean the amount you eat—but a kind of food that supplies the soft, "bulky" mass you need to aid elimina-



tion. Kellogg's All-Bran supplies both this needed "bulk" and the intestinal-tonic vitamin, B. Eat it every day, drink plenty of water, and join the "regulars"! Made by Kellogg in London, Ont.

KELLOGG'S ALL-BRAN
The Natural Laxative Cereal



Everyone
will admire your floors
if they are polished with
**JOHNSON'S
WAX**

You can easily have floors and linoleum that sparkle and gleam with a satiny, wax polish—floors that never need scrubbing! Just protect them at once with a coat of Johnson's genuine Wax, so dirt can't stick to them—scuffing feet won't harm them. You can feel really proud of your Johnson waxed floors, and you will find them the easiest of all floors to maintain.

100 Uses for Johnson's Wax

The best housekeepers wax their woodwork, their furniture, enamel refrigerator, kitchen cabinet, Venetian blinds, lamp shades, and dozens of other articles with Johnson's Wax.



JOHNSON'S WAX
very economical to use

S. C. JOHNSON & SON, LTD., BRANTFORD, CANADA

{ Walk on
WAX...
and save
your
floors }



MEN WANT

MORE MUSTARD PICKLES!

Men relish mustard pickles with everything, watch how they go for them with roast or cold meats . . . and as far as mere man is concerned, mustard pickles are the high spot of the picnic lunch or midnight snack.

So make sure there are plenty of mustard pickles—for all the family—and of course you'll use Keen's D.S.F. to make the best pickles, with plenty of tang and flavour.

GOLDEN MUSTARD PICKLES

1 qt. small silver onions, 1 qt. gherkins, 1 med. sized cauliflower, 2½ cups granulated sugar, ½ cup flour, 2 tablespoons turmeric, 2 tablespoons celery seed, ½ cup dry Keen's Mustard, 1 qt. cider vinegar.

Prepare vegetables, peel onions, cut gherkins and cauliflower, put into a cold brine (½ cup salt to 1 qt. water), add a pinch of alum and allow to stand overnight. Drain vegetables next morning and prepare a sauce of the other ingredients, first mixing the mustard to a thin paste with a little of the cold vinegar. Combine together and cook until thick, then add vegetables and cook slowly about 15 minutes. Bottle and seal. Makes about 4 quarts.

For Free Cook Book "Hostess Delights" write COLMAN-KEEN (Canada) Limited, 1014 Amherst Street, Montreal.

KEEN'S D.S.F. Mustard
The Best Mustard makes the Best Pickles

Early Wedding Breakfast

Chilled Melon and Grape Cup
Broiled Chicken on Toast Triangles
Hot Blueberry Muffins Comb Honey
Coffee

Later Wedding Breakfast or Luncheon

Grapefruit-Avocado Cocktail
Creamed Lobster Mixture in Timbale
Cases
Parsley Garnish
Mashed Potato Fingers, Rolled in
Chopped Almonds, Fried in Deep Fat
Watercress with Cucumber Slices
Hot Buttered Rolls
Individual Sponge Cake Rings
with Fresh Fruit Ice
Assorted Small Cakes
Tea or Coffee
Wedding Cake Fruit Punch
Bonbons

Wedding Reception—Buffet

Chicken, Celery and Pecan Salad
Tiny Buttered Rolls
Toasted Cheese Fingers
Cress Rolls Open Tomato Sandwiches
Pickled Fruits Assorted Olives
Radishes
Molded Ice Cream
Assorted Fancy Cakes
Tea or Coffee
Wedding Cake Fruit Punch
Mints Salted Nuts
Mushroom Bouchees
Asparagus Rolls
Assorted Fancy Sandwiches
(chicken salad; crab meat with capers;
chopped celery and almond; thinly
sliced cucumbers; cream cheese with
chopped maraschino cherries)
Midget Gherkins Carrot Strips
Olives Radishes Celery
Vanilla Ice Cream
with Fresh Peach Sauce
Assorted Fancy Cakes
Coffee
Wedding Cake Punch
Jordan Almonds Bonbons

One Hot Dish at Every Meal

Continued from page 54

Corn and Salmon Loaf

(Preceded by iced tomato juice, accompanied by crisp potato chips and a big bowl of cole slaw, and followed by berries and cream and fluffy white cake, this combination loaf is the mainstay of a highly satisfactory summer dinner.)

½ Cupful of butter
½ Cupful of flour
¼ Teaspoonful of mustard
1 Teaspoonful of salt
2 Cupfuls of milk
2 Cupfuls of flaked, canned salmon
1 Can of whole kernel corn (No. 2)
1 Egg
1½ Cupfuls of dry bread crumbs

Melt the butter, blend in the flour and gradually add the milk, stirring constantly, and cook until the mixture is thick and smooth. Stir in the liquid from the asparagus tips, and heat. Add the asparagus tips, cut in pieces, the grated cheese and chopped almonds. When thoroughly heated, fill hot patty cases with the mixture and serve garnished with strips of pimiento. Four to six servings.

Ham and Egg Croquettes

(These may be prepared hours ahead and take only about five minutes in the fat kettle to make them piping hot and appetizingly brown. Start with fruit, have a green salad with the croquettes and top off with a snow pudding.)

¾ Cupful of butter
½ Cupful of flour
¼ Teaspoonful of mustard
1½ Cupfuls of milk
4 Hard-cooked eggs
1½ Cupfuls of chopped, cooked ham
Salt and pepper to taste
1 Egg, slightly beaten with
2 tablespoonfuls of milk
Dried, sifted bread crumbs

Melt the butter, add the flour, mustard and salt, which have been mixed and stir until blended and smooth. Gradually add the milk and cook, stirring constantly until the mixture thickens. Add the flaked salmon and the drained corn, the slightly beaten egg and the bread crumbs, and combine thoroughly. Turn into a buttered loaf pan and bake in a hot oven—400 deg. Fahr.—for twenty-five to thirty minutes. Serve hot with a white sauce to which chopped hard-cooked egg has been added. Six servings.

Asparagus and Cheese Patties

(This appetizing mixture could be served on toast or between split baking powder biscuits, as well as in patty cases. Quickly and easily prepared for supper or lunch.)

1 Tablespoonful of butter
2 Tablespoonfuls of flour
1 Cupful of milk
1 Can of asparagus tips
1½ Cupfuls of grated cheese
½ Cupful of blanched, coarsely chopped almonds
Heated patty shells

Melt the butter, add the flour and mustard, and stir until blended and smooth. Gradually add the milk, and cook, stirring constantly, until the mixture thickens. Add the chopped hard-cooked eggs, the chopped ham and seasonings to taste. Chill thoroughly. Shape into cones or rolls and dip in the egg and milk mixture. Coat with sifted crumbs and fry in deep hot fat—390 deg. Fahr.—until nicely browned. Drain on absorbent paper and serve garnished with crisp parsley. Six servings.

A sauce made by diluting canned celery soup to the desired consistency, is a delicious accompaniment to this dish. Serve hot. * Cont'd on page 62



EVEN IF you don't play, you'll find dozens of uses, summer and winter, for these comfortable, brightly patterned ankle socks. Or knit them for gifts . . .

NUMBER ONE

Size 8½

Tension of Stitch—10 sts. = 1 inch.
14 rows = 1 inch.

1 Set (4) No. 13 Needles

With Blue wool, cast on 72 sts., 24 on each of 3 needles. Work 4 rounds of ribbing (K 1, P 1). Knit 2 rounds.

Join Brown and knit 2 rounds. With Blue knit 2 rounds.

START PATTERN:

1st Round—Knit 5 Blue, *1 Brown, 11 Blue, 1 Green, 11 Blue, repeat from *, ending 6 Blue.

2nd Round—Knit 4 Blue, *1 Brown, 1 Blue, 1 Brown, 9 Blue, 1 Green, 1 Blue, 1 Green, 9 Blue, repeat from *, ending 5 Blue.

3rd Round—Knit 3 Blue, *1 Brown, 3 Blue, 1 Brown, 7 Blue, 1 Green, 3 Blue, 1 Green, 7 Blue, repeat from *, ending 4 Blue.

4th Round—Knit 2 Blue, *1 Brown, 5 Blue, 1 Brown, 5 Blue, 1 Green, 5 Blue, 1 Green, 5 Blue, repeat from *, ending 3 Blue.

5th Round—Knit 1 Blue, *1 Brown, 7 Blue, 1 Brown, 3 Blue, 1 Green, 7 Blue, 1 Green, 3 Blue, repeat from *, ending 2 Blue.

6th Round—Knit 5 Blue, *1 Brown, 11 Blue, 1 Green, 11 Blue, 1 Brown, repeat from *, ending 6 Blue.

7th Round—Knit 3 Blue, *1 Brown, 3 Blue, 1 Brown, 7 Blue, 1 Green,

Decorative Sports Socks

For Badminton or Winter Sports

3 Blue, 1 Green, 7 Blue, repeat from *, ending 4 Blue.

8th Round—Knit 4 Blue, *3 Green, 9 Blue, 3 Brown, 9 Blue, repeat from *, ending 5 Blue.

Repeat last round once.

10th Round—Knit 3 Blue, *1 Brown, 3 Blue, 1 Brown, 7 Blue, 1 Green, 3 Blue, 1 Green, 7 Blue, repeat from *, ending 4 Blue.

11th Round—Knit 5 Blue, *1 Brown 11 Blue, 1 Green, 11 Blue, repeat from *, ending 6 Blue.

12th Round—Knit 1 Blue, *1 Brown, 7 Blue, 1 Brown, 3 Blue, 1 Green, 7 Blue, 1 Green, 3 Brown, repeat from *, ending 2 Blue.

13th Round—Knit 2 Blue, *1 Brown, 5 Blue, 1 Brown, 5 Blue, 1 Green, 5 Blue, 1 Green, 5 Blue, repeat from *, ending 3 Blue.

14th Round—Knit 3 Blue, *1 Brown, 3 Blue, 1 Brown, 7 Blue, 1 Green, 3 Blue, 1 Green, 7 Blue, repeat from *, ending 4 Blue.

15th Round—Knit 4 Blue, *1 Brown, 1 Blue, 1 Brown, 9 Blue, 1 Green, 1 Blue, 1 Green, 9 Blue, repeat from *, ending 5 Blue.

16th Round—Knit 4 Blue, *1 Brown, 11 Blue, 1 Green, 11 Blue, repeat from *, ending 6 Blue.

Break Green wool, knit 2 rounds of Blue and 2 of Brown. Break Brown wool, knit 1 round of Blue.

Then work in ribbing (K 1, P 1) for 2 inches. Turn cuff. Finish same as descriptions for Sock 852 this page, only knitting 4½ inches after heel shaping before decreasing for toe. Press.

NUMBER TWO

Size 9½

Tension of Stitch—10 sts. = 1 inch.
14 rows = 1 inch.

With Blue wool, cast on 78 sts., 20 on 1st and 3rd needles, and 38 on 2nd needle. Work 3 rounds of ribbing (K 1, P 1).

START PATTERN:

1st Round—*Join Pearl, K 2, K 4 Blue, repeat from * to end of round.

2nd Round—Same as 1st.

3rd Round—Leave Pearl wool at back of work, K 2 Blue, *join Pink, K 1, K 2 Blue, repeat from * to end of round.

Family Group

Continued from page 15

MR. AND Mrs. Howard Andrews walked together to the barrier in the station and stood smiling and talking among the other smiling mothers and fathers waiting for their children. Other people, less lovely, less special errands, glanced at the sign CAMP FIR-TREE, and smiled and fluttered in sympathy.

Now the man in uniform threw open the gates with a flourish. On the track beyond a train rolled in and stopped, there was a second of silence, and then from the corridors rose shrill happy cries, the sound of sturdy feet clattering,

ing over the asphalt, and a flock of little girls burst through the open gates.

Howard leaned forward against the bar, Kate pressed forward and put her hand on his arm to steady herself, and these happy parents presented themselves to Ruth just as she had pictured them. She flung herself on her mother, heedless of the bar between.

"Here, here, how about giving me a chance," said her father, and she turned to him for a hug and a kiss.

"Oh, gosh!" said Ruthie, rather than cry. She ducked under the bar, and

4th and 5th Rounds—Knit 3 Blue, 2 Pearl, *4 Blue, 2 Pearl, repeat from * to within 1 stitch, knit 1 Blue.

6th Round—*Knit 2 Blue, 1 Pink, repeat from * around.

Repeat the last 6 rounds twice.

Then repeat 1st and 2nd rounds. Fasten off Pink and Pearl wool.

Then with all Blue wool work 3 rounds of ribbing (K 1, P 1).

Next Round—Purl, decreasing to 72 sts.

Turn cuff and work in ribbing (K 1, P 1) for 1½ inches. Work in stocking stitch (all knit) for 2 inches.

Arrange sts. for heel, thus: Knit 18 sts. from 1st needle onto 3rd needle (36 sts. for heel).

Divide remaining sts onto 2 needles for instep.

On heel needle—S 1, P 35.

Next Row—S 1, K 35.

Repeat the last 2 rows 12 times.

Turn Heel—S 1, P 18, P 2 tog, P 1, turn; S 1, K 3, K 2 tog, K 1, turn; S 1, P 4, P 2 tog, P 1, turn; S 1, K 5, K 2 tog, K 1, turn.

Continue thus, taking 1 stitch more each side until all stitches are worked from each side (20 sts.)

Divide these, placing 10 sts. on each of 2 needles, pick up 14 sts. from side of heel, with first needle work along 36 instep sts. and pick up 14 from other side of heel, and 10 sts. from needle.

*Knit 1 round.

1st Decrease Round—Knit along 1st needle until 3 sts. remain, K 2 tog, K 1; knit along 2nd needle; on 3rd needle, K 1, S 1, K 1, PSSO, knit on end.

Repeat from * until 18 sts. remain on each of the first and 3rd needles.

Continue evenly in rounds for 4½ inches.

Shape Toe—1st needle—Knit to within 3, K 2 tog, K 1; 2nd needle—K 1, S 1, K 1, PSSO, knit to within 3, K 2 tog, K 1; 3rd needle—K 1, S 1, K 1, PSSO, knit to end. Knit 2 rounds even.

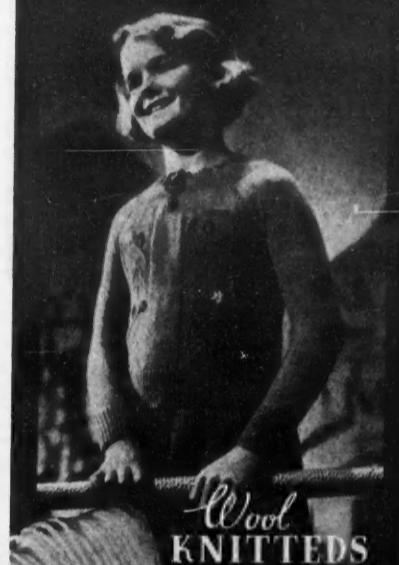
Repeat these 3 rounds 4 times.

Then decrease on every 2nd round until 24 sts. remain in round. Break wool.

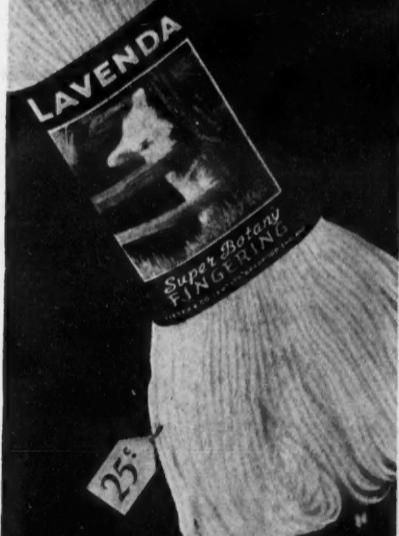
Place sts. on 2 needles and sew together by taking 1 stitch from each needle. Fasten neatly on wrong side.

Press. ♦

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of 35
hand knitted Designs*



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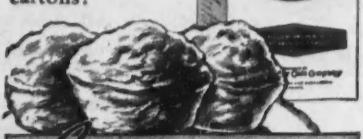
"Properly sealed, canned fruit and vegetables will keep indefinitely. Protect your preserves by using new jar rings. Not only disappointing but far more costly than buying new jar rings. Take as much care in selecting jar rings, as in selecting fruit."

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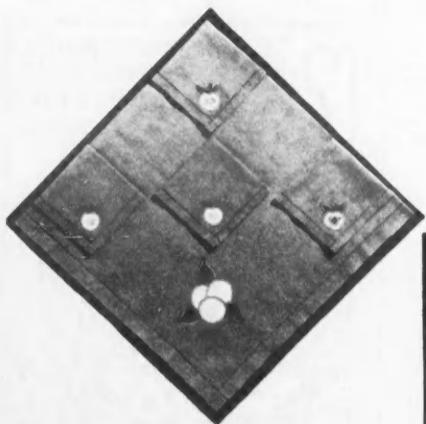


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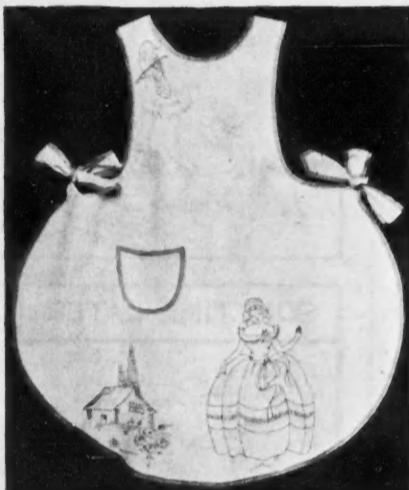
BY
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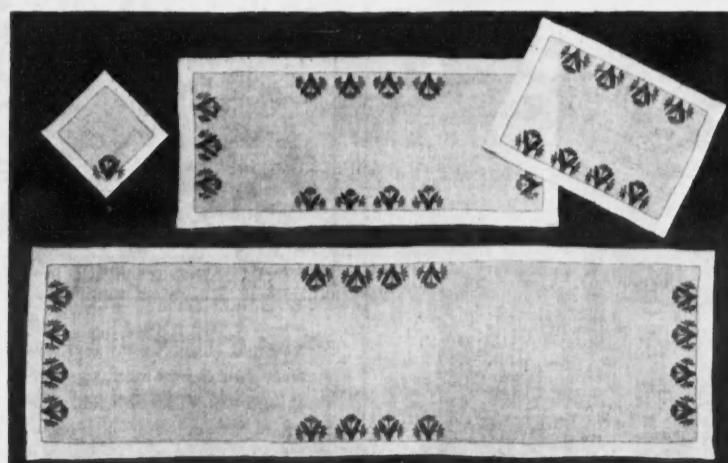
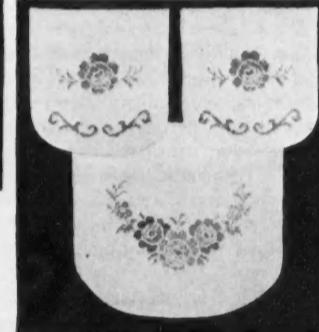


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EVAN PARRY, F.R.A.I.C. Editor

A DEPARTMENT FOR HOUSE PLANNING DECORATING AND FURNISHING

Look To Your Lamps

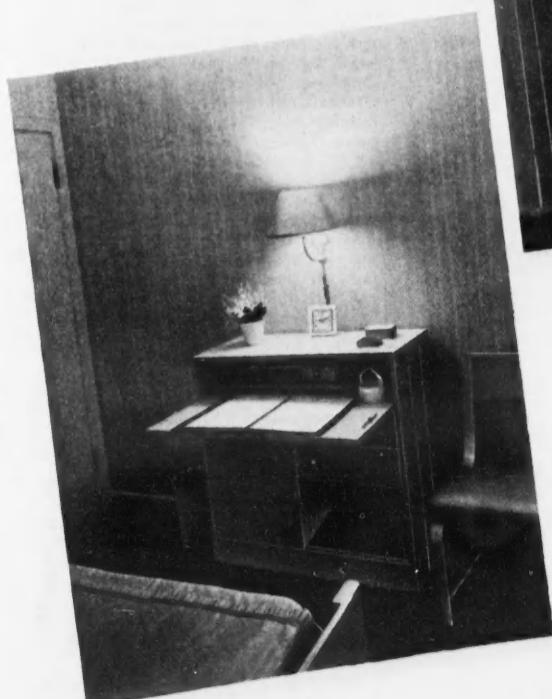
Healthy eyesight depends upon the proper lighting of a home. It's all-important in any room arrangement

by HELEN G. MCKINLAY

This decorative dressing table is set in a window with decorative Venetian blinds, and well-placed small lamps to give a proper light in the evening.

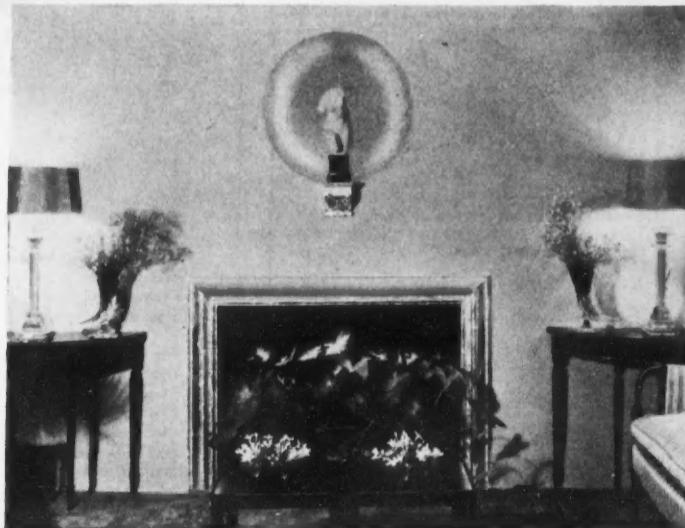


Indirect lighting is growing in popularity for interesting shelf arrangements. And note how the lamp is set beside the chair for reading comfort.



A writing desk for household accounts and friendly letters is accompanied by its own lamp to make working there much easier on the eyes.

This formal arrangement is a charming modern conception which reflects the importance of proper lighting, and brings distinction to any room.



ONE OF the most worth-while considerations to pay rich dividends in better living lies in the careful choice of lamps which will assure you better lighting according to latest standards in lighting practice. Of course lamps should be lovely to look at, but they should also have that inherent qualification beyond style, or beauty of appearance to recommend them. Their lighted behavior is of far greater importance than we are apt to give it in our zeal to have good-looking lamps. If they are lovely to look at as well as to see by, and if they make a room appear at its best, then, and only then, will they serve you to the best of their ability.

The performance of lamps is an intangible thing, yet frequently because we have not learned to be on the alert for this apparent factor—their excellence in lighting—we take it for granted, when all too often it does not exist! There is a lacking grace and we know not why!

Usually greater comfort will be had from lighting in which the bulbs are shaded or hidden, since such treatment lessens the likelihood of looking directly at the bulbs, whether they be in fixtures, wall brackets, or table and floor lamps, and helps to reduce glare. The newest table and floor lamps are so constructed that larger bulbs—one of the requirements for better lighting—may be used comfortably.

These lamps have many features of merit to aid you in making lighting more effective, although possibly the two most outstanding are the large diffusing bowl hidden beneath the shade, and the white lining on the inside of the shade. The diffusing bowl does two things: first, it comfortably diffuses the downward light and hides the bulb so that, unlike the usual type of lamp, the bulb does not glare at you from beneath the shade, and secondly, it puts light on the upper walls and ceiling which, paradoxical as this may seem, actually helps to lessen sharp contrasts in the room—a factor in comfortable "seeing" because the light is more evenly distributed.

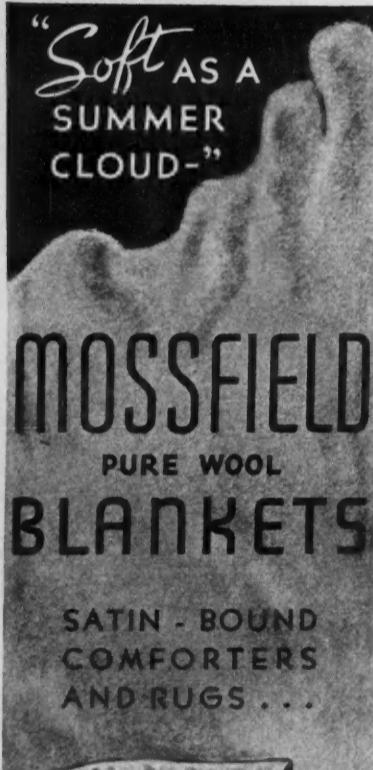
The shades on these lamps are white on the inside, which reflects more light than dark surfaces and gives you the light you pay for. The outside of the shade may be of any color or texture; it is the light from beneath the shade that provides for reading or close "seeing." These lamps wear "tags" to certify their good intentions of serving you well.

SOME OF THEM have three "gears" of light from a single bulb, had by turning the switch on the lamp once, twice, or three times. These bulbs are known as "three lite indirect." Here is an innovation allowing you to burn the light on "high" when you wish to speed up your ability to see, or pick up the spirit of the party, or on "low" if you wish to drift along and don't + Continued on page 67

Coronation Design Bread Tray and Waiter in beautiful Community Plate. The manufacturers of this fine silverware recommend Silvo to keep it lovely, always.



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that wipes away dimness and tarnish,
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gives.



talk, all the things she had thought of in the train, faster and faster. At the round table in the dining-room of the hotel she was still talking, safe between her smiling parents. There was so much to tell, how strong she was; about Linda, about—

"Just a minute, kid," said her father. "We'll be together a long time yet, and the waiter wants the order."

"Orange juice and oatmeal and eggs for Ruth," said her mother. "And a glass of milk. How does that suit you?"

"Oh, wonderful!" said Ruth softly, and she leaned over and put her head against her mother's shoulder. Kate, from the dream of a useful life, pressed her cheek to her child's yellow hair.

"Kate, will you have anything?" asked Howard, smiling because he was happy too.

"I'll just have another cup of coffee," said Kate. "What kind of food did they give you up there, Ruth?"

"Oh—uh—good. I don't know. You know, Mom. Just regular food. As much corn-on-the-cob as we wanted—" Suddenly Ruth was silent, looking at her mother. The four walls of home shut round them, as they sat at the strange table. Kate pressed her lips together nervously.

"I'm glad I didn't know it," she said. "I wouldn't think of letting you go again. A child with a sensitive stomach like Ruth's! Well, at least I didn't know it. I worried enough as it was."

"Mother's still worrying," said Howard, trying to hold back those walls. He winked at Ruth. "Now you know you're home."

Ruth picked up a fork and stood it on its prongs, pressing them hard into the tablecloth.

"That is unnecessary, Howard,"

said Kate. "Ruth, don't play with the silver. Did you learn to swim?"

"Oh, sure, and dive." Ruth spoke more slowly, but gained speed again. "Listen, Mom, listen, Dad, I just loved every second, except maybe the first night I was there. I forget why. No matter. We had a play—"

"The waiter's trying to serve you, Ruth," said Kate. She looked at her daughter's small face, and brushed back the yellow hair the color of Howard's. It was a tender gesture in which there was no tenderness. For an instant, far below the surface of thought, she saw Ruth's unhappiness. She knew that all the energy which might have built tall buildings had for years gone into this violent caring for her children and her house. It's too late, she thought, and her face was as unhappy as her daughter's. But of course—of course—she must take care of her family; that came first. "I've made an appointment for you at the doctor's day after tomorrow, Ruth."

"Oh, Mom, I don't have to go to the doctor's! Why, listen, I'm perfectly well—"

"We'll see," said Kate. "I certainly hope so."

"Dad, do I have to go?"

Her father, made cruel with unhappiness, could not help her.

"That's your mother's department," he said. "Besides, we don't want a Paleface on our hands."

Ruth picked up her glass of orange juice and drank slowly. There was something she almost remembered and did not want to remember falling over her like a shadow.

"You've got me to thank if she's all right," said her mother. "The time I've spent sitting in doctors' waiting-rooms with her! It's a joke to think I

might be able to get away to do my work."

"Teddy's got a surprise for you at home," said Howard, as if Kate had not spoken. "It's an arch over the gate."

Oh, thought Ruth, you should have let him surprise me; now I'll have to pretend and maybe it won't be a good enough pretend. Beyond Teddy's arch she saw her home now, shining clean, full of fresh air and green vegetables, and nowhere to rest, to play, to feel the world steady beneath your feet. She picked up her fork, took a bite of egg, and pushed the plate away.

"I'm not very hungry," she said.

"It's beginning again," said her mother.

"We thought camp would break you of that, Paleface," said her father.

Howard and Ruth looked to Kate for help, but she could give none, and could not ask for help herself. There was nothing left of the dream of a gracious and useful life for which once she had been preparing; now she must cling to duty.

"Finish what's on your plate, Ruth," she said. "It's good for you."

Suddenly, in spite of herself, Ruth remembered that first night at camp. Linda had cried with homesickness. Mary had burst into tears with homesickness, and Ruth had been dry-eyed, chill, knowing dreadfully and guiltily that she was not homesick at all. Oh, well—pretty soon now she'd see Teddy, and she longed for him.

Teddy, waiting for his sister, waiting to say "See the arch did stay up, I told you it would," hammered into place over the gate his beautiful, shaky arch, lettered in yellow with red outlines, WELCOME HOME. *

One Hot Dish at Every Meal

Continued from page 58

Quick Lunch
(Fruit juice, then this and lastly, ice-cream with fresh blueberries.)

2 Tablespoonfuls of butter or other fat	3½ to 4 Cupfuls of red plums, seeded and halved
½ Cupful of dried beef, separated into small pieces	1½ Cupfuls of sugar
¾ Cupful of canned or stewed tomatoes	1½ Tablespoonfuls of quick tapioca
¼ Cupful of cubed cheese	Pinch of salt
4 Eggs	2 Tablespoonfuls of butter
	Pastry

Melt the fat, add the dried beef and cook for a few minutes. Add the tomato, heat and add the cheese. Stir until the cheese is melted, add the eggs to the hot mixture and stir until the mixture is thickened. Serve at once on triangles of buttered toast. Four servings.

Deep Plum Pie

(With jellied soup as a curtain raiser, chilled salmon, cucumber garnish and cole slaw in inch-deep green pepper rings.)

Combine the sugar, tapioca and salt with the halved, seeded plums, and turn into a buttered baking dish. Dot with butter. Roll pastry to one-quarter-inch thickness and sprinkle lightly with sugar. Roll up like a jelly roll and cut in crosswise slices. Place these slices on top of the fruit, brush with milk and bake in a hot oven—400 deg. to 425 deg. Fahr.—for ten minutes. Reduce the heat to 350 degrees, and continue to bake until the plums are tender and the pastry nicely browned. Serve quite warm.

This is delicious served with ice cream.

Blackberry Dumplings

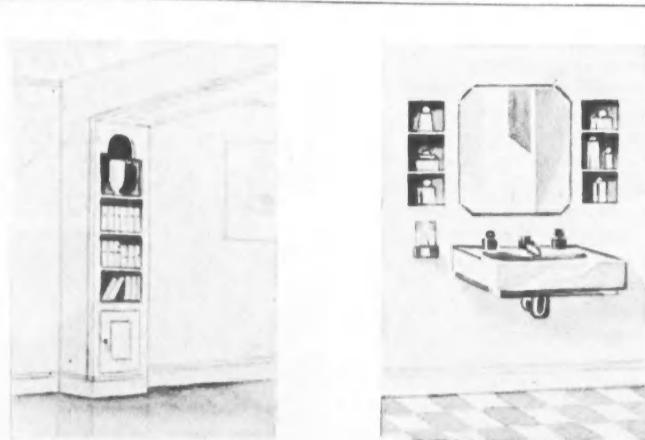
(Lead up with grapefruit, jellied meat loaf, salad from a big bowl and crusty rolls.)

2 Cupfuls of sifted flour
2 Teaspoonfuls of baking powder
½ Teaspoonful of salt
½ Teaspoonful of baking soda
½ Cupful of butter
½ Cupful of buttermilk
3 Cupfuls of ripe blackberries
6 Tablespoonfuls of sugar
6 Teaspoonfuls of butter

Measure the sifted flour, and sift again with the baking powder, salt and baking soda. Cut in the butter and add the buttermilk, making a dough which can be handled. Turn out on a lightly floured board, knead lightly for a few seconds, divide into six equal parts and roll each part to make a trim square. Place one-half cupful of the berries in the centre of each square, sprinkle with one tablespoonful of sugar and top with one teaspoonful of butter. Gather up the four corners of the dough and pinch the edges together. Brush with milk, place in a baking pan and bake for about one-half hour in a moderate oven—375 deg. Fahr. Serve with plain cream. Six servings. *

"FAVORITE CAKES AND FILLINGS"

A Chatelaine Institute Bulletin. For this booklet of delightful recipes, write to Chatelaine Service Bulletins, 481 University Avenue, Toronto. Price 15 cents.



(Left) Bookshelf pilasters between living and dining room—the essence of taste and modernity. (Right) Recesses for toiletries, mirror without frame are the "nth" note of the modern bathroom.

means, wherever one may be located, he can avail himself of this new legislation.

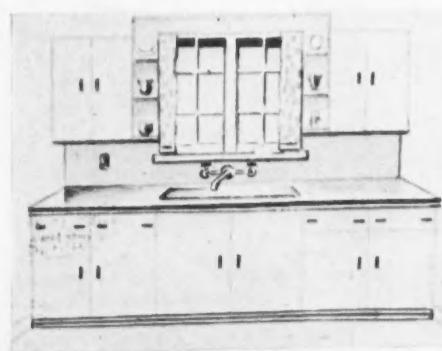
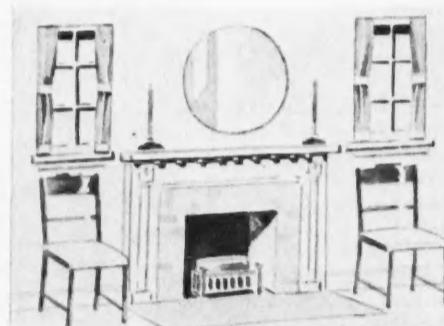
THERE WILL be a charge of \$20 made by the lending institutions, plus mileage allowance for necessary travelling expenses, to those who intend to build in remote and isolated rural districts. This will apply more particularly to settlers who have been getting along with the primitive shelters of the pioneers. Subsidies to the municipalities for relief of taxation on the house (not the lot) will be for houses begun after June 1, 1938, and extend to December 31, 1940; 100 per cent the first year, fifty per cent the second year, and twenty-five per cent for the third year. This will take the sting out of the complaint, so often heard, that taxes are a millstone around the neck of those intending to build a home.

Municipalities who set up a housing authority of their own, can obtain from the Dominion Government loans up to ninety per cent on new housing projects at two per cent interest. If citizens of any municipality form a united corporation, the return on their capital must not exceed five per cent, and the Dominion Government will make loans to such

limited corporations up to eighty per cent on new housing at one and three-quarters per cent interest. The Government's definition of economic rental is nine and a half per cent of the cost of the building, plus taxation. Loans to municipalities will be graduated according to population. Materials affected by the removal of the eight per cent sales tax include lumber, fibre board, plaster, paint, glass, plumbing fixtures, hardware, furnaces and roofing. All these materials are tax exempt, regardless of whether they go into house construction or not. Assuming sixty per cent of the cost of a house goes into materials, on a \$4,000 house, the saving of sales tax would amount to \$192.

An impression seems to be abroad that the Dominion Government is loaning money direct to prospective home builders. This is not so. All the Government is doing is to make an effort to encourage money-lending institutions to loan money to home builders on the guarantee that the Dominion Government will absorb ten per cent of the losses, if any. When making an application to a lending institution for a loan, it must be accompanied by plans. In the past, applicants have been disappointed when told by the lending institutions

The fireplace in this St. Thomas house is the pivotal point of the living room, as it should be. The windows on either side are in scale with the height of the room and give balance. The circular mirror over the mantel takes place of the ornate trappings which were common in Victorian days.



This kitchen, with sink under window, and flush plywood cabinets both above and below, has the top of the cupboards at the sink finished with linoleum and white metal framing. The little shelves at each side of the window give the room an intimate touch.

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Do You Understand THE 1938 DOMINION HOUSING ACT?

Does the Act apply to country as well as city dwellers? . . . What period of time is allowed for repaying a loan? . . . Is there a sales tax on building materials? . . .

Does a loan cover house and lot? . . . How does one apply for a loan?

EVAN PARRY, F.R.A.I.C., answers these and other questions in a survey of this recent housing legislation

OWING TO garbled inaccuracies floating about here and there as to what is and what is not included in the Dominion Housing Act of 1938, I'd like to give you some authentic information upon the pros and cons included in this recent legislation. Anyone wishing to build a house costing up to \$2,500 can obtain a loan of \$2,250, and those wanting to go up to a \$4,000 house can borrow \$3,200. The loan is on the house and does not include the lot. The period for paying the loan is stretched over twenty years. All loans must be obtained from approved lending institutions, and not direct from the Dominion Government.

Home builders, starting to build a new home this year, will not have to pay eight per cent sales tax on building materials used in its construction. Likewise, municipal taxation is considerably reduced for a three-year period.

Many readers who live in remote and outlying districts have complained in the past that they were precluded from participating in the 1935 Housing Act. This obstacle has been removed, and each and everyone, subject to complying with the requirements laid down by the Government and lending institutions, can now obtain a loan for building his or her new home.

Building is made easy for wage earners in the lower income group, those with small savings encouraged, and fear eliminated because the deal is authorized and backed by the Dominion Government. The abolition of the sales tax on building materials for new houses effects a saving of approximately four per cent on the cost of a finished house.

SPECULATIVE BUILDERS will not be able to participate. An individual may let a contract for the construction of his house and benefit by the tax rebate, but professional builders will not be given such advantage on houses which they erect for sale. Municipalities will be prevailed upon to make lots available, which came into their possession through tax sales, for \$50 apiece. Those who live in areas hitherto unacceptable to lending institutions under the 1935 Housing Act, such as mining towns, so-called undesirable residential areas in cities and isolated communities, including farms, can now secure loans for building new homes.

Loans of ninety per cent of the cost of construction may be obtained for houses costing under \$2,500, and eighty per cent on houses up to \$4,000. For those with small incomes and who haven't the necessary ten per cent to

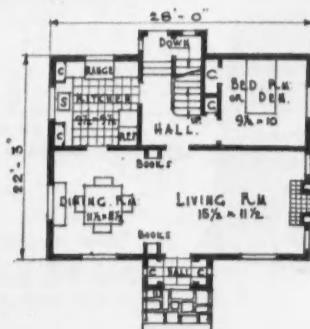
put up for a \$2,500 house, \$30,000,000 is available through local housing authorities — municipalities — and limited corporations. The rental for these housing units will not exceed twenty per cent of the total income of the families who occupy them.

During the debate in Parliament, it was stated that \$18 a month heated, and \$15 or \$16 a month unheated, apartments in towns or cities, were possible. This statement was based upon actual apartments, after careful checking by reliable authorities. Finance Minister Dunning has challenged one and all to make this legislation a success. From the evidence coming to us, day by day, there does not appear to be any doubt but that his challenge is being accepted. Under the 1935 Housing Act, the great bulk of the loans for housing were made in strictly settled areas of Ontario and Quebec. Those living in remote and isolated rural districts were out of luck. In many cases, the same restrictions were meted out to mining towns and (in the eyes of the lending institutions) undesirable areas in large cities. The lending institutions handling their clients' money were unwilling to take the risk involved. The 1938 Housing Act has overcome any such hesitance on the part of the lending institutions, which



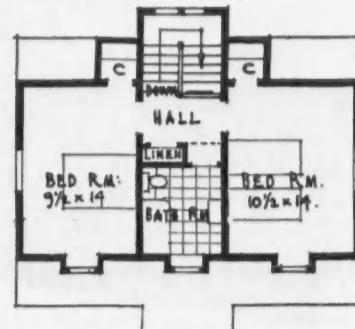
SIX-ROOM house costing \$4,000, exclusive of lot, built in the home town of Hon. Mitchell Hepburn and sponsored by St. Thomas Chamber of Commerce. Exceptionally pleasing exterior with wood siding, cedar shingles and walls painted white with green shutters. Outer walls and ceiling of bedroom floor are insulated with rockwool. The wrought iron railing at entrance, with platform and steps faced with stone in irregular pieces, completes a most charming example of what can be built under the 1938 Dominion Housing Act.

JOHN P. FINDLAY, M.R.A.I.C.,
Architect, St. Thomas, Ont.



The ground floor (left) has a combination living-and-dining room with its uses emphasized by bookshelf pilasters. Communication between kitchen and dining room is a housewife labor saver.

The bedroom floor (right) includes two bedrooms and bathroom. Each bedroom is cross ventilated and well lighted. The bathroom is spacious, the floor covered with plain linoleum and lime margins. Clothes closets in each room with linen cupboard in hall round out a most successful plan.



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The House of the Month

Designed by R. S. HANKS, M.R.A.I.C., Architect, Toronto
and described by EVAN PARRY, F.R.A.I.C.



A GOOD example of wood, stone and brick used in combination. The entrance is most inviting and sounds the note of "home." Minus veranda plus good windows it strikes the motif of modern house design, at a cost \$8,500, exclusive of lot.

Local stone, buff brick and bevelled siding are used in exterior walls, and the house is heated with oil-burning furnace, and winter air-conditioning unit. The kitchen is equipped with electric range, electric refrigerator and electric dishwasher. Insulated throughout with Ten-Test and Rockwool.

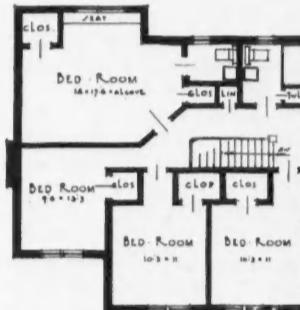
The first floor epitomizes convenience with

minimum labor involved in running the home. The kitchen, breakfast room and sunroom being "en suite" is good planning for serving light snacks and meals. The living room has the advantage of a two-way window useful for light, cheerfulness and comfort.

The second floor with four bedrooms provides ample accommodation for the average family of today. The toilet from the master bedroom is more than useful, and is most economical in that one complete three-piece bathroom is sufficient where such a convenience obtains. The staircase is well lighted and the bedrooms have ample clothes-closet space.



FIRST FLOOR PLAN



SECOND FLOOR PLAN

Look to Your Lamps

Continued from page 63

need light to see by, which may be the case if you are just listening to your favorite radio program with undivided attention, or merely meditating.

Think of the things we do when shades of night have fallen. So much of our living requires good seeing; even at play our eyes are at work, and even during those relaxing moments reclining on your chaise, snatching an interlude to finish the novel, will lighting play an all-important part in relaxation and comfortable seeing—provided it is abundant and soft, lighting of the right kind. The guest room desk, each

dressing table in your home, and each place where "seeing" is done, lighting is the all-important factor—enough light of the right kind! The piano, the reading spots and the bridge table may all be vulnerable so far as lighting is concerned!

Lamps which fall short of providing benefits in more comfortable seeing and in bringing out the beauty of the room should be scrutinized carefully. Be sure when selecting lamps to appraise them for their lighting merit, so that you may benefit in richer living which is so simple to achieve if you look to your lighting. ♦

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This magic little kitchen helper has been doing nothing else for nineteen years — no wonder it's good.

Works fast, too. A dip, a rub, a rinse. Stains and scorches vanish. Dull aluminum shines like new. No other cleanser just like it.

Give S.O.S. a trial — you'll keep it on the job ever after. Sold in the familiar yellow and red package at your grocer's, your department hardware or five and ten cent store. Or, if you prefer, mail the coupon below for a free sample.

FREE Paste this coupon on a post card and mail to The S.O.S. Manufacturing Co. of Canada, Ltd., 365 Sorrento Ave., Toronto, for a free trial package of S.O.S. You'll find it's wonderful.

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Keeping silverware in beautiful condition is simply a matter of cleaning with

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Plate Powder or Plate Polish
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It Beats Everything

Be sure the food mixer you buy is a **MIXMASTER**—there is only ONE **MIXMASTER**. **MIXES**, beats more **EVENLY** because it automatically maintains full power on all 10 speeds. Big full-mix beaters for greater aeration—better results. Most efficient juice extractor. The untiring, ever-ready dependable kitchen help.

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MANUFACTURERS AND IMPORTERS

that their plans were not practical and, therefore, not acceptable. If you wish to avoid delay and disappointment, be sure to submit well-prepared plans when applying for a housing loan. Many cannot afford to engage the services of an architect for a small house, in which case they should get in touch with the Dominion Government Department of Finance Housing Administration, Ottawa. This Department will furnish complete working drawings and specifications for \$10.

The steps necessary in applying for Dominion Housing Loans are:

1. The applicant, who must be the prospective owner and occupier of the house to be built, should apply to an approved lending company, stating: (a) The designation of the location of the lot on which he proposes to build. (b) Description of type of house he proposes to build, the estimated cost, and the source of the plans from which the house is to be built. That is all that is necessary for a preliminary application to an approved lending company.

2. The approved lending company, if satisfied with the location and other information, will forward to the applicant the necessary application form. These application forms should be filled out in duplicate and two copies returned to the approved lending company. With the application should go the following:

(1) Two sets of complete working plans; two sets of specifications; one copy of the survey of the lot, if available.

(2) Two copies of the accepted tender of the contractor who is to build the house. The approved lending company will ordinarily take from one

to three weeks to consider the application, as it is necessary for them to visit and appraise the lot, appraise the plans and make necessary enquiries.

(3) When the loan is approved, the owner is ready to proceed with construction and is expected to contribute his share of the cost before advances under the loan are made. Advances under the Government loan are made at regular intervals during construction, by the lending company, upon recommendation of their inspectors, who visit the job periodically.

A list of approved lending companies can be obtained from any insurance, loan, or trust company in your district. At the present time, there are over thirty approved lending companies operating in various parts of the Dominion.

In summing up the highlights of the 1938 Dominion Housing Act, it can be safely stated that by building your own home, you obtain: (1) Accommodation in your home, meeting your own family's requirements. (2) A new, fresh clean home which has never been lived in before. (3) Security for your family against frequent changes of residence, or increase in cost. (4) The comfort that comes from well-lighted, well-heated, well-ventilated, and well-insulated construction at low operating cost. (5) Permanent grounds for your children to play, and for gardens and outdoor recreation for the whole family. (6) A saving in out-of-pocket expenses for shelter every month and a growing investment resulting in complete ownership. All of these advantages you can obtain if able to give evidence of your ability to carry the monthly charges required, spread over a period of twenty years. *



IT certainly is disappointing to wake up with a headache or an upset stomach, and find there are no Alka-Seltzer Tablets in the house.

This often means having to start the day feeling miserable, when, had Alka-Seltzer Tablets been available, you could just drop one in a glass of water and quickly have a sparkling glass of Alka-Seltzer that would relieve your trouble promptly.

Alka-Seltzer gives relief in TWO ways—it's analgesic properties promptly relieve the pain and because it is one of the best alkalinizers known, it helps correct the excess acid condition so often associated with common ailments. Sold by all druggists in 30c and 60c packages.



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These little books are crammed with practical information that will make your holiday trips more enjoyable. Mailed postpaid for 25c a copy.

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TRANS-CANADA NEWS COMPANY
210 Dundas St. W., Toronto, Canada

POINTERS FOR YOUR HOME

Strawberry corduroy for a studio couch cover blends well with dusty rose walls, lettuce green net glass curtains, and a rug in two tones of grey.

Seats in recessed windows with cupboards under are extremely useful in bedrooms.

Electrically operated window closers cut out the chilly chore on frosty mornings of closing the window.

Sliding doors for clothes closets are space savers.

Vacuum cleaner and its attachments, cleaning cloths, scouring powders, soaps, the scrub bucket and the necessaries for cleaning, should be concentrated in a handy location. A small space partitioned off in a corner of the hallway would fill the bill.

An illuminated house-number plate installed for easy visibility from the street is a great convenience for visitors at night.

Weatherstripping a home is money well spent.

Interior woodwork which is to be

enamelled should have all spots coated with shellac.

Floodlights under the eaves of the roof are a protection against burglary.

To paint exterior brickwork, coat with a waterproof primer and then apply two coats of first class quality outside paint.

Nightlights with louvered fronts in balls, above baseboard of bedroom floors, similar to those to be seen in hospital corridors, are invaluable for homes with young children and during sickness.

In floors where sound transmission is a factor, spread a deadening felt over the rough floor held in place by woodstrips before laying the finished floor.

A weeping tile drain is necessary where the land slopes against the house.

Salt sprinkled in repeated doses will keep sidewalk cracks and crevices between flagstones free of grass.

Rubbing with a fine cleaning powder moistened with kerosene will remove rust from bathtubs and sinks. *

If you have any house-planning or remodelling problems, send your queries to

EVAN PARRY, F.R.A.I.C.

THE HOUSE CLINIC

CHATELAINE, 481 UNIVERSITY AVENUE, TORONTO, ONTARIO.

Please enclose stamped addressed envelope for reply.



"With me there is nobody else," I said, and saw that my shot had not missed its mark.

A COMPLETE NOVEL . . .

No Place for a Woman

by ARTHUR STRINGER

I OPENED THE cabin-window and felt the night air blow in on my face. It blew clean and cool, cutting through the softness of the *Kuro-shio* and making me think of a knife-blade wrapped in black velvet.

As I stood there sniffing that sharper air, like a fox flailing the breeze, I realized some ghostly presence just over the peaks, sparkling blue-white in the starlight. Above those receding peaks I could see the pointers of the Great Dipper as it swung regally about its lode-star. And between that steadfast star and the line of the black-toothed hilltops I could make out a faint showing of the Northern Lights, a few wavering bands of green and opal to remind me that I was heading North again to the home of my youth. I wanted to meet it face to face. That little ship's-cabin became suddenly hateful to me. I was tired of the noise and the accordion-music of the drunken groups swarming North to their cannery work. I was tired of tobacco-smoke and alcoholic song and crying babies and squawking radios that cheapened the midnight quietness of the Inland Passage twisting between the headlands where the stars came close. I wanted to be alone with that whispered greeting from my old world.

So I reached for a wrap and made my way up on deck, where all was quiet and not a ship's lamp showed between the shadowy bow and the equally shadowy bridge. But in the gloom there, I remembered, anxious eyes were deciphering our passage through the narrows, our tortuous passage that swung the Dipper first to one side and then to the other.

I crept as far forward as I could, groping about the deck freight waiting to be left ashore at the next port of call. I finally found a seat on what proved to be a slatted crate of chickens. The feathered bodies under me moved and clucked sleepily at that midnight intrusion. Then everything was quiet again.

I felt less alone in the world, for all the quietness about me, as I sat watching the faint and far-off waver of the Northern Lights. They seemed like quiet hands, friendly but ghostly hands, beckoning me to the hills of my childhood. And as I sat there, the night-wind fanning my face, I felt that my mission was not a

trivial one. I owed something to Alaska. And I had to justify myself through my work there, in what men called the last frontier.

Presently I woke up to the fact that I was no longer alone on that silent and starlit fore-deck.

A man, none too steady on his feet, wavered past me in the darkness. He stopped, on his way aft again, and leaned a little closer over my crate-seat. He wanted, apparently, to make sure it was a woman there.

He laughed as he passed an exploring hand over the softness of my polo-coat. Then he sat down on the crate beside me. His repeated laugh impressed me as both reckless and slightly defiant.

I sat silent, without moving, as he turned and tried to throw a bottle overboard. The bottle fell short, crashing noisily against an iron windlass.

"Good-bye, sweetheart," he said with thick-voiced indifference. He was, I concluded, one of the West Coast wanderers who had been turning the lower decks of the Yukon into a cross between a faro-joint and a waterfront saloon. But he was sober enough to resent my sustained silence.

"Can't you talk, pretty one?" he asked, with his face insolently close to mine. I wasn't afraid of him. I'd seen camp drunks enough in my day. But I hated him for corrupting the quiet beauty of that midnight vigil. And in him I recognized a type that was the curse of the North Country. So I continued to confront him with the thunders of silence.

As I did so he rose unsteadily to his feet and reached into his pocket. From it he took a flashlight which he even more insolently held up in front of my face. The sudden glare made me blink.

"Not a bad looker," he had the grace to acknowledge. But again no way added to my happiness. "Why in thunder are you heading for the land of the sour-doughs?"

That question I also declined to answer. I even moved a little to one side, to avoid the wavering flashlight. But he made the beam follow me, laughing a little as he did so.

"Put out that light," a deep voice commanded from the darkness of the bridge. It was no easy matter, I remembered, to navigate the waters of the Inland Passage.

My tormentor did as he was told. But he took his time about it. And after staring a minute or two at the distant bridge he reseated himself on the crate beside me.

"We like it dark, don't we?" he said as he reached for my hand. The vigor with which I removed it from his clasp caused him to lose his balance for a moment or two. But he steadied himself and sat beside me in morose silence.

"What's taking a peach like you to that tin can territory?" he finally enquired.

"It so happens," I informed him, "that I'm going to teach in the Indian school at Tokluna."

That seemed to hold him for a moment. But his laugh, this time, was more caustic than ever.

"I wish you'd go away," I told him. His movement, as he leaned closer over me, was an exasperatingly intimate one.

"On a night like this," he murmured, "with the stars up there singing together over the mountain-tops? Not on your life, lady!"

I knew my first tingle of fear as I felt his arm creep like a snake's head about the loose folds of my polo-coat. The Yukon, at that moment, seemed a terribly empty ship.

"Kindly go away," I said. I said it slowly and distinctly and with all the severity I could command.

He only laughed at me.

"Not on your life," he said for the second time. And he laughed still again as I tried to wriggle free of his encircling arm.

The sound of that carelessly defiant laugh was still in the air when I saw a shadow detach itself from the shadowy iron bulwark toward the bow of the boat.

It was a man there.

It was a man, I realized, who'd been

leaning against the rail and watching the starlit water. He moved toward me in the uncertain light, with rather unhurried steps. But there was no hesitation in them.

"Is this mucker annoying you?" he asked.

I couldn't make out his face. But from the moment I first heard it I liked his voice. It was a casually deep and full-timbered voice, with a reassuring note of quietness that made my foolishly quickened heart slow down a little. I could see, as he stood over me, that he was tall and lean. And I knew, in some way, that I could depend on him.

"I wanted to be alone here," I found the courage to protest.

But the man on the crate beside me declined to move. It was the tall and shadowy figure above me that came a step or two closer.

"Did you hear what the lady said?" he prompted. The quiet-before-the-storm tone of his voice sent a little chill needling up and down my spine. But still my tormentor held his ground.

"Who asked you to barge in on this?" he was reckless enough to challenge.

The tall stranger stood silent a moment, in a sort of patiently impatient tolerance.

"Isn't your name Ericson?" he finally demanded.

"You're tootin' right it is," was the prompt reply.

"Well, Ericson, you're not quite sober," said the other. "You haven't been sober a day since we pulled out of Vancouver. And at the present moment you're not wanted here."

"Who says I'm not wanted?"

"I do."

"What's that to me?" said the man at my side.

"It's this," was the unexpectedly prompt reply. And before I knew it I was alone on the crate.

I COULDN'T quite make out what was taking place in the darkness that wasn't altogether darkness. But what startled me, after a quick moment of struggle, was that the young man who answered to the name of Eric the Red had not only been lifted bodily from where he sat, but had been shaken as a rag is shaken by a terrier and had been

Chatelaine

September, 1938

Index of Advertisers

ONLY worthy products and services are accepted for introduction to Chatelaine homes through the advertising pages of Chatelaine. Readers, therefore, can buy the lines advertised in Chatelaine with confidence of satisfactory service. By insisting on trademarked lines of known quality and value, Chatelaine readers avoid costly mistakes when buying for their homes.

Absorbine Jr.	36	Maytag Quality Washers	50
Anaconda American Brass Ltd.	64	Maxwell House Coffee	3rd Cover
Arrid	40	McGlashan, Clarke Co. Ltd.	66
Baby's Own Tablets	50	Meltonian Cream	44
Bon Ami	65	Memba-Seals	52
Brownatone	46	Mercalized Wax	46
Campbell's Soup	19	Metropolitan Life Ins. Co. Ltd.	24
Carter's Little Liver Pills	42	Mixmaster	66
Cash's Names	50	Modess	30
Castoria	4	Murine Eye Remedy	42
Chesebrough Vaseline	45	Mutual Life of Canada	43
Colgate Ribbon Dental Cream	28	Nugget Polish	46
Cox's Gelatine	52	Odorono Ice	37
Crane Limited	5	Odorono Liquid	26
Cudahy Packing Co.	4th Cover	Orlex	48
Cuticura Remedies	48	Othine	46
Dept. of Trade and Commerce	49	Palmolive Soap	29
Dominion Corset Co. Ltd.	38	Paris Paté	52
Evan Williams Shampoo	42	Parker Quink	48
Fasteeth	46	Pond's Cream	23
Fels Naptha Soap	25	Porritts & Spencer	62
Flexible Shaft Co.	66	Princess Pat Beauty Aids	45
Goddards Plate Powder	67	Quaker Natural Bran	60
Gouraud's Oriental Cream	42	Rendells	42
H. J. Heinz Company	55	Royal Bank of Canada	40
Henderson & Smyth Ltd.	61	Sanforized Shrunk	39
Imperial Tobacco Co.	20	Sani-Flush	67
Ipana Tooth Paste	1	Scholl Mfg. Co.	45
Johnson's Wax	58	Silvo	62
Keen's Mustard	58	Shaw Schools Limited	46
Kellogg's All-Bran	59	S.O.S. Mfg. Co. of Can. Ltd.	67
Kellogg's Corn Flakes	57	Stillman's Cream	45
Kellogg's Krumbles	52	St. Lawrence Starch Co. Ltd.	52
Kleenex	26	Swans Down Cake Flour	57
Kotex	33	Tampax	36
Lister Co.	61	Tangee	42
Lifebuoy Soap	41	Tucketts Buckingham Cigarettes	6
Listerine	32	Viceroy Jar Rings	60
Lux	47	Viyella Flannel	50
Lydia E. Pinkham	46	Woodbury Powder	31

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Descriptions of Patterns on Pages 34, 35

No. 2856—Sizes 10, 12, 14, 15, 16, 17 and 18. Size 15 requires. Suit: 4½ yards of 35-inch fabric; 2½ yards of 54-inch fabric. Jacket Lining: 1½ yards of 39-inch fabric. Coat: 3½ yards of 35-inch fabric; 2½ yards of 54-inch fabric. Lining: 2½ yards of 39-inch. Price, 25 cents.

No. 2864—Sizes 12, 14, 15, 16, 17, 18 and 20. Size 15 requires, 3½ yards of 35-inch fabric; 2½ yards of 39-inch fabric; 2 yards of 54-inch fabric. Slip with Pleating, Collar and Sash: 3 yards of 35-inch fabric; 2½ yards of 39-inch fabric. Slide Fastener for side placket: 9-inch length. Price, 20 cents.

No. 2860—Sizes 10, 12, 14, 15, 16, 17 and 18. Size 15 requires, Blouse: 2 yards of 35-inch fabric; 1½ yards of 39-inch fabric. Bow: ½ yard of 1½-inch-width ribbon. Suspender Skirt: 2½ yards of 35-inch fabric; 2 yards of 39-inch fabric; 1¾ yards of 54-inch fabric. Jacket: 1½ yards of 54-inch fabric. Lining: 1½ yards of 39-inch material is required. Price, 25 cents.

No. 2869—Sizes 2, 4, 6 and 8. Size 6 requires, 2½ yards of 35-inch fabric; 2 yards of 39-inch fabric. Contrast: ¾ yard of 35, 39- or 44-inch fabric. Panties: ¾ yard of 35- or 39-inch material. Price, 15 cents.

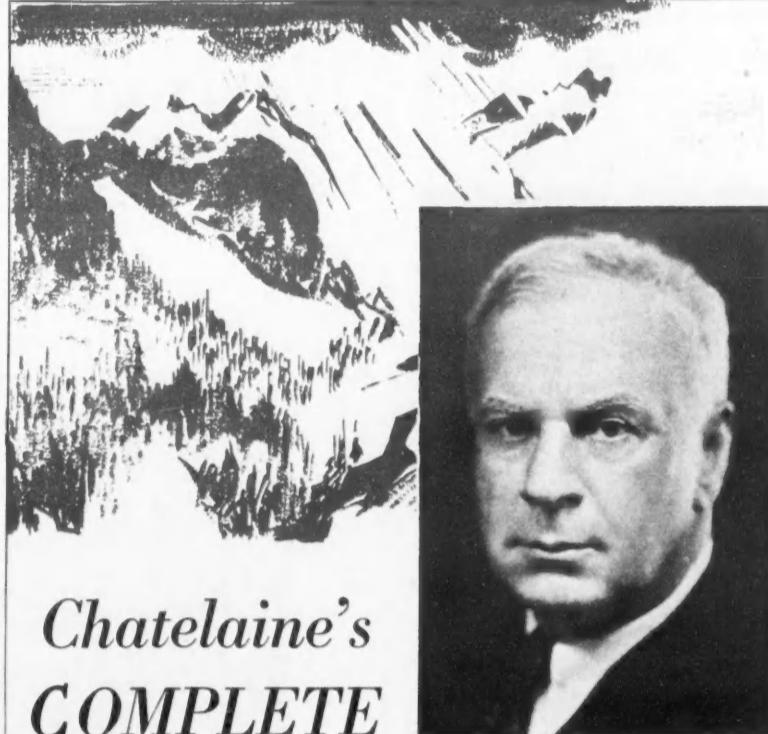
No. 2861—Sizes 6, 8, 10, 12 and 14. Size 12 requires, 2½ yards of 35-inch fabric; 2½ yards of 39-inch fabric. Collar: ¼ yard of 35- or 39-inch fabric. Slide Fastener for front opening: 9-inch length. Price, 15 cents.

No. 2854—Sizes 12, 14, 16, 18 and 20. Bust 30 to 38. Size 16 requires, 4½ yards of 39-inch fabric; 3 yards of 54-inch fabric. Neckband and Sleeveband: ¼ yard of 35- or 39-inch material. Price, 25 cents.

No. 2865—Sizes 12, 14, 16, 18 and 20. Bust 30 to 38. Waist 26 to 32. Size 16 requires, Coat: 4½ yards of 35-inch fabric; 3 yards of 54-inch fabric. Skirt: 1½ yards of 54-inch fabric. Price, 25 cents.

No. 2862—Sizes 12, 14, 16, 18, 20 and 40. Bust 30 to 40. Size 16. Coat: 2½ yards of 54-inch fabric. Jacket: 1½ yards of 54-inch fabric. Skirt: 1½ yards of 54-inch fabric. Price, 25 cents.

No. 2902—Sizes 12, 14, 16, 18 and 20. Bust 30 to 38. Size 16 requires, 4½ yards of 35-inch fabric; 3½ yards of 39-inch fabric; 2½ yards of 54-inch fabric. Price, 20 cents.



Chatelaine's COMPLETE NOVEL

is by the World-famous Canadian Author
Arthur Stringer

"No Place for a Woman"

This enthralling new novel — to be published in book form this autumn — is presented to give Chatelaine readers greater reading value and more hours of reading time.

★

Here's the latest novel of Canada's most famous novelist — Arthur Stringer.

The story is complete in this issue. You'll find it a thrilling tale of the far north — a story that sweeps you into the adventures of young Carol Coburn, blond schoolteacher, who returns to her birthplace, Alaska, to search for her dead father's mining stake.

Arthur Stringer has many brilliant successes to his credit. Remember PRAIRIE WIFE? And PHANTOM WIRES? PRAIRIE MOTHER? And many others.

His motion pictures have won him wide acclaim. Among his popular hits were EMPTY HANDS... MAN-HANDLED... His volumes of verse are read wherever fine poetry is loved.

Arthur Stringer was born in Chatham, Ontario, and educated at Toronto University and Oxford. He has spent many years in the Canadian Northwest as well as other parts of Canada, and has lived much out-of-doors. He knows thoroughly the vigorous outdoor life depicted in this new novel.

Next Month!

ANOTHER COMPLETE NOVEL

"Lovely Journey"

By JESSIE DOUGLAS FOX

Author of many popular novels, this young writer brings a compelling story of a girl who fell in love with a charming ne'er-do-well.

IN THE OCTOBER CHATELAINE

"We'll probably never see each other again," I said with a limping enough effort at indifference.

"But I think we will," he corrected with unexpected solemnity. My hand, resting on the rail, could feel his bigger hand close over it.

"Hasn't Eric the Red done enough of that?" I asked in an adequately frosted voice.

The man who called himself Sidney Lander promptly lifted his hand away.

"But I still want to know your name," he quietly reminded me. "I think you owe me that much."

I laughed and stood silent a moment.

"My name's Carol Coburn," I finally admitted, "free, white, and twenty-one, and heading back to the icebound hills of her birth."

I tried to be flippant about it, since I found something chilling in a too abrupt relapse to actuality. But my levity was lost on the man beside me.

"Coburn?" he repeated. And his voice impressed me as almost a startled one.

"Carol Koyukuk Coburn," I announced, "with the Koyukuk usually suppressed."

"What was your father's name?" he asked.

"His real name," I said, "was Kenneth Coburn. But back on the creeks he was known as Klondike Coburn."

That brought silence between us again. And when the man beside me spoke, it was in an oddly altered voice.

"How long," he questioned, "will you be at Toklutna?"

"For at least a year," I told him. "But why do you ask?"

"Because I think I'll be seeing you," he said, without the slightest trace of levity.

"Why?" I inquired, doing my best to make that query a matter-of-fact one.

"Trails have the habit of crossing in this North Country of yours," he said with a curt little laugh.

"I hope yours leads to success," I said with an answering small laugh that wasn't as light in note as I'd intended.

But to that, as he piloted me down between the chicken-crate and the bales of deck-freight, he ventured no immediate reply. And I had a feeling, as I undressed and stretched out in my berth no wider than a tombstone, that low-voiced strangers who belong to someone else had no right to talk to lonely-hearted girls in the starlight, and then have to say good-bye with nothing more than the most solemn of handclasps. It was apt to do things, I discovered, to the lady's dreams.

CHAPTER II

IT WASN'T until the crowding and confusion of our shore-stop at Cordova that I saw Sidney Lander again. Then I caught sight of him on the dock, stooping over a wire-covered crate that had just been swung down from the ship's deck. He plainly didn't like the roughness with which that piece of baggage was being handled. But his face cleared as he opened the crate-end and let out a long-haired sheep dog which disdained the bone held out in front of it. The quivering animal merely flung itself on its master, whimpering and crazy with joy as it rested a paw on either wide shoulder.

All the way to Resurrection Bay, in fact, I felt oddly alone in the world. It seemed less and less like going home.

Yet I knew, once we reached Seward, that I was back on the frontier. I knew it by the smell of the sub-Arctic air, by the glint of sunlight on glacial ice; by the lightly timbered hills, by the

wooden-fronted shops and the loungers in shoe-pacs; by the smoke-crowded trains that went creaking and twisting up a shack-strewn valley of jack-pine. I'd feel better, I told myself, when I got to Toklutna.

But when I found myself face to face with that solemn big school surrounded by a straggle of cabins that made it look



The cave seemed oddly homelike.

like a mother-hen surrounded by her chicks, no sense of high adventure reposed in my arrival.

IT WAS Miss Teetzel, I think, who spoiled everything. For Miss Teetzel, the school principal, who met me there with two scrofulous-looking Indian boys at her heels, proved to be a somewhat dehydrated spinster with an eye like a baldheaded eagle and a jaw like a lemon-squeezer. I could see her disapproving glance go over my person, from my gray tweed cap with its rather cocky Tyrolean feather to my frivolous suede pumps. I plainly didn't fit in with her idea of what a teacher should be. I'd been Outside so long that I failed to remember the law of the Rugged North, which inclines even the daughters of those great open spaces to a certain sturdy roughness of attire.

What they expect of you there, I soon learned, was something with the bark on. And it didn't take me long to find out I wasn't as welcome at Toklutna as I'd fondly imagined. I didn't much mind being consigned to the smallest and meanest room in the big old building. I could have forgiven that building itself, which was partly reservation school and partly hospital, and always smelt of soap and disinfectants, for being so ugly and barren-looking. But I couldn't overlook the spirit of hostility with which I was ushered into my far-north mission. For that spirit expressed itself, once I'd unpacked, in the first task with which Miss Teetzel confronted me. It was to take charge of the washing from the children's ward. And it was rather a septic mess to get clean, even with the power-machine which Miss O'Connell showed me how to operate. But I knew the lemon-squeezer lady was playing an operatic air or two on the keyboard of my endurance. So I put on my rubber gloves, and shut my teeth, and went through with my job.

Later, Miss O'Connell helped me put up a few pictures in my room. And this same Katie O'Connell proved herself the one girl I liked in that new valley of

loneliness. She had Irish grey eyes, a sense of humor, and a frame like a man's. She was, I discovered, really a graduate nurse and should have worn a uniform. But she bowed to the law of the frontier, and dressed that muscular body of hers in mannish flannel shirts and khaki breeches and high-laced hunting-boots. She swung an axe and managed a boat and handled a rifle as casually as any old-timer.

At Toklutna she plainly found plenty to do. For of the thirty-seven children in our school, three had tubercular neck-glands, two had congenital hip-disease, and another dozen either ear-trouble or ominous chest coughs. They were the offspring of the once stalwart Eskimo and the noble Red-Man of the North, proving how merciless the hand of mercy could sometimes be. Our civilization, plainly, hadn't done much for those misfits. We thought we'd been helping them, but all we did was take away their stamina and pauperize them. We left them so improvident they came to regard it as foolish to go out and fish and hunt and trap.

So they let the White Man bask in the glory of the White Man's Burden. They gave up and wallowed in shiftlessness and loafed about in rags, and mated and reproduced, and passed their ill-begotten offspring over to Toklutna to feed and clothe.

Miss Teetzel, I soon discovered, did her best to keep the native girls in the school from talking with the old women of the outside settlement. For these verminous old squaws had a lot of tribal superstitions they tried to pass on to the youngsters. According to Miss O'Connell, for example, they made a practice of not letting their first-born children live, especially the Copper River Indians, who believed that if their first little papoose lasted until he was eight or nine months old, his father went straight to the Happy Hunting Grounds. So they quietly forgot to feed the child, or casually exposed it to the cold. And when it was frozen stiff they felt a parent's life had been saved.

Katie O'Connell, in fact, was on the war path because of an Indian couple who sneaked over into the Matanuska Valley with their seven-months-old baby, ostensibly on a hunting-trip. But if they came back without that papoose, our grim-eyed nurse proclaimed, she was going to have them locked up for life. It wasn't that they didn't love their children. It was merely one of those absurd old superstitions that brought unnecessary tragedy into their lives. They even thought it unlucky to have twins. An Indian mother would refuse to nurse the weaker of the two until it just quietly curled up and died. And that was the sort of thing, I remembered, my poor old dad wanted me to fight against.

As I quartered back across the school-yard one afternoon, after stopping a fight between two of my little Redskin warriors (based on a can of tinned cow stolen from the kitchen), I bumped into Doctor Ruddock, who looked us over once a week. He stopped, with his black bag in his hand, and rather solemnly looked me over.

"You're not very happy here," he said. "How'd you like a whack at a school over at Wasilla?"

My first impulse was to tell him that I didn't believe in running away from things. But I said, instead, that I was waiting for rather an important report from the Record Office at Juneau.

"Got a mine claim?" he said with his quick and kindly smile.

"That's what I have to find out," I told him.

He glanced at the shabby old barracks that overshadowed us.

"Well, if they crowd you too hard here, let me know. I can pull a string or two, when you're ready. And that Matanuska Valley, if I don't miss my guess, is going to be very much on the map."

The memory of that message didn't stay with me as long as it might have. For on my way to my room Katie O'Connell handed me a letter from Sidney Lander. It had come out from Chakitana by airplane and had been mailed at Fairbanks. The writer of that letter said that I had been very much in his thoughts. But the comforting little glow a message like that could bring just under one's floating ribs was cut short by the further message that the sooner I could marshall all data and documents in connection with my father's Chakitana claim the more definite it would make Lander's course of action in the immediate future. "The Trumbull outfit and I are parting company," it concluded, "and what I prophesied about our trails coming closer may happen a little sooner than either of us imagined."

CHAPTER III

I COULDN'T, of course, send documents which I didn't possess on to Sidney Lander. And I couldn't get any response to my repeated letters to the high-and-mighty Record Office officials at Juneau. I had to wait, as women so often have to do in this world, and marvel at the manner in which busy days could slip away and the ever earlier hour at which our northern sun went to bed.

The sun was swinging lower and lower and the birch-leaves were turning and the wild-fowl heading South. The fireweed was red on the hill-sides and I once more faced the familiar old task of stoking a drum-stove with spruce-logs.

With the coming of the first untimely snowfall I'd taken to whipcord riding breeches and invested in a pair of pacs, high boots made of leather, with generous foot-room to allow for at least two pairs of woollen socks. Katie, when she saw me thus attired, proclaimed that I once more looked like an old-timer. Then she went over her combination rifle and shotgun, which she calls a "game-getter," and asked if I'd swing in with her on a moose hunt across the Inlet.

But instead of a moose hunt we went on a baby hunt. For Katie had been right about her vanished papoose. Word came that our poor little red-skinned Oedipus had been found abandoned in a poplar grove east of Wasilla. Doctor Ruddock, who brought the news to Toklutna, said there was a passable trail through the hills and delegated Katie and me to motor over to the Matanuska Valley and bring the outcast back.

Katie, who would have started out for the Pole at a word from that doctor of hers, lost no time in getting ready. She togged me up in an old caribou parka and a pair of bearskin gauntlets that came to my elbows. And we started out, with plenty of food and blankets and a medicine bag that held two pints of brandy.

By noon the next day we won through to the Matanuska River, where we were told to push on eastward along the valley toward what was called The Butte. High up in the hills, as we went, I could see mountain sheep, looking like little snow-clouds anchored to the rock-ledges.

swung out over the ship's rail. He was held there by the scruff of the neck, writhing and kicking. He began, in fact, to emit muffled little rat squeals as he hung over open space, with nothing but the star-rifled black water under his heels.

"Don't," I gasped, with a hand on the unrelenting long arm. And that arm, I discovered as I tugged at it, was as firm as iron.

"A few gallons of sea-water," said the untroubled deep voice beside me, "would wash a little of the fireworks out of his system."

"Please don't," I implored, remembering that a moment's unexpected rending of cloth might send the man tumbling down into the channel.

My rescuer turned to me and apparently tried to study my face in that misty midnight duskiness. Then he swung out his second long arm and lifted the still struggling figure back over the rail.

"Now you get down where you belong," said the tall man as he gave his captive a final shake. "And if you talk to this girl again, Ericson, I'll break every bone in your body."

It took time for Ericson to get his breath back.

"You don't own her," he shrilly announced. "And you don't own me. And if you—"

But the other cut him short.

"Are you going?" he demanded.

Ericson fell back a step or two as the other advanced.

"I'll do more than talk before I'm through with her," he proclaimed. It was a final effort, I felt, to save his face. But it fell short of its mark. For as the menacing long arm once more reached out he dodged away from a row of gas-drums. From there, after a silent moment or two that impressed me as heavy with hate, he retreated into the darkness.

THE TALL man stooped to pick up the fallen flashlight. And I sat there wondering at the foolish sense of security his sustained silence was bringing back to me.

"They've been hitting it up pretty hard for three days now," he finally observed. I was glad to find him without the impulse to kick a man already down.

"I suppose," I ventured, "it's because they're so hopeless and homeless."

"That's the curse," he said, "of our West Coast. It's too full of bums and bundle-stiffs. They never stay long enough in one place to take root. And then these soap-box agitators come along and spout Communism at them." He looked away, for a moment, and then turned back to me. "But that fire-eater had no right getting rough with a woman. With a woman like you, I mean."

"Why with a woman like me?" I questioned, for, like a horse, I was already feeling quieter with the knowledge that the reins were in a quieter hand.

"I spotted you the first day out," he said, "as a girl who rather wanted to be left alone."

"I do," I said. But that, I felt, might frighten him away. And I didn't want him to go away. "I mean I did," I amended.

"You naturally don't belong among those roughnecks."

"I'm afraid I do," I told him. "I'm North born."

That seemed to surprise him.

"You've been out for quite a time?"

"For seven long years," I told him, feeling a little alone in the world. But I

kept my chin up. I even laughed a little as I inhaled some newer sweetness in the air, some sharper fragrance from the spruce-clad hills all around me.

"She's a great country," he said out of the silence. And, being North born, I agreed with him. "But it's no place for a woman," he added.

"Why not?" I demanded. He laughed a little at that quick challenge.

"Because women want anchorage. They're not satisfied with wildness and roughness. And there's been a sort of conspiracy to keep Seward's Ice-box uncivilized."

"Why," I promptly questioned, "can't Alaska be civilized?"

"Oh, it will in time," he quietly conceded. "But it has some bad habits to get over. It's too proud of its shirt-sleeve past. It's too fond of calling itself the last frontier and doing things on the dime-novel basis. It's banked too long on the bush-rat with a skillet and a slab of sowbelly."

"You seem to know all about Alaska," I ventured. But he disregarded the barb in my voice.

"Not as much as I'm going to," he said. "I fell for the North, my first year out of the Toronto University. Then the bug bit me when I prospected the Michikmama country in Labrador and had to dig in for the winter. Then I went to Flin Flon for a year. Then I headed for Fairbanks and had a couple of seasons on the gold-dredges along the Tanana, where the work's plotted out three and four years in advance. That's what you'd call real mining."

"And now?" I prompted.

"Now I'm headed for the valley of the Chakitana, where the Trumbull company is going to consolidate its claims and tackle that territory in earnest. It's got something to work with there."



"The Chakitana," I echoed, ignoring the quiet exultation in his voice. The once-familiar sound of the Chakitana came back to me, across the years, with an oddly disturbing ring.

"Do you know that country well?" I asked.

"Not yet, of course," he said. "But I know something big is going to break before we get through with it. We'll dig a little deeper than the old pan-tillers who've been fussing around the fringes there. And I want to be in on the show when the color comes."

"Where you'll be safe and well fed and getting the news of the world by radio," I said, thinking of the lone-fire old-timers.

"But merely a hired man," my companion added with an unexpected note of regret. Then he laughed; a little de-

fensively, and leaned closer to me in the starlight. "What I'd rather know is more about you. And why you're heading North again. And what you're going to do with yourself up there on the Last Frontier."

"I promised my father I'd come back and work for Alaska," I told him.

"Dig in and civilize the sourdough?" he said with a flippancy I resented.

"No," I answered, "just do my bit toward getting a great country on its feet."

"He gave you quite a job. How are you going to do it?"

I told him that I was going to teach in the Indian school at Toklutna.

"But twenty thousand teachers couldn't tame that country. She was born wild and she seems to want to stay wild."

"I have a promise to keep," I told him. "And I've my father's claim to look into."

"Why'd he ever send you down to Canada?"

"He and I were alone, back in the Waceaeta hills. And when he struck through to prospect in the Ghost Lake country he felt it wasn't fair to me. He felt I ought to better myself, as he put it. So he sent me out to get civilized."

My companion's laugh was curt but not unkindly.

"It seems to have succeeded," he said. "Where'd you go for your slice of civilization?"

"All the way to Montreal," I told him. "I had an aunt there who was supposed to look after me. But she died the year I entered McGill."

"Then you weren't as happy as you expected to be?"

It was my turn to laugh.

"I was only a bush-rat's daughter. They made fun of my clothes and my hill-billy ways. I had to learn life all over again. And I was so late in getting started. It was that, I think, made me work harder than the others."

"Then you had to shift for yourself? Or was your father in Alaska still helping you?"

"He'd promised to come down to Montreal, but he kept putting it off. I think he was afraid of that outside world he knew nothing about. Then he went back in the hills, and I had trouble keeping in touch with him. Nearly a year went by, once, before I got a letter."

"That's not so nice," observed my newfound friend. "How did you keep going?"

"By working in a girls' camp for a summer. Then by teaching for a year in a northern school. Then by tutoring a lumberman's feather-headed daughter. And after my final year at college I got a chance to go to England for the summer. I was taken along as a sort of companion for a financier's daughter. She wasn't very strong. But she got to like me. And when the family went to Amalfi for the winter they kept me on. Then in the spring they went north to Florence, where they leased a villa just above Fiesole."

"I'd call that quite a break," said the man beside me.

"It was," I agreed. "It was all rather wonderful. But it made me feel like a deserter. And it was too good to last. Just when I was telling myself I had about everything one could ask for, I got a letter from Alaska, nearly seven months old."

"Telling you what?" prompted the voice at my side.

"Telling me my father had been found

CHATELAINE, SEPTEMBER, 1938

dead on the open trail," I answered, doing my best to be casual about it. "He'd been found there, frozen to death, between his Chakitana claim and Trail-End Camp. His grub-bag was empty. Two of his dogs had died and the others must have left him in the night. I can't help thinking of that lonely grave between the hills when you talk about the uselessness of the sourdough."

"I'm sorry," said my companion, with a quick note of contrition. He stood beside me, for a full minute of silence. "Where was your father's claim on the Chakitana?"

"That's what I've got to find out," I told him. "But it seems to be somewhere along the Three-Finger Range between the Cranberry and Blackwater Pass. Father, you see, was just an old-fashioned sourdough. He was always brooding about some final strike that was going to make him a millionaire. And he always felt there was a fortune in that mine of his, once it was opened up. It was his secret. And he hugged it tight, even from me."

"But the important point is, did he establish his claim?"

"I'm afraid not," I had to admit. "That's one of the things I've got to find out."

"That shouldn't be hard for an old-timer," he observed.

"It was kind of you," I said as I drew my polo-coat closer about me, "to help me as you did."

But he disregarded that valedictory note.

"I don't even know your name," he reminded me. "Who are you?" I laughed a little, for it didn't seem important. He impressed me as the one important thing there. For mysterious men with Herbert-Marshall voices had no right bending over a heart-free girl when the *Kuroshio* was already playing ducks and drakes with her peace of mind.

"Who are you?" I found myself asking, foolishly glad because of his nearness.

He didn't answer me at once. And in that moment of silence I summoned up courage enough to reach for the forgotten flashlight. Then I pressed the button and framed his stooping head in a sudden shaft of light.

I gulped as the light fell on his face. That face was strong and bronzed and touched with a quiet audacity that went well with his big frame. But I had seen it before, in an altogether different setting. For this was the man who had stood in the rain with a blonde and blue-eyed girl in his arms before the *Yukon* pulled out from the Vancouver wharf. He had been so absorbed in that clasp that he almost missed getting aboard. A little cheer, I recalled, had gone up from the passengers lining the dripping deck-rail as he broke away and leaped up a gangplank already in motion.

The memory of that scene promptly chilled and steadied me. An ice-wall as wide as the Columbia Glacier seemed to drift in between us.

I turned away and lifted my face up to the hills, from which the night-wind was blowing so clean and strong. And my companion, plainly enough, was conscious of that prolonging silence.

"I don't suppose it makes much difference," he said out of that silence, "but my name is Lander, Sidney Lander."

"No, it doesn't make much difference," I heard myself saying in an oddly thinning voice.

"Why?" he demanded, conscious of that remoter note.

on the primus stove, showed little interest.

"She'll be safe with me," he said without even lifting his head.

CHAPTER IV

I felt safe enough with Sidney Lander on that ride back to Toklutna. I had my papoose to look after and my trail-mate had his truck to manage. He even refused to smile when I said it rather reminded me of the Flight Into Egypt.

Something always happens, of course, to keep life from being too happy. For before we were an hour out on the road snow began to fall from the darkening sky. It fell heavier, before we were out of the valley, with a rising wind that blew the whipping flakes in streaks, and made it hard to see. It seemed to shut us up in a grey world all our own. And it gave us something more than our puny little emotions to think about.

By the time we were up in the hills we had drifts to buck. When it was necessary for Lander to stop and get busy with his shovel I'd give my Indian baby its needed attention and nest it down in blankets, with only its pinched little yellow face showing like a seal's at the bottom of a blow-hole. Then we'd fight our way on for another hundred yards or two. And I was almost ready to agree with Sock-Eye Schlupp that such contraptions as trucks weren't made for Alaska travel.

It wasn't until my companion got down from his seat and waded forward through a battalion of heavier drifts, to make sure of the trail that twisted so crazily about its narrow mountain shelf, that I had my first qualm of doubt.

"D' you think we can get through?" I asked, wondering why I was so contentedly facing hardship and peril.

Lander's laugh, as he turned and studied my face, was quiet and assuring.

"Aren't we of the breed," he demanded, "who never turn back?"

So we ploughed on again, feeling out our way in the uncertain light. Twice, when we slewed perilously close to the ravine that yawned at our car wheels, I thought the end had come. And twice, where the trail wound so vaguely about the upper slopes, we had to cut our way through drifts, with the help of the shovel. We did very little talking. But I could breathe more easily when we were over the hump and dropping down into the next valley.

Yet even there the drifts and darkness were too much for us. We got off the road and bumped head-on into a spruce stump. The old truck, with indignation boiling from its radiator cap, refused to go farther. I could see Lander's grim smile as I sat there staring out at the flailing snow. There wasn't a shack or settler, I felt sure, within ten miles of us.

"What'll we do?" I asked with a gulp.

It was Lander's turn to blink about at the snow-clad wastes surrounding us.

"I suppose we'll have to sleep out here," he casually announced.

"I suppose so," I agreed. But I wasn't as placid about it as I pretended. Lander, in fact, stared into my face for a moment or two before swinging down from his driver's seat. Then he lighted the primus stove and hung a lantern from one of the bows of our little covered wagon. And then, after shutting out the snow and wind by closing the end-flaps of the tarpaulin, he announced that he was going to have a look ahead along the trail.

He stayed away longer than I expected. By the time he got back, in fact,

I'd melted snow-water and had our coffee boiling on the primus stove. The smell of that coffee made our little canvas-covered cave seem rather home-like. And my cave-mate watched me with a ruminative eye as I warmed milk and fed the quietly complaining Indian baby. When our papoose was back in its basket, and we sat eating, with the primus stove between us, it seemed oddly paleolithic to be squatting there on a bundle of hay, dining on bacon and beans and sourdough bread.

Lander helped me pack things away when the meal was over.

"You're facing this like an old-timer," he said as he closed a tarp-vent through



which the wind was whistling. My answering smile was altogether a forced one.

"I used to go out on the trail with my father," I reminded him.

"That's what I want to talk to you about," he said. "Can you remember his camp on the Chakitana?"

"I was never there," I had to admit.

"Then it won't be easy to explain what I want to," he went on. "Your father had a real mine there. And he must have known it."

"Of course he did," I said, recalling ghostly scraps of talk from my childhood.

"Well, so does the Trumbull outfit," proclaimed my companion. The grimness of his voice made me prick up my ears. "The Trumbull Development Company always wanted a clean sweep of the Chakitana valley-bottom. They even sent me up there as field engineer to find out how the land lay and corral any territory needed to round out their development work. It was your father's claim that cut their field in two and kept them from having full control."

"He always said he'd never sell out," I explained.

"Of course he did," cried Lander. "He may have been a lone prospector, but he knew he held a key position there. And when they couldn't buy him out they did what they could to cancel on him."

"Then he had his patent?" I asked.

"Yes; but they tried to cloud his title by claiming his location lines were wrong. The official survey, when his first twenty acres were patented, showed the eastern limits of the claim to border on the Big Squaw where that creek ran into the Chakitana. The Big Squaw, in the open season, has a fine flow of water. And you can't mine in Alaska without water. I saw the Fairbanks Exploration Company spend a year and a half bringing water to their placer-fields. And

Trumbull wants that water for his upper shelf just about as much as he wants the claim."

"How do you know all this?" I asked.

"Because I've seen the Trumbull papers. And I made it my business to investigate some of the Trumbull moves. I know, for example, that while his engineers pretended to be doing development work their powder men planted enough dynamite in the right place to change the course of Big Squaw Creek. Then they brought in a Record Office surveyor who naturally found the Co-burn location-stakes all wrong."

"But the mining laws were framed to protect the finder of new claims," I argued. "And the records are still the records."

"But now and then a big corporation seems able to steamroller the rights out of them. A man like Trumbull, remember, can always pull strings. He can always find a palm to grease."

"The thing that puzzles me," I interposed, "is why you're not loyal to the man you're working for."

Lander's laugh was curt.

"If you can't sense that," he said, "I can't explain it to you." He laughed again, harshly. "Let's put it down to the fact that a man can't work for a boss he doesn't believe in."

"But why should he call my father's claim a fraudulent one?"

"Klondike Coburn, he contends, was born on the Canadian side of the line."

"That's true enough," I conceded. "But what about it?"

"A great deal. It means he wasn't a citizen. And the law says a patent can be allotted only to citizens."

"But my father was naturalized," I told him, "a year or two before I was born. He even used to talk about when he moved up out of the Indian class and got a right to vote."

Lander's spine suddenly stiffened.

"Are you sure of that?" he demanded. "Trumbull claims there's no record of it."

"But I have his papers," I explained. "He sent them out to me so I could get my passports when I was sailing for Europe."

I wondered at the grimness with which my companion said "Good work!" And I remembered the faded and dog-eared certificate, with the photo attached, also slightly faded, showing my father looking young and strong, in the pride of his early manhood. I'd always treasured that picture of him, the only one I possessed.

"That means our battle's half won," proclaimed Lander.

"Why do you say our battle?" I asked. Lander's face, as our glances locked, hardened a little. Then he laughed his curt laugh.

"Since I muddled into this thing," he said, "I'm going to be bull-headed enough to see it through."

"Why should you?" I asked, recalling earlier days when my ears had caught so many echoes of quarrels over location-posts and water-rights and metes and bounds.

"Let's write it down," he finally said, "to the fact that I like a straight shooter."

What was above suspicion as an ideal of conduct proved slightly disappointing as a personal response.

"But it's all so long ago," I objected. "And you can't wreck your career championing lost causes."

Still again Lander laughed.

"My career isn't wrecked. I'm think-

ing of swinging in with the Happy Day outfit, in fact, just beyond the Matanuska."

"Why?" I asked.

"Because then we won't be so far apart," he said.

I sat silent a minute or two, listening to the howling of the wind. I was thinking, as I studied the man sitting beside me on the truck hay, how close people could seem and yet be an ocean apart.

"You've been very kind to me," I said.

"You're easy to be kind to," Lander retorted with a quiet intensity that should have shifted my heart action into high. But I had certain things to remember.

"What does that mean?" I exacted, challengingly.

He leaned a little closer under the swaying lantern.

"It means I'm happier being with you than with anyone who walks this good green earth."

I was able to laugh a little.

"It isn't green," I reminded him. "And you might also remember why you so nearly missed the boat at Vancouver."

That took 'he wind out of his sails. I could see his jaw-muscles harden as he sat staring at me in the dim light from the lantern. Then he reached for his blanket.

"I guess I'm running a little ahead of schedule," he said as he rose to his feet. I watched him, with a small tingle of disappointment, as he backed out of the opening and began tying the flap cords together again.

"You're not going away?" I cried out above the whining of the wind. His quiet laugh, I suppose, was at the wanish quaver in my voice.

"I'll bed down up in the driver's seat," he said casually. And in a few minutes I could feel the tremor of the truck as he climbed aboard, up in front. I could hear him, a moment later, as he nested himself under his double blankets.

He wouldn't, I knew, be very comfortable there. But I consoled myself with the thought that it was something of his own choosing. I even wondered, as I stretched out on the hay next to my little papoose, if wind and cold wouldn't drive him back under cover, where he had a perfect right to be.

But when I awoke, in the middle of the night, I was still alone. And our Alaska blizzard was still slapping the tarp-sides against the truck-stays. And the snow, I knew, was piling deeper and deeper about that open-throated little cave of a driver's seat.

CHAPTER V

I was awakened, early the next morning, by Lander reaching in for the lantern. The drifter was over, he explained, but he'd have an hour with the shovel before we could hope to climb back to the trail-bed.

He hadn't slept any too well, I'm afraid, up on his windy driver's seat. I detected a sort of glum fury in his movements as he shovelled at the snowdrift that embedded us. Even after I'd boiled coffee and cooked breakfast for him he impressed me as unnecessarily constrained and silent. And he must have found little to lighten his spirits, once we had got under way again, as we fell to battling that deeply drifted trail.

The gasoline, after all, didn't give out. But it was late in the afternoon when we got through to Toklutna and drew up at the old wooden barracks that was our destination.

There we were received by Miss Teet-

SUDDENLY Katie squealed aloud. For at a turn in the road we came face to face with a bewhiskered old-timer with a holstered hunting knife and a six-gun swinging at his hip, to say nothing of a long-barreled rifle in the crook of his arm. He looked, for some reason, like a picture out of the past. The light in his saturnine old eye was none too kindly as he studied us and then inspected our mud-covered truck. "Them contraptions," he announced, "weren't built for north country mushin', no more'n women were."

Katie, after agreeing with him, made an effort to explain our mission there. The rugged and defiant old figure assailed the trailruts with a barrage of tobacco-juice shrapnel.

"Injuns like that ought t'be shot. And in the good old days," he said as he slapped his six-gun, "I'd a done it on sight." He spat again. "That's what's the matter with this whole goldarned country. She's gone soft on us. And 'stead o' spoon-feedin' them copper-bellied critters she should be puttin' a bounty on their scalps." And still again he spat. "That's what's spilin' this ol' territory. Too much gover'ment. I've trapped her and prospected her from Keewalki down t' Wrangel. And in the ol' days"—

But Katie, plainly, was impatient.

"That's all very interesting," she belied. "But we're here on an emergency case to find an Indian baby. And if you can help us in our search I'd rather like to know it."

The challenge in Katie's voice brought a keener look of animosity from the be-whiskered old face.

"I was a-comin' to that, lady, if you'll only keep your shirt on." And still again he spat with deliberation. "Your Injin baby's over there in my wickyup."

"It's where?" cried Katie, reminding me of a coiled cobra.

The old stranger seemed to relish her bewilderment.

"It's over yonder in my wickyup, with that dood engineer tryin' to wet-nurse a little life into it. And I'll be doggoned if he ain't got it squallin' again!"

"Take me to it," commanded Katie. Her lips were grim as she motioned for the old fellow to climb up on the truck. She was, apparently, too exasperated to talk to him. So I did the conversing.

"Where," I asked as we rocked along the rough trail, "was the baby found?"

"Why, this long-legged quartz-cracker came mushin' down through the hills with a sheep dog at his heels, a right smart dog with a nose like a weasel's. Fact is, that hound smelt out something in a poplar-grove jus' over the knoll beyond my clearin'. Kept whimperin' an' whinin' an' circlin' back there until his owner jus' had t' investigate. And there he finds an Injin baby wrapped up in a ragged blanket. And then comes stampedin' t' my shack-door, sayin' we've got t' save that little Injin's life. It looked plumb dead t' me. But I'll be gol-darned if that dood didn't get some signs o' life out o' the little varmint, after workin' over her half the night and warmin' her up with hot milk and my last bottle o' hootch. And he may git his own privit satisfaction out o' sweatin' over a whimperin' bunch o' skin and bones that-away, but, pussonally, I'll sleep easier when that little she-Injin is took from under my roof."

"What's your name?" I asked, primarily to cover Katie's open groan of indignation.

"You can call me Sock-Eye," he

answered, "Sock-Eye Schlupp. What's yourn?"

"It's Coburn," I told him. And the deep-set old eyes studied me with a livelier interest.

"You ain't Alaska born?" he ventured.

"I was born," I proudly explained, "on the Koyukuk."

The man who called himself Sock-Eye stared at me.

"A Coburn from the Koyukuk? You ain't meanin' to tell me you're ol' Klondike Coburn's girl?"

I announced that I was.

"Why, I mushed many a trail with that leather-necked ol' pan-swizzler," was his slightly retarded rejoinder. "And I seen you when you was a squallin' little brat no bigger'n a minute, over back o' Pickle Crick Camp. Why, it was me helped tote you down t' the sky-pilot at Elk Crossin', when you was christened. And consoomed my share o' the moose-milk after that sky-pilot'd mushed on t' his next mission-post. They called you Carol in them days."

"Carol Koyukuk Coburn," I said, feeling a little closer to him.

"Sure it was, girlie," said my new-found friend. "Your pappy'd been pannin' pay-dirt along the Koyukuk and held he was handin' luck on t' you with that name." Sock-Eye spat luxuriously, indicated the right trail-fork for Katie to take, and turned back to me. "But his own luck didn't hold out. It sure didn't." Still again Sock-Eye spat. "That was a dirty deal they gave him over on the Chakitana."

"He died there," I said with reproving quietness.

"And died fightin' for his rights, tryin' to push through t' the Record Office to git his patent from bein' cancelled on him. But he was buckin' something too big for him. Seems like you got t' be a college g'ologist and a law sharp, before you can stake a claim in this country nowadays."

"Then somebody else should be keepin' up the fight," I said with a sort of she-wolf fierceness that brought the deep-set old eyes back to a study of my face.

"Tain't a fight where a pinfeather cluck like you'd have a look-in," observed Sock-Eye Schlupp. He spat wide into the fringing spruce. "And nothin' much is gained by bellyachin' over water that's gone down the flume, girlie. You should be satisfied Klondike sent you outside t' git eddicated proper."

"Perhaps I'm not," I said, embittered by a sense of relapse in the face of some old loyalty.

"Then what're you set on doin' with yourself?" my companion coolly enquired.

I told him, briefly, about my work at Toklutna. But it didn't impress him much.

"You're sure wastin' your time on them no-account Nitchies," he averred, his morose eye ranging along the far-off mountain peaks.

"Here we be," he cried suddenly as we rounded a trail-bend and rolled up in front of a log shack with a pair of bleached moose-horns over the door. A blue column of smoke, going up from the slanting chimney seemed to endow it with both a sense of valor and a sense of hominess.

I was the last to pass in through the narrow door that squeaked on its leather hinges as it was swung back. The light wasn't strong in the shadowy warm room, where a kettle sang on the stove and a few telltale squares of flannelette hung

from a line. So I didn't see any too well. But I could make out a dog, lying beside the stove, and a man in his shirtsleeves, stooping over a basket without a handle.

I stared at that man, rather stupidly. Then I looked back at the dog, in an effort to verify the incredible. For I had seen that dog before, on the wharf at Cordova. And the man stooping over the basket was Sidney Lander.

I COULD feel my heart beating a little faster as I stood staring at him. He wasn't, I could see, giving us much attention. But he looked a little leaner and older, I thought, than when I'd seen him. And a little too big for that narrow, low room. I could see Katie O'Connell's eyes widen as she inspected the nursing-flask he'd made out of what looked suspiciously like a beer bottle with a glove-finger tied over its end. It wasn't working right, apparently, from the thin wails of protest that came from the basket.

"Leave this to me," said the nurse as she tossed her parka over a chair-back and reached for her handbag.

Sidney Lander, thus elbowed aside, stood watching the expeditious hands that betrayed none of the hesitations marking his own clumsy movements. His laugh, I felt, was one of discomfort at being discovered in a task for which he was plainly ill-fitted. His gaze passed over the others and slewed about to his dog Sandy, who had crossed to my side and was sniffing at my ankles. When the dog lifted his pointed nose and rubbed it in a friendly way against my knee the dog's owner raised his eyes and stared straight into my face.

He saw, for the first time, just who it was under that worn old parka. But he didn't speak and he didn't smile. He merely stood there, with wonder in his eyes. Then, after reaching for his coat and putting it on, he stepped over to where I stood.

"I didn't expect this," he said as Sock-Eye Schlupp busied himself stoking the stove. "I was on my way down to Toklutna."

"Why to Toklutna?" I asked. I could see, over my shoulder, where Katie O'Connell was opening her hypodermic case.

"To find out why you hadn't much faith in me," he said with his clipped smile.

"In what did I fail you?" I questioned, a little resentful of his power to dampen or quicken my spirits.

"I asked for the data and documents to back up your Chakitana claim," he reminded me.

"I don't happen to have any documents, as yet," I told him. "But even if I had, why should they go to you?"

I was thinking, at the moment, of the girl in the rain on a fog-draped wharf in Vancouver.

"I wanted to lay them before John Trumbull," replied Lander, puzzling me by the grimness of his jaw-line. "He's the big smoke in the Chakitana Development Company."

"But also your boss," I said. I was glad to have Sandy's sleek neck to stroke. It seemed to make everything more casual.

"I'm afraid he won't be for long," was Lander's unexpectedly embittered reply.

"Why not?" I naturally enough enquired.

"Because you happen to be Klondike Coburn's daughter. And I don't relish the thought of working against you."

"Why should you work against me?" I

asked, wondering at the foolish little spasm that was tightening my throat.

"Because I've been finding out a thing or two," he quietly proclaimed. "I know, now, it's you they're trying to cheat. It's your father's claim they're trying to swallow up on a clouded title."

"But I'm not sure that claim was ever established."

And it was equally obvious that his right either to champion my cause or control my destiny had never been established. But, for all that, an absurd little robin of happiness stood up on the tip of my heart and started to sing.

"We can't go into that now," Lander said as old Schlupp came in with an armful of stovewood. And Katie, a moment later, was proclaiming that you couldn't kill some children with a club. All this little papoose needed, she called out to us, was food.

"Then she ain't a-goin' to kick the bucket?" questioned Sock-Eye.

"Of course she isn't," said Katie. "But if I could lay hands on her fool Redskin father I'd have him drawn and quartered."

The old fire-eater's face brightened up with a new eagerness.

"I'll do it for you, lady," he said with a large and rounded oath. "Sam Bryson was a-tellin' me that no-account Injin's hidin' out in a hill camp up above the Happy Day Mine. And I'd sure relish roundin' him up and ventilatin' his good-for-nothin' carcass."

"No," Katie said, "that's a luxury we can't afford. But he's going to be made an example of by due process of law. And if either of you men will take Miss Coburn and the baby back to Toklutna in the truck I'll get help and push on to the Happy Day and see that this baby-killer is put where he belongs."

Sidney Lander, who had been looking down at the blanket-wrapped papoose, lifted his head and caught my eye.

"I'll take Miss Coburn through to Toklutna," he quietly announced. And I could feel my pulse skip a beat, casual as I tried to appear about it all. Even Katie's voice, as she outlined her instructions to me, seemed very far away. "And the sooner we get this little mite under Dr. Ruddock's wing the better," she concluded.

It was Sock-Eye who crossed to the door and looked out.

"There's sure a smell o' snow in the air," he warned. "We'd best fix up that truck more comfortable and stick a shovel in between the blankets and grub bags."

Through the window, when they left us, I could see the two men bedding down the body of the truck with fresh hay. Then over it I could see them bending and fitting a series of bows, and over these, in turn, adjust and fasten a canvas tarpaulin. As I watched I could see the truck being transformed into something startlingly like one of those covered wagons in which an earlier generation had crawled westward across the prairies.

"She's all set," proclaimed Sock-Eye as he returned to the shack. He studied me for a moment of silence. Then his sombre old eyes rested on Lander, who was busy filling the primus stove.

"I figger you out as a square-shootin' hombre," he announced. "But if you try any dirty work with this daughter o' Klondike Coburn's I'll fill your good-for-nothin' carcass so full o' lead you'll look like a range-butt after a day o' target-practice."

Sidney Lander, as he screwed the top

"Just how will I siwash it?" I demanded.

"By froggin' through as best you can, the same as our circuit ridin' sky pilot does, without a meetin' place. We was figgerin' on you circulatin' round the Valley homesteads and ladlin' out the book larnin' where it was most needed. Instead o' them comin' to you, you'll have to go to them."

"Why can't that old school house be used?"

"She needs a noo roof and noo floor sills," was the listless answer. "And I'm danged if I'm goin' to dig down for 'em."

"Are you trying to tell me," I quavered, "that I'll have to go from farm to farm, like a mail carrier, and give my lessons in a kitchen?"

"You've guessed it," he wearyly acceded. "Only you'll be plumb lucky to be stretchin' your legs out in a warm kitchen. I've got a girl over home right now, rarin' to git polished up a spell on her readin' and writin'. And if you ain't willin' to do your teachin' on the wing that-away, until this Valley gits a real school house rastled together, I guess, lady, you're mushin' up the wrong trail."

There was no mistaking the finality of that statement.

"But where am I to live?" I asked as I stared at the snow and stood so white between the gloomy green of the spruce lands.

"We was figgerin'," he explained, "on settin' you up in the old Jansen shack. That's just over the hill there behind that tangle o' spruce. But you'd sure have some tidyin' up to do afore you got set there." He looked with a frown of disapproval at my sprawl of luggage. "Bout the best thing for you to do, lady, is to leg it over to the Eckstrom farm and see if they'll take you in for a day or two."

I HAD, however, no desire to go wandering about that snowy world asking strangers to take me in. I wanted my own roof over my head. And I so informed the morose Mr. Bryson.

"Well, that's your affair, lady, and not mine," he observed. "I've got to be gittin' home with this stock feed right pronto."

I watched him as he corded a tarpaulin over his load and started off. I was on the point of going back to the station agent when I became conscious of a strange figure making its way down the opposing hillside. It looked like neither man nor beast as it moved toward me in the slanting sunlight. It suggested some humped and horned monstrosity out of the mists of time.

Then, as it came closer, I saw that it was a man carrying the carcase of a deer, a ragged and shambling man with a rifle and a tined head above his stooping shoulders. And when he came still closer I saw that it was Sock-Eye Schlupp.

"I'll be hornswizzled if it ain't Klondike Coburn's gal," he said as the sourness went out of his seamed old face. "What're you doin' back in these parts?"

I told him why I was there.

"Where you goin' to bunk?" he demanded.

That question made me feel like a steerage immigrant on an alien wharf. But I decided to keep my chin up.

"They tell me I'm to live in the Jansen shack," I explained.

"They're plumb locoed," said Sock-Eye. "You sure can't den up in that pigsty."

"I'm North-born," I reminded him.

"Mebbe you are," he retorted. "But this is a plumb lonesome valley for a chalk-wrangler t' take root in. I reckon you'd better come along t' my wickyup until things is ready for you."

That, I told him, would be out of the question.

"I s'pose you know young Lander's swingin' in with me?" he said with the air of an angler adjusting a gaudier fly.

That, I knew, made it more than ever impossible. "And if that Jansen shack's not ready, I'll have to make it ready."

"Quite a fighter, ain't you?" he observed. But his head wag wasn't altogether one of disapproval.

"A woman wants a home of her own," was my foolishly stubborn rejoinder.

He prodded the furred carcase with his rifle butt.

"I've been up in the hills, gittin' me some deer meat," he casually observed. Then still again he turned and inspected me. "I don't believe you savvy jus' what you're bitin' off, girlie."

"I don't believe in turning back," I quietly proclaimed.

"O. K.," said Sock-Eye, after a moment's silence. "I'll give you a hand over t' that lordly abode o' yours."

He left me standing there, to return, a few minutes later, with a hand sleigh borrowed from the station agent. On this, with altogether unexpected dispatch, he piled my belongings. Over them he draped the deer carcase, thonging the load together with a strand of buckskin.

"Let's mush," he said.

I took a hand at the towing-line, and, side by side, we made our way along the trodden snow, as crisp as charcoal under our feet. The valley seemed strangely silent. But I felt less alone in the world with that morose old figure beside me.

"Why is Lander swinging in with you?" I asked.

"Seelin' this Valley ain't bristlin' with hotels," answered Sock-Eye, "he deemed my wickyup good enough for a college dood until they could build him up-to-date livin' quarters at the Happy Day. Big John Trumbull 'll find him as full o' fight as a bunch o' matin' copperheads."

"Why," I ventured, "should there be hard feeling between him and John Trumbull?"

Sock-Eye squinted at me from under his shaggy brows and then spat into a snowbank.

"That's something, girlie. I was jus' goin' t' ask you," he observed.

When he saw I had nothing to say on the matter he rejoined me at the towing-line and we trudged on again. It wasn't until we came to the edge of a clearing that Sock-Eye stopped for breath. A snowshoe rabbit, moving white against white, lost itself in a tangle of underbrush. I felt equally lost.

"There be your wickyup," said Sock-Eye, with a wave of his mittenend hand. And as he spat his contempt for the same I stood studying the little cabin in the clearing.

It was not, I could see, a very appealing abode. It looked, with its sagging and snow covered roof and its weathered timbers, about as inviting as a mauso-

leum. It looked gloomy and dejected and abandoned, for all its air of sturdiness. Even its windows looked unfriendly. And it seemed like an intrusion when we waded up to the sullen and low-framed door, beside which a rusty galvanized tub still hung. Nor did it add to my joy when I saw Sock-Eye, kicking away the snow, disclose the flattened-out body of a dead coyote lying there, its teeth grinning malevolently up from the uncovered jaw bones. For that grin, in some way, impressed me as one of derision.

My companion, with a prompt sweep of his foot, brushed the frozen carcase to one side and swung open the door. Doors in Alaska, I remembered, were very seldom locked.

He stood there, with his breath showing white as he stared about the gloomy interior.

I had to shut my teeth tight so the trembling of my chin wouldn't betray me. For about all that musty and shadowed room held was an untidy wall bunk and table, and two wooden chairs with roughly spliced legs. I could see where the smoke pipe had fallen from a rusty stove and where rodents had been attacking a grub box imperfectly armored with a Joseph's coat of flattened out tobacco tins. Above it was a shelf with a few rusty pans and a showing of sadly chipped crockery. At the foot of the bunk lay the dead body of a squirrel, half buried in a scattering of lint from a much chewed quilt.

But even more revolting was the filth that covered the floor, the litter of rags and ashes and dirt that scarcely needed the sepulchral smell of the place to make my gorge rise a little.

SOCK-EYE'S questioning glance must have detected some shadow of hopelessness on my face.

"You a-goin' t' stick it?" he challenged.

"I've got to," I said. "There's no other way."

My companion, as he turned and swept that room with a saturnine eye, proclaimed that an old skinflint like Sam Bryson should have two inches of lead in his gizzard. "But since he's put you here, I'm a-goin' t' give you a hand t' git planted."

I had thought of Sock-Eye as a maunding old man. But as he threw off his coat and got busy I realized I had altogether misjudged both his skill and his strength. It was a pretty lousy layout for a female, he acknowledged, but many a time he'd made camp in a sight worse dump.

By the time he had a fire going and snow-water melting in our galvanized tub I'd unearthed a shrivelled cake of yellow soap and a lopsided scrubbing brush. While I scoured the grease blackened table and chairs with hot water and wood ashes, he dragged the bunk mattress out into the snow, emptied it, pounded the last of the dust from it, and refilled it with wild hay which he commandeered from a stack at the back of the clearing. When he refused to let me scrub the floor I surrendered the brush and busied myself with the pans and

chipped crockery. And as the whitened floor boards dried out in the stove heat we washed the grime from the window glass and lifted in our table. It made me think of a blonde from a beauty parlor, peroxidized into a sudden blondness. But it smelt clean.

Everything smelt clean, and seemed different, and the singing of the old iron kettle on the drum stove was almost homelike. But my spirits declined to rise as they should. I not only felt tired, but I had a fixed feeling of emptiness just under my belt. My back ached, my fingers were wrinkled with water, and there was a suspicion of moisture on my eye-lashes.

Sock-Eye, after spitting into the rusty stove-front, reached for his coat and crossed to the door.

"I'm a-goin' over t' the village," he offhandedly announced. "We've a one-hoss store there. I'll see if I kin rustle a pair o' blankets and pack in a mite o' grub for you."

He was off with his sleigh before I could call him back.

The shack, as I sat staring at the glow from the stove-front, seemed of a sudden very empty and silent. I had the feeling of being lost there, on the lonely last frontier of a spruce stippled and snow muffled world. And, to help fight back the waves of desolation that washed over me as I stood contemplating the lone white peaks of the Talkeetnas through the window, I grimly turned to finish my unpacking.

By the time I'd explored what I could of the dooryard and the outsheds and carried in more wood for the fire and brushed the snow from my knees, my ragged old helper was swinging back to the clearing-edge.

I stood blinking at the size of his sleigh-load.

"Git in out o' the cold," he commanded. "I reckon I purty well know what a cheechako needs."

I felt my throat tighten.

"You can't do this for me," I contended as Sock-Eye piled things on the table.

"I ain't a-doin' it for you," he retorted. "I'm a-doin' it for your ol' pappy. He rustled many a mess o' grub for me."

That didn't take the lump from my throat. I watched him in silence as he disinterred two candles from his store-supplies and lighted them.

"When you git settled," he said, "you'll have t' have a gas-lamp. And I'll tote over a hunk of sourdough for your bread-makin'. I got t' git back now."

I was afraid to thank him for what he had done. It didn't seem to be the Valley way. I merely stood in the doorway watching him as he trudged off in the snow and was lost in the blue-tinted darkness. And I felt more than ever like a castaway as I made fast the shack door by wedging the heaviest piece of stove-wood I could find under the rusty iron knob.

It seemed very quiet there as I made my supper, stacked my dishes, and stoked my stove for the night. Once or twice I thought I heard a wolf howl.



zel, who promptly ordered the Indian baby to the infirmary and sent for Dr. Ruddock. Lander, ignoring the lady's glacial eye, quietly asked me if I'd be good enough to give him my father's naturalization papers.

I could feel something pregnant in the silence I left behind me as I went to my room and dug out the faded old document.

I had no way of knowing, of course, what Miss Teetzel said to Lander during my absence. But I didn't like the fire that glowed in those deep-set eyes of his as he took the proffered document from me. He studied it, for a moment, the lines of his mouth still grim.

"I'll take this, if you don't mind," he said as he tucked it away. "It'll help to clear things up."

I was conscious, all the while, of Miss Teetzel's narrowed eyes fixed on my face.

"There's one point I should like to see cleared up," she proclaimed, her lips pressed into a foreboding straight line.

"What?" said Lander, almost in a bark. But Miss Teetzel's attentions, obviously, were being directed toward me.

"How long," she asked, "did it take you to get here?"

"Since yesterday afternoon," I said, with the knowledge of obstacles overcome and dangers past.

"Where," she demanded with a disapproving glance at my silent companion, "did you spend the night?"

"Why, in the truck, of course," I answered. "There was no place to go."

"And this man?" she questioned, with a second stony glance at the altogether unimpressed Lander.

"Naturally, he slept in the truck too," I quietly proclaimed.

The lemon-squeezer jaw took on a new line of grimness.

"I've an idea, Miss Coburn," said the lady of unpolluted purity so icily confronting me, "that your days in this school are quite definitely numbered."

It was Lander who spoke first. I could see the color deepen a little on his weathered brown face.

"What does that mean?" he challenged.

"It means, sir," was the icily enunciated reply, "that there are certain things this institution will not stand for. And you and your perilously modern travelling companion have just been guilty of one of them."

Lander merely turned his back on her.

"Are you going to stand for stuff like this?" he demanded, towering over me with a quick flame of indignation lighting up his eyes. "And from a mean old bureaucrat like that?"

Behind me I could sense the last boat of hope burning up on the coast of desperation. Instead of looking at Lander I looked at the audibly wheezing Miss Teetzel, who had an Adam's apple that moved engagingly up and down as she swallowed. I knew, when I spoke, that I was issuing an ultimatum.

"I don't intend to," I quietly announced.

"That," proclaimed Miss Teetzel, "simplifies my problem." And with a gesture as though she were removing herself from something unclean she flounced out of the room.

Lander, when we were alone, stood a little closer over me.

"I got you into this," he said, "and it's up to me to get you out of it."

I was conscious of his bigness as I let my gaze lock with his. My laugh, I'm afraid, was a little reckless.

"There's nothing to be done about it,"

I told him. But deep in the ashes of disaster I could feel a small glow of happiness at the thought that he was there to lean on.

"Why not come back with me?" he finally enquired.

"What good would that do?" I asked, doing what I could to keep my voice steady. For, womanlike, I felt the shadow of a disturbingly wide issue fall across that empty room.

Lander walked to the window and then returned to my side.

"It wouldn't do any good," he said, with just a trace of the color ebbing from his face. "It's all happening a little too late."

"What's happening too late?" I asked him, wondering why I should wring a forlorn sort of comfort out of the trouble I could see in his eyes.

"Our coming together," he said. I thought he was going to reach for my hand, but he didn't. "There are things," he went on, "not easily talked about."

"But we can at least be honest with each other," I announced, for instinct had already told me what he was groping toward.

"Yes, we must be honest," he agreed. And the unhappiness in his eyes made my heart beat a little faster.

"So it's time," I said, "we both came down to earth."

"What do you mean by that?"

"I saw the girl back on the Vancouver wharf, the girl you said good-bye to. And I can understand why you must play fair with her."

Lander's glance came slowly back to my face.

"I've been engaged to her," he said, quite simply, "for over two years now."

If I reached for a chair to steady myself, I at least managed to laugh a little.

"That's fine," I said, with my chin up.

"Fine?" he echoed, plainly puzzled by that lilting lightness of mine.

"Of course," I maintained. "For now we can go on being good friends, without any worry or threat of . . . of complications."

"Can we?" he asked as his eyes once more rested upon my face.

"Good pals," I cried, "to the end of the trail. So let's shake hands on it, like two old-timers."

He failed to observe, as we shook hands, that I had to swallow a lump in my throat.

"Would you mind telling me," I said when that was over, "just who she is?"

It wasn't easy for him, of course. But he faced it with a forlorn sort of casualness.

"She's Barbara Trumbull," he explained. "John Trumbull's daughter. We practically grew up together."

"Then you must have a great deal in common."

He studied my face, as though in search of second meanings.

"We had," he finally acknowledged.

"But you talk of fighting her father," I reminded him.

"And I intend to fight him," said the wide-shouldered man beside me. "She feels things like that shouldn't count between us."

When I spoke, after thinking this over, I was able to keep my voice steady.

"How do you feel about it?" I asked.

"I can't answer that," was Lander's slightly hesitant reply. "You see, she's coming to Alaska to get things straightened out. She doesn't agree with her father that I've been disloyal to the Trumbulls."

"Then she must be very fond of you," I heard myself saying.

To that, however, Lander offered no answer. His smile, as he looked down at me, was wry and rather mirthless.

"But we've still got a battle on our hands," he reminded me.

I preferred accepting that in its more practical implications.

"But I can't ask you to fight for me," I said, trying not to feel as though I were standing alone in a world that was only a burnt-out planet lost in space.

"You can't stop me," he said, catching me almost roughly by the shoulders. And he was still staring down at me with a sort of Nunc Dimittis solemnity when the outraged Miss Teetzel stepped into the room.

CHAPTER VI

WHEN Dr. Ruddock heard of my difficulties he suggested that I write to the Territorial Commissioner, following up, I discovered, a secret despatch



"Do you want to stop my marriage?"

of his own, asking for a teacher's position in the Matanuska Valley.

When I heard by that grapevine circuit, which seems to operate in all frontier countries, that John Trumbull had visited the Valley, and that Barbara Trumbull had flown into Anchorage, it seemed like echoes out of another world. Even when I heard that Lander had taken over the management of the Happy Day mine, and that he and Trumbull had fought a wordy battle on the open platform at Matanuska Station, I failed to be as excited as when Katie told me that the Indian baby from Iliaanna wasn't going to die after all.

And as the days shortened and the snows deepened I kept waiting for my Commissioner's report. When it came it was not very encouraging. It acknowledged that they were in need of a teacher for Matanuska, but stated that conditions were not suitable there for a young and inexperienced girl. I wrote back admitting my youth but pointing out that it was a defect which Time would undoubtedly correct. I also alluded to my physical sturdiness and my eagerness to work in the new field, with an underlined postscript announcing I was Alaska-born. Swiftly I packed, and a few days later followed my letter.

I refused to feel depressed as I alighted at the desolate little station of Matanuska where a scattering of fur-

clad loungers stood between the soiled snow piles. I saw two silent and stolid Indians, and a blue-eyed Swedish boy in a ragged bearskin coat that was too big for him, and a surly-eyed man in a stained mackinaw beside a wolfish looking dog team hitched to a sleigh. I saw a hurrying and blue-jowled youth load parcels and boxes in an absurdly modern looking truck with icicles decorating its radiator front, and plow off through the drifts into the silence of the valley. But there was no one there to betray any interest in me or my advent.

I began to wonder, as I stood beside my sprawl of baggage, just where to go or what to do. I ventured into the waiting room, where the warm air was thick with the smell of tobacco and spruce wood, but all I saw was the broad back of the station agent busy over his telegraph key. So I went outside, feeling very homeless in a hostile and empty world. There I finally found the courage to address the surly-eyed misanthrope who was concentrating his attention on piling meal sacks along his narrow sleigh.

"Could you tell me," I asked, "where I'd find Mr. Bryson, Mr. Sam Bryson?"

"I'm Sam Bryson," he said as he reached for another sack. And any deliverance that reposed in an apparent streak of luck lost its glamor as I awaited the return of his averted face.

"The school superintendent for this district?" I persisted.

"I be," he retorted, plainly resenting my incredulous stare. "And ain't it fit and proper, seein' I happen to own that doggoned school over there?"

I meekly acknowledged that it was. And with equal meekness I told him that I was the teacher sent on from Toklutna.

"But you wasn't to turn up here till Easter," he testily proclaimed. "We ain't got nothin' ready for you."

I showed him the Territorial Commissioner's letter, which he held close to his seamed old face, his lips moving as he labored through the undisputable message therein contained.

"Well, you should've got off at Wasilla," he complained, "where you could've found lodgin' until things was ready."

"But I'm here," I said with a smile that was entirely forced. And as he pushed back his wolfskin cap and stood scratching an attenuated forelock I quietly enquired: "Just where is my school?"

"You ain't got no school," he proclaimed.

"But I was sent here to teach," I contended, trying to keep my temper. At Toklutna, I remembered, I'd had a persistent feeling of being penned up. But I wasn't finding much joy in the Valley of my newly acquired liberty.

"Sure you was sent here to teach," acknowledged the old-timer. "But it ain't our fault we wasn't rigged out with a noo school house this winter. Government's so danged busy with a heap o' highfalutin' plans for this Valley it ain't got time to look after our needs. Spends a half-million on that noo Injin school at Juneau and lets us hill-billies scramble for our book larnin' as best we can!"

"Then what am I to do?" I asked, feeling more interested in my own immediate future than in the mistakes of governmental expenditure.

"I guess you'll just have to siwash it," he said, "the same as us old-timers did when we hit this Valley."

ley. That hombre seems t' feel they're goin' to turn this muskeg into a second Garden of Eden with 'lectric lights and steam heated sunrooms. And mebbe a swimmin' pool and a orange grove!"

It was at this point I loosened an arrow in the dark.

"Then you don't approve of Sidney Lander?"

Salaria's smouldering eyes grew perceptibly softer.

"He don't approve o' me," she finally proclaimed. "He goes dumb ev'ry time I git within' rifle range o' Sock-Eye's shack. When I ran into him up at Willow Creek he seemed t' regard me as something broke loose from a leprosy colony. And when I freed his dog from a fox-trap, down beyond the river flats, all he gave me was an absent minded 'Thank you, the frozen-face!'"

"What did you expect?"

Salaria's face became sullen.

"I didn't expect him t' turn cartwheels up and down the Valley. But I looked for something better 'n bein' told booklore was more important 'n bush lore, and bein' presented with a second-hand 'rithmetic and a mild mannered suggestion that I mush off home and improve my mind."

CHAPTER IX

Sock-Eye appeared at my door and presented me with a bear-skin, fresh off the stretching-frame. It was still a bit stiff and ragged around the edges, but once spread out, it looked prodigiously big on my shack floor. And it proved itself so full of electricity, on cold nights, that if I crossed over it, to reach the stove, I could see a spark flash from my fingertips to the metal.

Yet that bear-skin, I suspected was merely an excuse for a man-to-man talk that didn't seem to get us anywhere.

Sid Lander, my caller casually explained, had just blown in after a week out on the trail. As I had no answer for that announcement Sock-Eye sat morosely and meditatively chewing his cud.

"I reckon you think quite a lot o' Sid?" he finally ventured.

I felt the need of picking my way with care.

"He was very kind to me once," I acknowledged.

"There's too many females think a lot o' that hombre," proclaimed my saturnine old friend. "It's sure gittin' him roped and hog-tied before his time."

"What's the trouble?" I asked with an effort at lightness.

Sock-Eye spat in my stove-front.

"The immejit trouble is that outlaw offspring of ol' Sam Bryson's," he announced. "S'lary's hit so hard she ain't got no shame left. She's borrowin' readin' books from him and carryin' home his socks t' darn. And that ain't good for no hombre who has obligations elsewhere."

"What obligations?" I inquired.

"I reckon he's told you he's goin' t' marry Big John Trumbull's daughter?"

I could feel the bearlike old eyes studying my face.

"Yes, he told me that," I said as quietly as I could.

"Then where's it goin' to git S'lary, messin' round after somebody else's man?"

I could have said, of course, that it might have proved good for that primitive girl's soul, since it is always more blessed to give than to receive. I might have said, too, that men had been known to change their minds. But that was thin

ice over which I had no inclination to venture.

"Salaria's a wonderful woman," I merely observed.

"And about as untamed as a she-grizzly," qualified my visitor.

But I couldn't forget what Sock-Eye had said, when I was giving Sam Bryson's daughter her next lesson. She surprised me by her new determination "to better herself" as they express it in this neck of the woods. She at last seemed willing to improve her mind. She no longer growled and groused about the assignments I gave her. She pored over her word-lists and learned to wield a pen without sympathetic side-movements of her out-thrust tongue. For the first time in her life, apparently, she was studying the mail-order catalogues and giving some thought as to how other women adorn their persons.

She even asked me about cosmetics and how they were used, though those rich and ruddy lips of hers were in need of no chemical kalsomining. Then she enquired about cold cream and other emollients.

"All I've had along that line," she confessed, "was a pot o' bear grease. And that don't make you no bed o' roses in a warm room."

I could see a faraway look come into her eye.

"D' you ever git a sniff o' Sid Lander after he's had a shave?" she hungrily enquired. "He smells better 'n that drug-store down t' Anchorage."

"I prefer men without perfume," I said as I shrank back into the shell of the pedagogic.

But Salaria, plainly, wanted no aspersions on her new idol.

"Scent or no scent," she proclaimed, "that hombre's made o' he-man timber. He ain't no weaklin'."

"But a mining man should be running a mine," I objected.

"That's what I can't figger out" ruminated Salaria. "I can't savvy why he doubles up with an ol' has-been like Sock-Eye Schlupp, why he's willin' to batch it with a run down bush-rat when he ought t' have a woman doin' a woman's work for him."

"Have you ever told him so," I asked.

Salaria's wide shoulders drooped a little. "It wouldn't do no good," she listlessly proclaimed. "He ain't interested in females that-away."

"But he's a man," I reminded her.

"I s'pose he is," Salaria retorted with a heightening flame of indignation. "But I'll bet my bottom dollar that lousy four-flushin' pie-eatin' Trumbull blonde back in the States is sourin' that hombre on women for life. I seen 'em when she flew in here. And he wasn't turnin' no handsprings when she hunted him up."

"She's a very beautiful woman," I observed, wondering whether Salaria's words should make me happy or unhappy.

"P'raps she is, the lily-fingered pink-face," conceded my pupil. "But if I had a claim on a hombre like that I'd stick a darn sight closer to him."

As I stood staring into Salaria's flashing eyes I began to realize that she was of the same statuesque mold as Lander. She had the same love for open trails. She had the same ruggedness of body and the same wide jaw and the same brown tone to her skin. And I fell to wondering, with a ghostly twinge of envy, if there mightn't eventually be some kinship of spirit between them.

"Perhaps the lady knows that a claim

is a claim," I reminded my deep-bosomed daughter of the North.

"Mebbe it is," was the reckless-noted reply. "But that fact wouldn't keep me awake nights if I found him lookin' for a female t' go over and rustle grub for him."

"I'm afraid, Salaria, we'll have to extend our studies to something more abstruse than reading and writing."

But that suggestion was promptly brushed aside.

"I could work for a guy like that until the glacier worms turned green," Salaria averred with a new look of humility in her eyes.

I studied her as she threw back her shoulders in a way that revealed the superbossiness of her young breast.

"I'll respect your secret, Salaria," I said with what dignity I could command.

"Secret? It ain't no secret," was the prompt and primitive reply. "Even ol' Sock-Eye knows Sid Lander could do what he likes with me. And the fire-eatin' ol' killer piped up and said he'd put a bullet through any short-horn female who made a pass at that shack pard o' his."

"What's Sock-Eye saving him for?" I found myself questioning.

"For that sap-headed Trumbull blonde that's got him hog tied, I s'pose," was the sadly intoned answer. "He's willin' t' play ball with her even after her yellow-

when the cards fall right he'll be back in the game. For a hombre like that ain't roostin' around this frost-bitten Valley jus' for the sake o' the mountain scen'ry!"

CHAPTER X

THE break-up, this year, meant more than the coming of spring to Matanuska. It brought us longer days and a deeper glow to the sunlight that filled the wide bowl between Chugach and Talkeetnas. It turned the Valley's rich black loam into a batter of mud. It lured the scattered settlers into the open, like denned-up bears emerging to blink at skies once more a robin's-egg blue.

But it brought the Valley another sort of awakening. One detected a new stir in the air. Along the railway-siding at Palmer great piles of lumber were being unloaded. Train after train brought in a mountain of machinery and supplies. Federal engineers in khaki and high-tops went about consulting blue-prints and driving stakes and squinting through theodolites. Then a little colony of tents began to dot the roadside, and two or three trim cabins of peeled spruce logs appeared out of nowhere.

That meant, I was told, the ground was being laid out for the two hundred families to be brought in from the States, the new settlers who were to show the outside world that Alaska was something more than "Seward's Ice-Box."

But nothing seemed ready for that incoming army. Not one-tenth of the land was cleared and fit for cropping. There was no shelter for livestock, no homes for women and children. The only solid habitations appeared to be a string of old bunk-cars which had been pushed down the Valley siding. In these the CCC workers were to sleep and eat, like navvies, until a tent-colony could be established. And three days later the toilers themselves put in an appearance, a whole train-load of them, promptly making the quietness of the Valley a thing of the past.

"They won't listen to us," snorted Sam Bryson as his S'lary and I dined on yak-meat after a lesson. "But before summer's over they'll be bellyachin' about everything goin' wrong."

"But won't it mean something," I ventured, "to start a settlement that's really going to take root here? Isn't that what Alaska needs, settlers who bring in their women and children and stay on the land?"

"They won't take root," contended Salaria's father. "They'll jus' whimper around for more relief and then head for outside agin. And down in the States they'll be sayin' Alaska's only fit for Eskimos."

It was then that Salaria presented me with a surprise.

"I can't see," she said, "why a square-head like Sid Lander should be wantin' to swing in with them."

"To swing in with them?" I echoed, trying to make the query seem a casual one.

"As sure as sundown," proclaimed Salaria. "That misguided hombre seems t' feel this is the biggest thing that's happened since the Children o' Israel hit out for the Promised Land. And he reckons it ain't too late for the right man t' step in and git things organized."

"What can he do?" I asked, wondering at the small thrill that went through my body.

"He can't do nothin'," retorted Sam Bryson. "He's got a fool idee that if them federal bureaucrats make him field man-



My tormentor sprawled on the floor.

bellied old man came and bought up the Happy Day outfit jus' t' give Sid his walkin' ticket and grind his nose in the dirt."

I sat down to think this over. And my thoughts, at the moment, didn't add to my happiness.

"Isn't there some reason," I enquired, "why Trumbull and Lander are no longer friends?"

"Search me," said Salaria. "Folks say he was Trumbull's pet until he tried to buck the Big Boss."

"Because of whom?" I probed, wondering how much or how little Salaria knew.

"I can't figger it out," was Salaria's morose-noted reply. "But if I know my onions a square-jaw like Sid Lander ain't goin' t' take a fade-out like that with his hands folded."

"Why do you say that?"

"Because," answered Salaria, "I've a feelin' he's waitin' for something. And

But it may have been merely a distant farm dog. Then I undressed and made a pillow by folding my sweater up in my one and only silk slip. Then I put out the candles.

The only thing I could see in the darkness, was the valiant glow from the front of the old iron stove. That rose tinted glow seemed like a little flag of courage, a lonely banner of individuality. But weariness, I found, had rewards all its own. For neither the solitude nor the frost-breaks in the shack-roof could keep me from eventually falling asleep.

CHAPTER VII

THOSE first days in my Matanuska wickyup always remained a clouded memory of discomfort shot through with incongruous moods of exaltation. But Sock-Eye had been right. One took root, in some way, and fibre by fibre Time wove one back to the soil of one's birth.

I found that I got along about the same as all my frontier friends did. We managed with what we had. I knew how a baking-powder tin could be turned into a biscuit cutter, how bag burlap with a design crocheted on its ends made a passable door mat, how a broom handle fastened across a room corner curtained off with calico converted the same into a clothes closet, and how life, after all, was mostly what you made of it.

But the inanimate things, I discovered, were more easily managed than the animate. I'd never liked that red-rusted old stove of mine, standing as it did a monument of neglect at the center of my new family-circle. So on a sufficiently mild afternoon when I could afford to let the fire go down I decided to sandpaper off some of the rust and replace it with a bright and shining coat of blacklead.

It wasn't easy work. And the old potato sack I'd pinned around my waist didn't leave me looking any too regal. My hair came down and my hands took on a distinctly negroid tint. On my face, too, I must have smudged a good deal of the blacklead that should have gone elsewhere. And just as I was wielding my polishing brush on the last stove-leg a visitor walked into my humble abode and stood regarding me with a quietly bewildered eye.

"Where will I find Carol Coburn?" an unexpectedly well-modulated voice enquired of me.

I saw, when I glanced up, a tall and queenly young woman in a wide-collared mink coat that partly covered a blue and orange snow suit. She impressed me as very sophisticated and urbanized. And I saw, as she took off her sun glasses, that she had an incontestably beautiful face.

I knew who it was, even before she told me. And it didn't add to my happiness to remember that I must have impressed her as an impoverished pinch hitter for a scullery maid.

"I'm Carol Coburn," I told her, as quietly as I could. "Won't you sit down?"

She blinked at me, for an incredulous moment or two, and seated herself on my rickety old chair with the spliced leg. Then she began to laugh. It was a musical laugh. But I couldn't escape the feeling it was edged with ice and at my expense.

"So you're Carol Coburn," she said as I took off the potato sack and busied myself stoking the dwindled fire. I tried to forget the smudge on my face that kept

tempting me to stand cross-eyed before her.

"I'm sorry it's so cold in here," I heard myself saying as my visitor's disdainful eye wandered about the shack, from the wall bunk to the tim-armored grub box.

"I'm Barbara Trumbull," she announced. She was quite serious by this time.

"I know," I murmured as I poured water into my tin bath and engaged in a hasty struggle to remove some of the blacklead. "Can't I make you a cup of tea?"

"No, thank you," she said, with a second study of my partially cleansed face. She pulled up her sleeve and looked at a jewelled wrist watch. "I'm flying back to Anchorage in a few minutes."

"I'm sorry," I said in the silence that ensued. And that brought her cool and queenly glance back to me again.

"You know Sidney Lander," she observed. She said it softly. But it was like the softness of velvet with a razor blade wrapped up in its folds.

"And?" I prompted, feeling that all the frostiness wasn't to be on one side.

"And you know, of course, that we're to be married next summer?" she continued, making it half a question and half a challenge.

"Yes, he told me about that," I acknowledged.

And again I heard the musical laugh edged with ice.

"You and Sidney, I understand, had a very adventurous trip together a few weeks ago."

"We got storm bound on the trail," I explained. "But he survived it, quite unscathed."

"That's what I wanted to make sure of," said the lady in the mink coat, ignoring the touch of acid in my voice. But her eyes narrowed a little. Then, with great deliberation, she drew off the luxurious gauntlet that covered her left hand. It was a very white hand. And on the third slender finger I could see the glimmer of a diamond.

"That's his ring," she quietly but conclusively announced.

"Long may it wave!" I rather foolishly responded.

My visitor didn't smile.

"Then you know what it stands for?"

"Naturally," I acknowledged.

For just a moment she sat silent again, looking at my blackleaded stove. Then she turned back to me.

"Do you want to stop my marriage?"

It impressed me as rather primitive. But I was at least compelled to respect the lady's directness.

"What makes you think I could?" I asked.

She, apparently, both suspected and resented my air of guilelessness.

"My convictions in that quarter seem to be weakening," she said with a languid sort of asperity.

"Then why bother about the source of them?" I countered, a little tired of being accepted as merely an Audrey of the backwoods.

"Why are you fighting my father?" John Trumbull's daughter rather abruptly demanded. "And making Sidney break with the one man who could have him amount to something?"

"I have no control over Sidney Lander's actions," I said.

"Then why is he backing your father's claim?"

"I never asked him to do that," was my honest enough answer.

"It won't, of course, do any good," quietly averred my visitor.

I met her gaze without flinching.

"Are you saying that for your own sake," I asked, "or for your father's?"

Barbara Trumbull laughed a little.

"My father's big enough to fight for himself," she proclaimed, "as you'll find out before you get through with him."

"Then what are you worrying about?" I found the courage to enquire.

"About the change in Sidney," was the unexpectedly frank response. "He's a man of his word. And he's a good mining engineer. Yet he's willing to throw up his chances by hanging about this God-forsaken valley."

I resented that slur on the land of my adoption just as I resented the implications behind it.

"I have no intention," I said, "of interfering with Sidney Lander's career."

Her studious eye still again seemed to find something reassuring in my rough and humble appearance.

"That's what I wanted to find out," she said as she stood up.

"I happen to have a career of my own to look after," I proclaimed, resenting the way my interlocutor was making me feel like Cinderella in the presence of visiting royalty.

"I understand you're to be a teacher here," she said with a small smile.

"I am," was my answer. "And my work will keep me too busy to think of wrecking other people's happiness."

Her gaze, at that declaration, locked with mine.

"May I tell Sidney that?" she asked as she buttoned her queenly cloak of mink.

"Of course," I retorted with more vigor than I had intended.

She stood silent a moment, and I could see the hardness go out of her eyes.

"Thanks," she said, rather quietly.

Before I knew it, in fact, I found myself taking the hand which she held out to me. Her imperiousness made me feel awkward and ill at ease. I was glad to break away and check the draught of the stove, which was beginning to show a cherry red along its blackleaded side.

"I hope you're very happy," I ventured, for want of something better to say.

"I intend to be," she said as she crossed to the shack door. Then she turned in the open doorway, silhouetted against the strong light. "I'm glad to know how you feel about this," she announced in her softly-modulated voice of assurance. "And something tells me you're a woman of your word."

"I am," I proclaimed as the door swung to and shut out the light. But I'm not sure that she even heard me.

CHAPTER VIII

It didn't come to me as a surprise when I learned that Sidney Lander was no longer concerned with the management of the Willow Creek Mine. What perplexed me was the discovery that he didn't go to Seward when Barbara Trumbull sailed for the States.

But it wasn't mine to question why. All I cared to remember was that, for reasons entirely his own, he somewhat sedulously kept his trail from crossing mine. His days, apparently, were troubled enough. He hurried up to Fairbanks, I learned, and then down to Juneau, and then in to the Chakitana again. And I knew that when he had something definite to tell me, he would come and tell it. Even Sock-Eye maintained a somewhat exasperating silence in regard to that unstable shack partner of his, though once or twice, when the old eyes blinked into my face I garn-

ched a suspicion or two that he knew a little more than he pretended to.

So, in that interim of suspended action, I lost myself in action enough of my own. I trimmed the wick of the lamp of learning and came a little closer to my Valley neighbors. And even Sam Bryson, I began to feel, was no longer an open enemy. He thawed out sufficiently around the edges to come and inspect my shack and proclaim the school board would have to keep me in firewood. A couple of days later he appeared with two dozen new-laid eggs packed in sawdust, two dozen prizes which I kept from freezing at night by stowing them under the mattress where I slept. And before he left he even made me an old-fashioned cross-bar with which to barricade my shack-door when I slumbered on the eggs.

When Sam Bryson first told me he had a girl in need of schooling I pictured a frail and frost-bitten child in pig-tails. But Salaria Bryson—universally spoken of as "S'Lary"—turned out to be something quite different. I found myself confronted by a dusky and wide-shouldered Boadicea who towered several inches above me. She wore her hair close-cropped, dressed like a man, and could swear like a trooper. She was hard muscled and strongly knit and could swing an axe or drive a team or carry a deer carcase over her shoulder. She proved herself fonder of hunting, in fact, than she was of housework. And taken all in all she seemed about the most perfect specimen of physical womanhood I ever clapped eyes on.

Her attitude toward me as a chalk-wrangler was openly hostile, until she discovered I was Alaska-born and had once lived in a hill camp. She was willing, after that, to overlook my unhappy dower of learning. But there remained something pathetic about S'Lary. She had missed so much out of life, without quite knowing it. She was as strong as an ox and as tireless as a husky and as fearless, in one way, as a wildcat. She knew her woodcraft and could keep herself alive, I suppose, in any corner of Alaska. But she was afraid of that side of life which a school teacher stands for. I could see the sweat come out on her face when I gave her a list of third-grade words to spell.

S'Lary, however, was seldom meek. She shared her father's resentment against the "outsider" in general and all invaders of the Valley in particular. And certain newcomers, she intimated, would live longer if they talked less about that raft of broken-winded cheechacos the government was shipping up north in the Spring.

"For what," she challenged, "would a lousy bunch o' sun-bleached corn-rusters know about livin' off the land up here in Alaska? What good'll they be when they git here? And who's goin' to spoon feed 'em until they git their land cleared and their crops in?"

They were to be families, rumor had it, taken off relief in the States, hard-working farmers who had failed in their old homes and were looking for a new Land of Hope.

"Perhaps," I suggested, "they'll bring along some of the things we seem to need."

Salaria's smouldering eye viewed me askance.

"I reckon you've been pow-wowin' with that long-legged college-dood who's denning up with ol' Sock-Eye for the winter. He sure burns my pappy up hot-airin' about what's goin' to happen to this Val-

"While I have to depend on you," I ventured.

"Why not?"

"But don't you see what this is doing?" I pointed out. "It's doing for me what federal help's doing for these colonists. It's making me lean on others."

He laughed as he stood before me, so disturbingly rugged and strong and self-reliant.

"That's what I'm here for," he said. And I was tempted, for a moment, to let my crazy hunger for independence curl up and die in the ashes of a burned out pride. But I remembered the girl in the raincoat on a wind-swept wharf. And Reason came back to her throne.

"Trumbull's going to lose out, remember, on his first round," Lander was explaining. "That report shows your father's naturalization papers can be confirmed. It'll leave the issue hinging on the question of clear or clouded title definition. And that issue may have to be decided out on the Chakitana."

I didn't want to question his judgment or dampen his interest. But I couldn't help feeling that the glacier of Time was disappointingly slow in giving up its bones of uncertainty. And Lander, studying my face, seemed to read some sign of indecision there.

"I understand," he said, "that Trumbull's been talking to you."

"It didn't do much good," I acknowledged.

"Fine!" he exclaimed, as though a load had been lifted from his mind. "And we've our Valley work, remember."

"Why have you swung in with it?" I asked.

"Perhaps it's to be near you," he answered, compelling his gaze to meet mine.

"I haven't asked for any such sacrifice," I protested. But I was conscious, a moment later, of some fleeting disappointment in my lukewarm reception of that answer.

"It's not a sacrifice," he contended. "There's something big going to break here, and I want to be in on it. And I want to see you in on it. We're going to be needed here, both of us."

I couldn't help thinking, even while that speech bracketed us together so neatly, that his sojourn in the Valley had failed to bring our trails much closer. There were ghostlier things than geography, I remembered, to keep people apart.

"I wonder if we are needed?" I questioned out of my momentary mood of misgiving.

"You know you are," said Lander with a glance about my wickup, "or you wouldn't be standing for this hardship."

"It isn't the hardship I mind," I confessed, realizing for the first time just how wrapped up in one's work one could become.

"I know," he said, though his next words showed that he didn't know at all. "But Time, remember, is working for us on that other problem."

I wasn't, of course, quite sure of the problem he was referring to. But there could be no doubt as to his earnestness when he began talking about the Valley changes confronting us.

"Things are going to be different around here," he confidently proclaimed. "They've got to, or there'll be hell to pay. And it'll be a man's size job, making this muddle ready for those two thousand cheechacos."

"Isn't it a trifle late for that?" I asked as I filled my two crockery cups with hot tea.

Lander admitted that it was. But that, he contended, was just why we had to pitch in and help.

"You'll get a school, of course," he went on as he abstractedly stirred his tea. "And we'll have to have a hospital of some sort. And a Red Cross nurse. And a marshal to keep order in those transient camps. And someone to speed up the building gangs and stop all this bungling about supplies and the eternal buck passing that's mainly responsible for the mess they're in."

"It will take a bit of doing," I said, mistily envious of his initiative. But he, apparently, was thinking of other things.

"You know, of course, that your friend Ericson is in the transient camp here?"

I disclaimed any friendship between Eric the Red and myself.

"That's just the point," proceeded my visitor. "He's as yellow as they make them. And two days ago he had a talk with John Trumbull up at the Happy Day."

"What's that to me?" I asked with what was only a pretence at indifference.

Lander hesitated.

"Trumbull," he proclaimed, "is pretty ruthless. There are mighty few road rules left when he starts steam-rolling toward his own selfish ends."

"Shouldn't you be a little more loyal to the Trumbull family?" I said with unexpected sharpness.

He stiffened at that and his color deepened just a trifle.

"I've tried to be loyal to you," he finally observed, his voice both quiet and controlled as his gaze wavered about the shack. "And I know you can't keep on living like this."

"What can you do about it?" I said with more of a note of challenge than I had intended.

He laughed a little as he pushed his chair back and stood up.

"I've been talking with Colonel Hart," he casually announced. "And he agrees with me we've got to have a medical man here. There's a chance he'll bring Doctor Ruddock over from Toklutna. And I've put in a word for your friend Katie O'Connell. There's no reason she couldn't swing in as a Red Cross nurse."

A wave of joy went through me. Katie, I realized, would be an answer to prayer.

"How soon?" I gasped. It must have been the happiness in my face that made Lander smile, rather wistfully.

"That depends," he said, "on how much red tape can be cut between here and Washington. All they send us, these days, is a clash of orders."

BEFORE I could answer him Salaria appeared at my door. In the crook of her arm she carried a rifle and over one shoulder swung a full game bag. Her jacket was open at the throat, showing a triangle of smooth dark skin that made me think of a wood duck's breast.



"She seems less ashamed than you do."

She declined to come in for a cup of tea. But her dusky eyes rested rather hungrily on the silent Lander.

"You goin' my way, Old-Timer?" she enquired, indicating the truck in the dooryard.

Lander's gaze met mine for a moment with a smile that hovered about his lips.

"That means the tired Artemis wants a lift," he said as he reached for his coat and hat.

"Will you give me one?" exacted the Artemis in question. I could see Lander's gaze rest for a moment or two on the brown triangle between the jacket flaps. It reminded me that she was still a woman, under all the roughness of her hunting togs. And she was a woman, I remembered, who wouldn't beat about the bush in getting her man.

"Right to your door, S'lary," Lander answered her, with a hand wave toward his truck.

It was while the Artemis with the rifle was still frowning over some faint tinge of mockery in his voice that Lander turned back to me.

"How about coming to Wasilla tonight?" he asked.

"Why to Wasilla?" I questioned.

"They have a roadhouse dance there, every Saturday night, for our relief-roll toilers. And I want to get a line on the bad actors in that bunch."

I could see Salaria's face fall. I suspected, in fact, that Lander's question was meant as an announcement of his aloofness from the urgent-eyed Artemis beside him.

"I'll be seeing you," I acquiesced in the offhand note of the frontier.

"Fine," said Lander as he waited for Salaria to climb into the truck.

Yet as I stood watching them while they went riding away, two stalwart figures in the slanting northern sunlight, kindred in their vigor and courage and love of the open, I knew a faint twinge or two of envy. A speech of Sock-Eye's came back to me as I saw the spruce slopes swallow up the truck and the two shadows swaying so companionably together. "Gold may be where you find it, girlie, but don't forget it's the first finder usually absorbs the metal!"

LANDER called for me that night, much later than I'd expected, and carried me on to the Wasilla dance. It was many a year since I'd seen an Alaska jamboree of that kind, and it left me wondering if life hadn't rather spoiled me for such affairs. For along with the dancing were much brawling and love-making and the imbibing of a local brand of hooch known as "moose-milk."

The orchestra was merely a tinny lod piano helped out by a fiddle and accordion. I looked into Lander's face as we began to dance. Its grimness dispelled some vague sense of disappointment which his readiness to relapse into frivolity had brought me.

"I never thought of you," I told him, "as a dancing man."

"I'm not," he admitted. "But it's not often I have a partner like you."

For just a moment his arm tightened about me and I had to fight down a little surge of joy in womanly power. Then he caught sight of a painted squaw, swing past us in the still closer clasp of a mackinaw-clad mine-worker, and his arm relaxed.

But he danced much better than I had expected. He danced, in fact, with a smooth sedateness that left us almost conspicuous in that swarm of jiggling bodies and flying heels. And I felt oddly small and passive in that strong arm of his. The sense of his nearness, I suppose, should have made me happy. But it failed, for some reason, to fill my cup of joy. Life, I knew, couldn't be all toil and hardship. People were entitled to their human share of happiness. My own existence, of late, hadn't been marked by too much laughter and lightness. And we only live once.

But everything was wrong. I couldn't drum up any enthusiasm for that falsetto and loose-jointed hilarity born of bad music and worse whisky, for air thick with floor-dust and tobacco smoke, for rowdy love-making and the aroma of overheated bodies.

I tried to tell my partner that there was something pathetic in such child-like efforts to escape the isolation of wilderness life. But Lander only laughed.

"This is easy," he said. "There'll be a broken head or two before the night's over." There'd even been a stabbing, the week before, with the stabber packed off to the calaboose at Seward.

But I had no craving to see fist-fights and knife-play.

"I want to go home," I said at the end of our dance. For along the line that crowded the bar I'd caught sight of Eric the Red, surrounded by a circle of transients. He was too busy drinking and talking to give any thought to dancing. But his sardonic smile as we passed within six paces of him confirmed my distaste for the place.

"All right," said Lander. Yet I knew by the way his gaze lingered on the flushed and bleary-eyed faces all about him that he would have preferred to stay.

"They've already made life cheap enough," I contended as we escaped to the open.

There the air was sweet with a small wind that blew down from the Talkeetnas. About us lay a world that looked ghostly in the long sub-arctic twilight

where the hours of darkness were so brief.

"I guess this is better," he said as he tucked a blanket about my knees and climbed in beside me. He was silent for a while, tooling the truck along the spectral ribbon of a road.

"I'm afraid I took you away from your work," I ventured.

Lander laughed as that none too even road kept our swaying bodies in rough but friendly contact.

"That's about the best I can ask of life," he said. "To be next to you like this."

My answering laugh, I suppose, was largely defensive.

"While we both remember to keep to the middle of the road," I suggested.

"It'll be a better road before we're through with it," the resonant low voice beside me announced. He was speaking in riddles, of course. Yet I knew well enough what he meant.

"But where will it lead to?" I asked.

"I don't know, yet," he answered after a moment's silence. "But I don't want it to lead me from you."

"Hasn't it already done that?" I questioned.

It may have sounded a bit cruel. But I was depressed by a feeling of moving alone through an empty world. It was the ghostly Alaskan half light, I suppose, that made the spruce and birch groves look like long and misty waves of gloom fallen asleep in their tracks.

"I'm strong for the straight-shooter," I heard Lander's voice saying. "But I've a hankering, on the other hand, for not shooting in the dark."

"Then let's make sure of what we're aiming at," I quietly suggested.

He turned and made an effort to study my face in the none too certain light.

"I thought we meant something to each other," he said with a quick and boylike candor that was more disarming than all the earlier riddles. "I rather thought you liked me."

"I do," I said in an effort to match casualness with casualness.

But that, plainly, didn't solve his problem. He drove on in silence until he came to the narrower trail that led in to my shack.

"I suppose there's somebody else?" he finally ventured, coming to a stop in the cabin clearing.

"There's nobody else," I was honest enough to acknowledge.

"That's all I wanted to know," he said with a new resoluteness in his voice.

I was more afraid of myself, I think, than I was of him. I didn't like the way my heart was pounding as he got down from his seat and crossed to my side of the truck.

"With me there is nobody else," I compelled myself to say.

I knew, by the way he stiffened, that my shot had not missed its mark. I had the feeling, as he folded his blanket and tossed it up on the empty seat, that one of life's bigger moments was in some way failing to live up to its expectations.

"You're right," he quietly acknowledged. Then he laughed his curt laugh. "I guess I'm running a little ahead of the game."

I felt like calling after him, as he backed and turned and went lurching out to the highway. I felt that life was cheating me, that we were cheating each other. And I stood on my doorstep, looking after him until the Valley shadows finally swallowed him up.

The silence of my cabin, when I went inside and lighted the lamp, struck me as tomblike. It seemed a dolorously lonely place for a woman to live. I saw it, for the first time, in all its cold and meagre baldness. And I remembered, as I undressed and went to bed in the bunk little wider than a coffin, how it was only an empty heart that made life seem empty.

CHAPTER XII

MATANUSKA is now on the map. The Colonists have arrived. Our pilgrims from the States, perplexed and travel-worn, have at last reached their Promised Land.

But that Promised Land, apparently, didn't live up to their expectations. For all they found were unfinished roads and harried officials and lumber piles

ager up here he kin straighten out a tangle that was started wrong from the first. He contends the whole scheme should be took out o' the hands o' the War Department and give to a practical-minded worker. But while they keep on passin' the buck and squabblin' about who's the real boss here he'll jus' curl up and die of a broken heart."

"He's the type of man who doesn't believe in turning back," I found myself asserting.

"He'll never even git started," proclaimed Sam Bryson. "And nobody but a fool'd ever wade into that mess."

I thought over this on my way home. I was still thinking over it as I swung through Palmer and stopped for a moment to watch three CCC workers languidly throwing baggage into a truck backed up to the railway siding. Their heart, plainly enough, was not in their work.

One of the trio suddenly stopped and stared down at me.

"Look who's here," I heard a slightly mocking voice observe.

I detected, in that voice, an unpleasant ring of familiarity. And even before I glanced about I knew it was my soapbox orator known as Eric the Red.

"So you've swung in with the cattle," he said as he dropped to the ground. Then he laughed. "Matanuska's no longer the mud-hole it was!"

I was able, even though it took an effort, to look him squarely in the eye.

"The last time you addressed me," I told him, "you were put where you belong. And history sometimes repeats itself."

His laugh had the familiar old ring of audacity.

"This is a free country, teacher-lady. And there's no law I know of against talking to a goodlooker like you."

I declined to answer him. I merely turned away, with what dignity I could command, and moved off between the scattered dunnage. What I resented most, I think, was his power to translate life into something cheap and ugly. I felt sorry, in fact, that in the last few weeks I'd given up the habit of going about with Sock-Eye's old six-gun swinging at my hip. But Eric the Red was right and I was wrong. He wasn't through. He swung out from the truck and came striding along beside me.

"I don't think you're going to like this Valley," he had the effrontery to proclaim. "Something tells me you're likely to get what I got on the Yukon."

"Is that a threat?" I demanded.

"No, it's just a reminder," he said with a venomous sort of bitterness. "You had your innings, and I'm going to have mine. And d'you know what's going to happen to you?"

IESSAYED no answer to that challenge. But I felt less defenseless as I noticed an open car pounding and lurching along the deep-rutted roadway. In it I could see a man, a wide-shouldered man, wearing a leather coat and a leather-visored cap.

I realized, as he came closer, that his face was strange to me. But there was strength in that heavy face, slightly spattered with mud. And I lost no time in wrenching my arm away from Ericson's clasp and signalling the traveller.

"Will you help me?" I called out.

The car stopped beside us. It was, I discerned, a new car. But the mud of Matanuska made it look old.

"What's wrong here?" asked the driver, without getting down from his

seat. It was my embattled face, I suppose, that made him smile a little.

"This coward," I cried, "is threatening me."

"Threatening you with what?" enquired the stranger, still impartial. But he swung down from his seat, after a quick inspection of Eric the Red, and stood beside me. I saw then that he was tall and grizzled, but without the ear-marks of the old-timer. He looked purposeful and well bred. His voice, too, was crisp and cool yet singularly deep.

"I don't know what," I had to admit. "But it's not the first time he's annoyed me."

The eye in that stranger's wide face, I noticed as he once more inspected my unabashed enemy, was as cold and clear as glacier ice.

"Who is he?" was the newcomer's curtly impersonal query.

"He's a transient called Ericson," I said, trying to keep my voice steady.

"Has he any claim on you?" enquired the still noncommittal stranger.

"Of course not," was my quick retort.

Then he turned back to Ericson, who was advertising his composure by lighting a cigarette. But in doing so, I noticed, my enemy quietly backed a step or two off the road.

"I think, son, you'd better be on your way," the tall and grizzled stranger announced in a disappointingly casual voice. Then he turned to me and once more looked me over. I didn't like the assessing way that glacial eye inspected my person. He was, I could see, very sure of himself.

"Where are you going?" he asked.

"To my home," I answered. "That's in the Jansen shack down the Valley."

"Get in," he said, "and I'll take you there."

He promptly rounded the car and waited for me to climb into the seat beside him. He threw in his clutch and plowed forward through the mud, entirely ignoring my meek "Thank you!"

"What's your name?" he questioned, in a voice too well modulated to be called curt.

"I'm Carol Coburn," I answered.

My companion, for the next minute or two, seemed to be giving the road all his attention.

"So you're Carol Coburn," he said with meditative quietness. Then he laughed. But it was a laugh without much mirth in it. "I rather thought we'd be coming together soon."

"Why?" I asked.

He let me wait a moment or two for his answer.

"Because I'm the new owner of the Happy Day Mine," he said. "My name's John Trumbull."

He laughed a second time as he felt my quick glance go over him.

"But I'm not quite what your friend Lander is trying to make me out to be," he added. "I've never tried to steamroller orphans out of their rights."

I felt, all things considered, the need of caution.

"Then you acknowledge I have rights?" I asked.

"Where?" he enquired, obviously fending for time.

"In the Chakitana," I answered.

"Have you ever been there?" he questioned.

I told him that I hadn't.

"Then you don't and can't understand the situation," he said with a fatherly sort of deliberateness. "There may be mineral in that claim. But what good is a claim when it's out on the edge of Nowhere, and roadbuilding costs more than your mine could produce?"

"Whose mine?" I asked in a slightly sharpened voice.

His cool and not unkindly eye considered me for a moment.

"That's a decision, apparently, neither you nor I can make. It all goes back to vested rights and the records. And since

we've come together in this friendly way, I don't even want to talk about it."

"But it will have to be talked about." I reminded him. There was, I suspected, a strain of contempt in his casualness.

"There's been too much of that," he announced, "especially from Lander. Are you in love with that man?"

It was plain that he didn't believe in beating about the bush.

"I'm quite heart-free," I said, meeting his side-glance without a flicker. He was compelled, for a moment, to give his attention to the road-ruts.

"You know my daughter's going to marry Lander?" he finally observed.

"So she told me," I retorted. And that seemed to give him something to think about.

"This whole mix-up is something we've both inherited," he asserted, after another moment of silence. His tone, I thought, was more friendly. "Neither of us asked for it. And there ought to be some reasonable way out of it."

"What would you suggest?" I quietly enquired.

I had the feeling of being weighed on a pair of invisible scales.

"I'd suggest that we leave Lander out of it," he said, "and go at the thing without rancor and prejudice. Lander's bull-headedness hasn't got you anywhere. And it won't get him anywhere."

"I've never had any cause to question his loyalty," I asserted.

"Well, I have," was the prompt response. "And if you'd fly out to the Chakitana and actually look over the ground you'd understand the situation a little better."

"With whom?" I questioned.

"With me," he answered.

I laughed a little. For I pictured him, in my mind's eye, burying me in one of his testpits, or emulating the Wicked Uncle of the Babes in the Wood and leaving me to die in the unmapped wilderness.

I could see his frown at my prompt "No, thank you!"

But his voice, when he spoke, was both suave and controlled.

"Don't run away with the idea this Chakitana claim is my only trouble," he said. "I've got mine interests that take me from the Circle right down to Mexico. And I like to clear things up as I go along."

Once again I recognized the deep rumble of Big Business. But the thought of my father's lone grave somewhere out along the tangled trails of the Chakitana confirmed me in my own blind course of opposition.

"We turn in here," I explained, indicating the cosy path that led to my shack-front. "Lander," I said as we came to a stop in the dooryard, "seems to feel the fight has only begun."

But John Trumbull, apparently, was giving his attention to my small and lonely wickiup.

"Do you mean you're satisfied with this sort of thing?" he demanded, his contemptuous gaze on my littered doorway, left so unlovely by the Spring thaw.

"I'd like it better if I had a school," I said as I looked out over the spruce studded Valley between its towering peaks.

John Trumbull sat watching me as I climbed down from the car seat. I couldn't, in my old trail togs, have made a very impressive figure.

"What would you say if I put a few thousand into a school for you," he asked. "As good a school as they've got anywhere in this Territory?"

It was my turn to remain silent as I looked up into those glacier-ice eyes of his. They were cold and calculating and without any glow of generosity. And I remembered my old school maxim about fearing the Greeks when they came bearing gifts.

"Does my claim impress you as worth that much?" I found the courage to demand.

His color deepened, apparently with the embarrassment of a contestant who has underestimated the power of his opponent.

"What it's worth won't be decided by either you or me," he said in an unexpectedly sharpened voice. "But I was

hoping we could get together on it in some friendlier way."

I realized from what quarter his daughter Barbara had inherited that lordly manner of hers.

"I happen to be Klondike Coburn's daughter," I reminded him.

That brought a steelier look into his averted eyes.

"I was trying to forget that," he retorted, almost in a bark. "But hate and stupidity, you'll find, won't get you far."

"I'll get along," I said, forcing a smile of assurance. And as I stood confronting him I began to nurse a new and sharper fellow-feeling for Sidney Lander. He too had refused to be crushed by that human car of Juggernaut.

John Trumbull started his engine and threw in his clutch.

"You may not last here as long as you imagine," he proclaimed as he swung about my dooryard and headed for the road.

And as I stood watching him as he lurched along that rutted highway between the towering and pink-tinted Talkeetnas I realized that his words constituted the second threat which I had heard in one day.

CHAPTER XI

Yesterday, being Saturday, was a day off for the Valley chalk-wrangler. By the time I was up and astir the yellow sunlight was spilling over into our dusky bowl between the Talkeetnas, with a flash of turquoise where Knik Glacier shone sometimes apple green and sometimes blue white in the shifting beams. It made me feel that life was good and the mere going on could still be a matter of high adventure.

But a day off didn't mean idleness. I had my mending and darning to do, my sourdough sponge to work into loaves, and my house to put in order after six days of neglect. I'd baked my bread, and finished my washing and ironing, and with the fortitude of the true frontiersman was just filling my big woodbox with neatly split spruce boles when a truck rumbled up to my door.

It was a rather official looking truck of battleship grey, similar to those I'd seen of late about the Administration Camp at Palmer. And it startled me a little when Lander swung down from the driver's seat. He looked tired and a trifle solemn.

"I've been wanting to look you up," he said, and there was a moment's awkward silence. "I suppose you know what that means?" he added as I stared at the truck. He laughed, rather curiously, when I told him I was entirely in the dark. "It means I'm field manager for the Matanuska Valley Project."

From my silence he seemed to reap some final impression of disappointment. He stood, for a moment, studying my face.

"I suppose you think I've failed you?" he said, more solemn than ever.

"In what?" I asked, resenting his power to interfere with my heart action.

"In marking time this way about your Chakitana claim," he observed as he followed me into the shack and stood watching me while I quietly proceeded to make tea for him.

"I can live without that mine," I found myself saying.

"But nobody likes to be robbed," Lander observed as he thrust some papers into my hand. One of those papers, I noticed, was my father's dog-eared certificate of citizenship. And as I glanced down at the faded portrait appended to it I realized I was looking at the face of a fighter. It made me stiffen my shoulders.

"We can't, of course, pick our ground for this particular fight," Lander was saying. "We have to know our enemy's line of attack. And in this case he seems to be playing safe and turning to court procedure and trying to make everything look legal. He claimed your Dad's citizenship papers aren't backed up by the records."

"Then what can we do?" I asked.

"I have Canby working for us at Juneau," Lander explained. "He's both dependable and resourceful. But you can't, of course, hurry those Record Office chair warmers. And we'll have to depend on Canby."

CHAPTER XIII

Lander kept his promise. Katie got her hospital.

It proved to be only a board shed interlined with plywood and roofed with tar paper, a bald-looking building with square windows and a row of army cots along one wall. But it was shelter for Katie's patients.

Katie dropped in one afternoon, on her way from dressing a crushed finger, and for half an hour filled my room with the companionable smoke of her cigarettes. But her spirits, for once, seemed anything but light and airy.

"Isn't it grand?" I said in an effort to dispel the gloom, "to have Ruddy back with us."

"Is it?" said Katie, quite without enthusiasm.

"What's on your mind?" I demanded.

"A couple of snapshots," was Katie's rather cryptic answer.

"Snapshots of what?" I asked.

"Of a snip of a surgical nurse down in his hospital," the gloomy Katie replied. "Ruddy just showed 'em to me. He seems to think she's the last word in womanhood."

"What did she look like?" I questioned, with a prompt and sympathetic heart-sag.

"Like a movie queen in white," barked Katie. "And I had to say so. And I don't like the way he stowed 'em away in his breast pocket."

Life, I felt when Katie went on her way again, was a dolorously muddled affair.

But life goes on, even when we turn our back to it. Sloth may be one of the seven deadly sins, but Sidney Lander, apparently, doesn't believe in letting the grass grow under his feet.

For while I was busy helping Katie with her hospital work he was getting my school ready for me. And, according to S'lary, he must have had his troubles.

Long before this Colony was thought of there was a small school at Matanuska Village. It was housed in what had once been a wooden fronted trading-post, a relic of earlier times. Its floor had heaved with the frosts of many a long winter, its walls had sagged, and its roof leaked like a sieve. Sam Bryson, its owner, soured by his removal as district superintendent, refused to lift a hand in repairing the old wreck, though, according to certain old-timers, he was wringing some sort of consolation out of the situation by exacting an annual rental three times what it ought to have been. The CCC workers were equally recalcitrant. So Lander marshalled a corps of volunteers and tackled the job. The undulating floor was made level once more, the side-walls were patched and straightened; two new windows were put in, and the roof was made waterproof. They also built a double row of rough little desks and replaced the rusty old stove with a new and shining airtight heater, to say nothing of four equally bright and shining gas lamps.

The officials proved prodigal enough with supplies. For they promptly shipped in six gross of blackboard wipers and a half truck of chalk boxes and enough paper and pencils to run a university. They also, ironically enough, sent a nickel and enamel water cooler and an electric fan, both of them, of course, quite useless. But all shipments of books, apparently, must have fallen by the wayside.

I kept telling myself that there was something dignified in the job of teaching, in molding the minds of the young, in bringing light into the dark places of the world. I was the lamp in the Valley.

But the lamp, plainly, stood in need of some new oil. And full as my days were, I'd a feeling that something important in life was forever slipping around the corner before I could quite catch up with it. Yet all I could do, I argued with myself, was to tighten my belt and carry on. I'd no intention of turning into a grumbler. We had enough of them already.

I was still in my classroom, after the big yellow bus had carried away the last of the children, when Sock-Eye appeared in the doorway. He may have struck a note of ferocity, with his big sheath-

knife and his six-guns swinging from his abraded old belt, but he came in rather hesitatingly, plainly repressed by the aroma of higher education that surrounded him. And I could see, as I studied the weather-beaten old face so deeply crowfooted about the eye corners and so puckered about the leathery jowls with ancient hardships, that Sock-Eye had something on his mind.

"I ain't much of a hand at g'ography," he said as his bear-like eyes blinked up at my wall map, "but I've got me a homemade chart here I'm needin' a mess o' help on."

He produced a soiled and rumpled sheet of paper diversified with many pencil markings and placed it on the desk top in front of me.

"What's this?" I asked, trying in vain to read some meaning into the roughly pencilled lines.

"That," said Sock-Eye, "is a map o' Klondike Coburn's claim on the Chakitana as I kin best work it out."

"What are you going to do with it?" I prompted.

Sock-Eye's stubborn old mouth hardened a little.

"I ain't sayin'," he answered. "But that's the mine, remember, that ought t' be yours."

"John Trumbull says it shouldn't," I reminded him.

"And Sid Lander says it does," retorted Sock-Eye. "But I ain't goin' into that now, girlie. What I want t' check up on is where them location stakes o' your old pappy ought t' stand." His stubby finger pointed to a marking on the map. "Here's the Chakitana, and it ought t' be about here the Big Squaw comes in. But I can't figger out which side o' that crick the Trumbull outfit is anchored to."

"I'm afraid I can't help you much," I said. "You see, Sock-Eye, I've never been there."

"Then why ain't you there now?" demanded the old fire-eater.

"Because I'm needed here in the Valley," I answered. "And Sidney Lander's supposed to be looking after my claim."

"Yes," snapped Sock-Eye, "fussin' round with these pie-eatin' pikers and waitin' for a bunch of law sharks t' put in the final word. But court rulin's don't git you nowhere, back on the cricks."

"But what can you do in a case like this?" I asked.

Sock-Eye chuckled in his leathery old throat.

"I can break trail for the back hills where a he-man's still got breathin'-room," was his solemn-noted reply. "I can mush on to a valley that ain't over-run with weaklin's and women-folks."

"Thanks," I said. And the squinting old eyes, the eyes with the narrowed sagacity that always made me think of a bear, slewed about and studied my face.

"I ain't got nothin' against you, girlie," he said. "I've been strong for you from the first crack out o' the box. I savvied, from that snowy day I spotted you on the trail, you was good leather. And later on I savvied you was mixed up with a bunch o' snakes here. That's why I kind o' hate t' mush on and leave you sittin' out on a limb."

"I've always managed to take care of myself," I assured him.

"That's what you think," said Sock-Eye. "But it's time some plain spoken hombre put a bee or two in your bonnet. For I savvy a heap more'n you imagine, girlie. You think Big John Trumbull 'll give you a square deal on your claim trial. But he won't. He ain't built that way. And there's a glib tarantula right over in that transient camp who's figurin' on bustin' you up in this Colony, when the chance comes around. And he's got Trumbull behind him."

"Is that Eric the Red?" I demanded, my thoughts suddenly back to more imminent things.

"That's the bird," acknowledged Sock-Eye as a leathery old claw stroked his six-gun holster.

"What's he got against Lander?" I asked.

"One item worth mentionin'." Sock-Eye said with his not unkindly smile, "is the fact that Lander's ridin' range for you."

"Why should he ride range, as you put it, for me?" I enquired with purely defensive obtuseness.

Sock-Eye took another chew before deigning to answer.

"Why, that long-legged galoot's so crazy about you, girlie, he can't see straight."

I could feel the color come up into my face. But I managed to keep control of my voice.

"Did he ever tell you this?" I asked.

"That hombre," asserted the frowning Sock-Eye, "ain't given to talkin' much. But when he gits set on doin' a thing he does it in his own way."

"But it would be in an honest way," I proudly proclaimed.

Sock-Eye's shaggy head nodded its dubious assent.

"He's a straight shooter all right. But that's jus' where the hitch is. He's too straight. And considerin' what he's facin' it ain't gettin' him far." Sock-Eye's gaze wavered away and regarded the design I'd embroidered on a gunnysack for a floor mat. "I ain't nosin' into that tie-up with the Trumbull dame. That's somethin' 'twixt him and his Creator. But there's that girl o' Sam Bryson's. S'lary ain't what you'd mebbe called civilized."

"She has her good points," I regretfully admitted.

"Mebbe she has. But when a maverick in petticoats like that gits an idee in her head, when she's set on something she ain't no special right to, she's a-goin' after it like a wildcat after a rabbit."

I began to discern the threatening bush about which my old friend was so artfully beating.

"Lander seems able to take care of himself," I quietly proclaimed.

"Mebbe he is," retorted Sock-Eye. "And mebbe he ain't. But book learnin' and shadow boxin' with the Ten Commandments ain't goin' t' help you much when you're competin' again a she-wolf."

"I haven't," I ventured, "seen signs of any conflict."

"You wouldn't," acceded Sock-Eye. "But as I told you once afore, gold's where you find it. And so is a hombre's consolation for livin' alone. But it's mebbe worth rememberin' that both the man and the metal is usually corralled by the forager who's first t' high-tail it in t' where the strike is."

I took a little time to ponder that double pearl of wisdom.

"Why are you telling me all this?" I asked.

"B'cause I liked your ol' pappy," Sock-Eye said as he reached for his hat, "and because I think a heap o' you, girlie. That's why I'm puttin' a blaze or two on the tamaracks along the trail o' twisted intentions. I ain't no bible thumper. But I'm enough of a powder blistered ol' rock-wrangler t' know what a claim jumper can git away with when you ain't got your location posts marked plain. And that applies t' both sides o' the fence you're sittin' on."

He crossed to the door and stood looking out over the Valley.

"What are you going to do now?" I asked as I studied the desolate old figure that blocked off the light.

"I guess I'll go and git drunk," he said, without turning his head. "And then I reckon I'll wrassle my outfit together and mush back t' the cricks again."

CHAPTER XIV

BARBARA TRUMBULL and her father came in by plane three days ago. What prompted that return was, of course, unknown to me. But the stately lady from the south must have talked with Lander. And what passed between them is equally unknown to me. All I could be sure of was that she had installed herself in the superintendent's lodge up at the Happy Day Mine and had made no effort to get in touch with me. This humble chalk-wrangler of the Matanuska, apparently, wasn't of much importance in her arrogantly allotted scheme of life.

But I was more worried, at the time, by Sock-Eye's abrupt disappearance. The facts, as I gathered them, were not reassuring. The bull-headed old fellow had possessed himself of two pack mules, which he hid in the hills beyond Knik Glacier and loaded down with grub and equipment and three cases of dynamite. Rumor had it that S'lary Bryson had not only been his go-between during those preparations, but had been his companion and trail mate on his first day's

travel out through the hills. And after that the silence had swallowed him up.

When I went to the Bryson shack, to glean a little more light on the matter, I found Sam alone there, alone and singularly acid-spirited.

"Where's Salaria?" I asked as I made a show of producing the textbooks that motivated my visit.

"Bear-shootin'," was Sam's truculent reply.

"But do you approve of her going off in the hills by herself?" I asked.

"My approvin' or disapprovin' of a thing don't stack so high with S'lary," was the embittered answer. "She does what she's a mind to. And after forty miles o' mountain mushin' she'll be amblin' back about nightfall as hungry as a malamute and with some o' the meanness worked out o' her system."

But Salaria didn't come back about nightfall, if our brief spell of midnight dusk could indeed be called nightfall. By the following noon, when she failed to put in an appearance, her father became alarmed. He even appeared at the Administration Building and asked for help. And it seemed the most natural thing in the world that Lander and his lean-nosed Sandy should be among those who hurriedly made ready and trailed out into the surrounding hills in search of her. Why Lander headed out past the Happy Day I don't know. But I do happen to know that when Barbara Trumbull intercepted him on the outer trail and offered to join him in what she termed his gesture of gallantry, he promptly and firmly declined her companionship. This, apparently, piqued the lady from the superintendent's lodge, for she later visited Katie's tent office and made inquiries as to the character and appearance of the missing Artemis. And it obviously didn't add to her questioner's happiness when Katie informed her visitor that Salaria Bryson was the most superb specimen of vital and lawless womanhood she'd ever clapped eyes on.

IT WAS unfortunate, I suppose, that Lander should have been the searcher who eventually found Salaria. He succeeded in locating her, late the second evening, half way up the slope of Big Indian Mountain, in an impromptu camp behind a wind-break. For she was

woodsman enough to take care of herself in the open. When Sandy nosed her out, in fact, she was quietly broiling bear steaks over a camp fire. But she had been unable, apparently, to resume her homeward journey because of a hurt ankle, incurred when she had a hand-to-hand encounter with a wounded black bear. There may have been some question as to the extent of her injury, but the bear carcass was there to substantiate her story of the encounter.

So Lander did what he could for the wounded ankle, packed up the scattered camp equipment, and started out with the pain-ridden Salaria on the down trail to the Valley.

But the final portion of that journey wasn't as harmonious as it might have been. For it happened to be John Trumbull's car that picked Salaria up, just beyond the Happy Day, and carried her to her father's door. Lander, for quite discernible reasons, declined to ride in that car with his charge. And Trumbull's openly expressed view of the adventure in no way added to Sam Bryson's peace of mind.

When I stopped at the post office for my mail I saw Lander's truck there. A moment later Lander himself came out, with an open letter in his hand. He looked harried and haggard. I could see a sombre light in his eyes as he stood silent, for a few seconds, staring rather pointedly into my face.

"You know what's happened?" he questioned.

"About Salaria?" I countered, perplexed by the grimness of his face.

His gesture was almost one of disgust.

"That's not important," he proclaimed.

"It was to Salaria," I reminded him. And I could see his quick glance search my face for second meaning.

"That's over and done with," he said as he stepped closer to me. "We've more important things to face."

But it wasn't over and done with. For even as he confronted me there, the Trumbull car swerved in and shuddered

and an impromptu city of tents along the Valley flats, army tents in rows as regular as a military cantonment, each with a wooden floor and boarded side-walls and a smoke-pipe going up from its roof.

There was no teaching for the chalk-wrangler yesterday when word went round that the first trainload of colonists was on its way up from Seward and Katie O'Connell was hurried over from Tokluna to look after the women and children. And since I was detailed to stand right-hand man to Katie I was there to help make boilers of coffee and watch the disembarking of the dishevelled and sea-worn army.

They weren't very impressive to the eye, as they came tumbling out of their day-coaches, like range cattle out of a corral. But I wanted to believe in them. I kept telling myself that these inlanders who'd fared so far from the hills of their birth were really a fine and valorous band of frontier-seekers. They stood, I felt, for something glamorous and invincible in the race. They'd set out to conquer a new world, as their fathers' fathers had done with the ox-teams and "white-tops" of an earlier generation.

Katie arrived, with barely time for a greeting, before she was swamped in work among the settlers. With tired eyes she sat down on one of the bench boards as she sipped a cup of steaming coffee. "There's going to be plenty of work for all of us," she said. "And I wish Ruddy were here. I'll have to get you to help me until things get straightened out a bit."

Colonel Hart called me into Headquarters the next morning and told me that I would have a schoolhouse as soon as they could find a building which would suit the purpose. It might take some weeks to get it in a fit condition for regular school work. Next year a real school would be built, he promised, smiling, and suggested that if the Colony children could be grouped into classes of some sort, and a teacher rotated among them, there might be less grumbling from the parents and less hell-raising by the youngsters.

So for two or three weeks, he proceeded, I'd have to do the best I could as a circuit-rider teacher. The first call on the workers, of course, was to get homes built. But with the help of the Territorial School Commission and the elimination of that old illiterate known as Sam Bryson I'd soon have textbooks and supplies and four walls in which to house my pupils.

"But in the meantime," he continued, "we'll have to keep that rabble of kids tied down to class work. And your circuit, after this, will have to take in our different camps. It won't be easy. But nothing's easy up here. It's a matter of facing pioneer conditions. And it's the job of the pioneer to get through with what he has at hand."

I assured him that I would do the best I could. Then I suggested that a portable blackboard would be a help, since a blackboard was to a teacher what a throne was to a king, the seat and symbol of his power.

"All right," the man at the desk answered across his mountain of blueprints. "Tell that bunch of transient workers out there to make your board and make it pronto. Tell them I said so."

He turned to other problems and left me remembering that pioneers were not to be pikers. So I sallied forth to where six flannel-shirted CCC workers were languidly piling lumber at the track-side. I ignored a quite audible "Pipe the peach!" as I approached them. Even their overfamiliar "Hello, Toots!" failed to shake my dignity. I merely informed them of the Administrator's order for the concoction of a four-by-six portable blackboard.

"So you're the dry-nurse of this hole," said the boldest of the sextette. "Some chalk-wrangler," he observed as he blinked at my hunting-boots and whipcord riding-breeches. They didn't seem to gibe with his ideas of pedagogy.

"You can have anything we've got, Baby-Eyes," said another. And still another coyly proclaimed that his own schooling wasn't all it should have been and it seemed about time to be starting

over. A fourth adventurer of the North announced he was plumb ready to learn everything a rosebud of the Frozen North could teach him.

It wasn't, of course, as bad as it sounded, being carried on with that half respectful and heavy-jointed jocularity peculiar to the regions where life is rough and chivalry is apt to stay in its shirt sleeves. And, for all their banter, they assured me I'd have my board, neatly nailed together and ebonized with a flat coat of lampblack. They even promised to have it at my cabin the next day.

I rather overlooked their eagerness to know just where that cabin was. And it would all have worked out better, I imagine, if they hadn't first gone over to Wasilla, where flourishes the Valley's only open bar, and where they were joined by a dozen or two other transients. There, at any rate, they plainly drank more moose-milk than was good for them. I could hear them as they came in a body toward my cabin clearing, singing as they came:

"Oh, then, my Booska,
Don't you cry for me,
For I'm off to Matanuska
With the teacher on my knee."

Someone with an accordion was leading them in that familiar old pioneer tune. But I didn't find the newer wording altogether to my liking. And by the time they came swarming in from the road they were a shouting and irresponsible band of adventurers, set on giving their lone chalk-wrangler a housewarming and a "shivaree" all in one.

I closed and fastened my door, in fact, when I caught sight of them charging across the clearing. They rather frightened me, yelling like Pawnees on the warpath as they were. I couldn't, of course, believe they were as bad as they sounded. But I got an inkling of how the Indian-harried women of the overland trail must have felt, in the old days, when I found that band of tipsy roisterers swarming about my windows and pounding on my door.

I had no intention of hiding away under the bunk mattress. I pretended, instead, to be writing at my table, sitting there, rather anxiously, as they worked pole ends under the sill logs and tried to impart a ship-at-sea motion to my small cabin. But they soon tired of that, finding the shack too heavy to be converted into a rocking-chair. So they proceeded to serenade me, more noisily than ever. And to the general din they added a salvo or two of revolver shots.

It sounded like the capture of the stage-coach in a wild and woolly western. And even that I endured without protest. But when I realized that one of the faces peering in at the window was that of the fire-eating Eric Ericson, I found the last of my patience ebbing away.

I didn't, even then, altogether surrender to panic. I didn't, on the other hand, propose to sit there and shiver like a white mouse. When they started to pound on the door again, this time with one of their heavier poles, I could see that it would soon go down under their blows. And that not only brought the light of battle into my eye but prompted me to cross to the dish shelf and reach for Sock-Eye's old revolver. Then I lifted away the cross-bar and swung the door open. I felt very much of a pioneer woman as I stood there facing them.

But instead of shrinking back, as they should have done, they began to laugh at me and my threatening gun. They even crowded in closer, pushing about me like a group of sled-huskies about a grub-bag. They could see hesitation, I suppose, in the very way I held that old six-gun.

It was Eric the Red who swayed closest to me, with a hand-wave toward my equally swaying revolver.

"Mightn't it go off, Angel-Eyes?" he taunted.

"It will," I warned him, "unless you stand back."

His laugh reminded me of his power to make life both ugly and cheap.

"It would be a joy, sweet lady, to receive lead from a hand so fair."

I hated him more than ever for that.

I could even feel an impulse to resent his mockery stiffen my finger on the trigger. And I could, without much trouble, have given him what he asked for. But he was too quick for me.

With an unexpected upsweep of his hand he knocked my arm above my head. The shock of that blow made the revolver go off, high in the air, and before the smoke cleared away they were crowding in closer, pretending to be fighting for its possession. But I could see it was only a pretence. They refused to be afraid of me. They were merely mauling me and circling their arms about me in an offhand sort of intimacy that was all the worse for its casualness. I could see, by their laughing faces, that they rather liked my struggles. But they made it a point to keep my right hand pinned above my head.

"It mustn't lose its temper," said Ericson, with his face close to mine. He even

CHATELAINE, SEPTEMBER, 1938

bringing in the mudsmear and forgotten blackboard.

He stood watching me as I wiped the mud, and then what was unmistakably a bloodstain, from that ignobly acquired symbol of authority. Then, still without speaking, we stood rather foolishly looking into each other's eyes.

"This won't happen again," he said with a steely sort of quietness. He glanced down at his bruised knuckles. "You know, of course, what that rabble-rouser wants to do? He wants to throw a scare into you, to frighten you out of your job, to make this Valley intolerable."

"Why should he?" I asked.

"I think," answered Lander, "it's because he has Trumbull behind him. There's more than one way, remember, of fighting a mine claim."

"But it's all so unfair," I cried. "It's been unfair from the beginning."

"Of course it is," he agreed. Then he



He carefully wrapped my blanket around me. "I'm not much good to you, am I?" he said.

passed mockingly admiring fingers across my tumbled forelock. And as I shrank back from the odious touch a truck of battleship grey came clattering across the clearing. I could see a tall figure swing down from its seat.

It wasn't until I saw him pushing in through the crowd that I realized the newcomer was Lander. He scattered the startled transients right and left as he came. A heavier bodied man, who tried to block his way, went suddenly flat on the dooryard soil as my rescuer's fist thudded against his jaw. The crowd was no longer laughing.

Ericson, close to me in the doorway, turned to fathom the reason for the sudden silence. And I could see Lander's mouth harden into a grimmer line as he saw and recognized him. The mallet-like fist, swinging for the second time, sent my tormentor sprawling in across the cabin floor. He lay there, face down, as Lander turned on the resentful group behind him.

They fell back a little, milling and shouting as they went. But they at least fell back. Lander, stooping down from his towering height, lifted Ericson from the floor and flung him out through the open door. Then he reached for the revolver still clutched in my hand and took it away from me. I stood watching him as he stepped out through the door, swinging it shut behind him.

I expected to hear the sound of shots, for more than one of those transients, I knew, carried guns. And it seemed rather craven and cowardly for me to be hidden away there behind a barricade of heavy timbers. But instead of the sound of shooting I merely heard Lander's voice, diminishing in volume as he stepped away from my doorsill.

What he said to them I didn't know. But I could hear that deep and indignant voice above the mutterings and cat-calls of the others. I could hear a final ringing challenge that brought no reply from their ranks. And by the time I could think a little straighter and stand a little steadier on my feet the door opened again and Lander stepped into the cabin.

He looked at me with a quietly questioning eye.

"Are you all right?" he asked.

"I'm all right," I told him. And I attempted to prove it by going out and

turned and let his gaze lock with mine. "But it at least brought us together."

"Has it?" I parried, with a feeling that we were edging out on perilously thin ice. And I could feel his quick glance searching my face for second meanings.

"We're not through yet," he affirmed.

"This can't go on," I said with a note of desperation. "You simply can't go on helping me like this."

A car horn sounded, outside the shack, as he stood studying my face. But he continued to study it as though he were inspecting a roadmap that didn't work out right.

I could see the ghost of a smile soften the hard lines of his mouth.

"You're pretty easy to help," he said. He even took a slow step or two toward me as he said it. Then he swung on his heel, as the door opened, and stared at the rough and manly figure of Katie O'Connell, who inspected me with an indifferent eye and promptly turned to my visitor.

"You're the bozo I want," was her grim-noted announcement. "We've got to get action here or there'll be the deuce to pay."

"What's wrong?" asked Lander as he leaned my blackboard against the bunk edge.

"There's three clear cases of measles in that tent colony," was her answer, "and about two hundred kids who've been exposed to it. Colonel Hart's gone over for the Anchorage doctor, but that doesn't solve our problem."

"What is it you want?" asked Lander.

"I want Doctor Ruddock here," was Katie's prompt proclamation. "And inside of twenty-four hours I've got to have a hospital of some kind."

"Then you'll get it," Lander said with reassuring curtessy. "We've got the material and we've got two hundred workers. And we'll turn 'em loose on it without waiting for an Okay from headquarters."

"What workers?" challenged Katie. "Those bindle-stiffs in the CCC camp have just told me they're walking out. They say they're on strike. And the building gangs claim they have orders to stick to houses."

"Forget the orders," barked Lander, "at a time like this. I say you'll get that hospital. And you'll get it, lady, before I take these boots off."

we were winging. He dropped lower as the cloud floor fell away under us. He gave me the impression that he was peering about for familiar landmarks.

Then I saw him stiffen and cry out, at the same time that Lander leaped to his feet.

"What's that?" was the latter's sharp demand.

Slim Downey didn't turn as he shouted back. But there was indignation in his voice.

"It's rifle shots. There's some fool shooting at us."

"Turn back," I heard Lander's voice call out.

"They got my fuel tank," Slim suddenly shouted over his shoulder.

"What'll we do?" asked Lander. The quietness of his voice was a surprise to me. "Sit tight," called Slim. "That's Blackwater Lake on our left there. I think I can make it. I've got to make it."

But a ton of metal and humanity isn't easily stopped. I was stunned by an abrupt sense of concussion, of rocking and tearing and roaring, as our floats took the water and threw up a twin cloud of spray. I still felt shaken and strained when the wavelike weaving of everything about me slowly diminished and weakened into a glide. I heard Slim's throaty shout of gratitude and felt Lander's hand tighten on mine. But we merely sat there, in silence, as we taxied to a stop and saw the wind begin to beat us back over the ruffled dark water.

It carried us into a crescent-shaped cove framed by broken rock-slopes, with a sprinkling of white birch along the shoreline. Beyond those slopes was an ice-worn rampart of hills, and beyond the hills were the snowy peaks of a mountain range that gave the impression of being illimitable.

It was very lonely country. I had to take a grip on myself to keep from shuddering, as Slim poled ashore and with his mooring lines made us fast to the stunted birches.

"What do we do now?" asked Lander with what I recognized as purely achieved casualness.

Slim took out a cigarette and sat down on a rock. Then he mopped his face.

"We've got to get gas," he announced, "from our Carcassou cache. But it's no good to me, of course, until I've plugged that hole in my tank."

"Can you do it?" I rather tremulously enquired.

Slim laughed at my woe-begone look.

"It'd surprise you what a bush-hawk can do when he has to. When I was iced down on Cranberry Lake last winter, with a dead battery and no starting-crack, I was blacksmith enough to turn an oil-screen wrench into a hand-crack. There's always a way, young lady."

I realized, from the lengthening shadows, that the day was coming to an end. My face, I suppose, was a stricken one. For Lander, after a glance into my eyes, placed his consoling big hand on my shoulder and said: "It's all right. We're not licked yet."

"I know it," I said with a foolish little surge of faith.

"We've grub for two weeks," he pointed out, "whatever happens. We've fuel, all the fuel we need. And a chance for rabbit or caribou if we need it. You'll sleep in the plane cabin tonight and Slim and I'll camp on shore here."

"And then what?" I asked, trying to keep the desolation out of my voice.

"Then in the morning, when Slim's working on his ship and packing in his gas, you and I will start overland for Big Squaw Creek. We should do it in a day. And every day counts."

IT WAS easy enough to say. But out on the trail, ten hours later, I realized there was little romance in mushing over the broken terrain of the Alaskan hinterland. There was no path through the spruce groves and no foothold on the hillside rubble. There were rock ridges and arroyos and canyons and gravel beds. There were sloughs to be avoided and steaming muskegs where mosquitoes swarmed. There were niggerheads and soggy tundra and oozy silt to be crossed and rock-barriers to be mounted.

When I felt I couldn't go farther I found fresh strength in the thought

that, many a year ago, my own father must have mushed through that unmapped country and battled along against much the same obstacles. But I was not alone, I reminded myself as I struggled on in Lander's wake. I was with the one man I wanted to be with. And from that, being a woman, I should have wrung some rewarding taste of happiness.

But worry and weariness took the savor out of any such thought. We were merely two plodding animals, forgetful of self, swallowed up by the wilderness, fighting our way through from one peril to another. And when we slept out that night, with a camp fire between us and the Aurora Borealis brushing the white peaks of the mountains above us, I lay stunned with a slowly widening sense of solitude touched with unreality.

It was the faint howl of a wolf that brought a final cry of protest from my lips.

"What's wrong?" asked the blanketed figure on the other side of the fire. "Nothing," I said, startled by the thinness of my own voice.

But some forlorn note in the answer caused Lander to sit up. He sat there for some time, staring at me across our dwindling bed of coals.

"It's been tough going," he finally said. But he remained where he was. He merely reached out, meditatively, and threw a stick or two on the fire.

"I'm all right," I murmured as I moved about for a softer place in my rock bed. And then my heart thumped faster than it should have. For I could see that he had thrown aside his blanket and was crawling over to me, on his hands and knees. It made him look like a bear. But there was nothing ursine in his movements as he carefully wrapped my blanket closer about me, so that only my face showed. Then he squatted beside me, in the vague light of the camp fire, and sat looking down at what he could see of my face.

"I'm not much good to you, am I?" he quietly announced.

I detected a new timbre in his voice. And it was both a joy and a peril to me.

"You're a good fighter," I told him.

"But that isn't everything," he suggested.

"No, it isn't everything," I agreed.

His gaze went, for a moment, down the dark valley, and then returned to my face.

its very roughness I found something infinitely soothing.

It prompted me, in fact, to try to free my arms from the blanket. But he prevented that abandonment of reason by pressing the heavy folds closer about me.

"I've always loved you," he repeated as the hand-pressure through the blanket grew perceptibly stronger and then relaxed again. "But this isn't the time for saying so."

CHAPTER XVIII

WHEN we broke camp the next morning Sidney Lander seemed surer of himself. Through his binoculars he examined the wide and twisting valley and announced that we'd have to climb up into higher territory. The air was clear and windless, and the crystal peaks that ramparted the sky looked less hostile in the slanting sunlight.

Along that higher terrain, too, we could now and then find a semblance of a trail, with firm rock taking the place of treacherous muskeg and obstructing swamp. The going was still hard, but much less precarious.

"It's a great country," Lander called back over his shoulder.

I couldn't agree with him. It seemed wild and torn and empty, the outpost of the world, a scarred battlefield where titanic forces had clashed and enmities older than man had left desolation in the wake of tumult and warfare.

The man in front of me, I felt, was in his element. He could even exult, in his own way, at the thought of peril and the approach of contest. He called himself my champion, but I was only a woman, a trivial factor in the enterprise. And as weariness once more crept through my body, an inner inertia of the spirit shadowed and darkened my mind. I felt cheated out of a companionship that had been proffered and then taken away from me.

Yet it was no time, I knew, for the softer emotions, for leaning on a sustaining shoulder and demanding what had to remain inarticulate. There were more serious things afoot. And to ask for tenderness, in the face of so many uncertainties, was as foolish as demanding consoling words when a house was afire and falling about one's ears. There was, I remembered, an end to be reached and an issue to be settled. And actions, I tried to tell myself, spoke louder than words.

Yet I was glad when Lander came to a stop, at the end of a traverse that led to a wide rock ledge overlooking the valley. The valley itself widened out, with a cleft or two in the hill ranges where a series of canyons and smaller valleys radiated out from the lower wide bowl, with gravel beds and groves of stunted spruce interspersed along its broken slopes. Those slopes looked empty and lonely.

"We've made it," I heard Lander say.

"That's the Big Squaw," he said with an unmistakable note of triumph in his voice. Yet all I could see, in the distance, was a meandering ribbon of water, an uncertain thread of water muddy with glacial silt as it twisted between broken rock and gravel-beds fringed with dwarfed birch trees and in the blue-shadowed distance lost itself in what must have been a small lake.

"There's no plane at Cranberry Lake," I heard him say. "And the Trumbull mine's shut down. Everything's empty."

He stooped and handed me the glasses, pointing into the valley. I finally made out the mine buildings, deserted and idle. And in all the broken terrain beyond them I could detect no sign of life.

"I don't understand this," Lander said as he reached for the glasses again. And even as he spoke a sound that was neither a whine nor a whistle smote on my ears. A moment later the sound was repeated, followed by the splash of a bullet against the rock on which Lander was standing.

"Get back," he called out to me. "Keep low."

His own drop from the rock-top was so abrupt that the binoculars fell at my feet. He motioned me down as another bullet whined overhead.

"So that's how they welcome us!" he

said as his eyes narrowed and yet remained alight with a grim sort of humor.

Still another bullet cut across the top of the rock behind which we crouched.

"They're getting their range," my trail mate sardonically observed.

"But who is it?" I gasped as tremors of fear mouse-footed up and down my spine.

"That's what I've got to find out," said Lander as he reached for his own rifle.

But instead of bringing it into use he crowned the barrel with his hat and slowly lifted it above the top of our sheltering rock.

There was a far-off report, and I saw the hat that had been on the barrel whisked ten feet away. Lander, when he guardedly recovered it, found a bullet hole through one side of the felt brim. He looked at it ruminatively. Then he put the hat back on his head.

He sat in the rock shadow, studying the wide amphitheatre of runnelled and canyoned mountain slope that surrounded us.

"You'll have to stay here," he said, "I've got a little scouting to do."

"Where?" I questioned.

He pointed into the valley below us. Then he reached for his rifle.

"Just sit tight here," he said with an effort at casualness, "until I get back. You're well hidden, and nothing can happen. If anything should happen, give me a couple of signal shots from that six-gun of yours."

"But I can go where you go," I maintained.

Lander's eyes studied my face. Then he smiled a little.

"I don't want you in this," he said with a quiet but steely firmness.

"But if it's dangerous for you I want to be in it," I persisted.

"I know what I'm doing," he said.

"And you've still got to believe in me."

He didn't even say good-bye. He merely slipped over the edge of the rock and lost himself in the fireweed and balsam fringing the stream that went singing down into the lower valley.

I CROUCHED behind my clump of willow, watching for some sign of him. I saw him at last, flattened Indian fashion in a narrow crevasse as he inched his way down into that hollow of uncertainty. He went very slowly, so slowly that I was conscious of the shadows lengthening and the lavender tone on the higher mountain peaks deepening as I waited. He made me think of a Piute creeping up on a wagon train. For there was something snake-like in his movements as he advanced and waited and so craftily moved forward again. When he found better cover and disappeared for a time from sight I let my gaze travel on to the further terrain, searching for some sign of life in its emptiness, wondering who and what lay waiting there, nettling with resentment at the thought that I was compelled to sit idle when action of any sort would have come as a relief.

Then my heart leaped into my mouth. A rifle shot echoed through the valley, tearing a hole in the silence. And before its echoes died away it was followed by another shot, and still another.

I saw Lander drop beside a boulder; and I thought, for one frantic moment, that he had gone down with a bullet through his body. But I could see him edge up over the crown of that boulder, with his rifle extended, pointing across a rock-stippled stadium to where a small whiff of smoke was drifting off between a sprinkling of hardheads. I could see him suddenly bend low and run toward the shelter of a larger boulder, where he again guardedly trained his rifle, and again fired at some undecipherable target.

If it was a battle, I told myself, I had the right to be in it. I forgot my trail mate's warning and went scrambling over the rocks, groping for my six-gun as I went.

I disregarded Lander's shout of warning and ran on, scarcely thinking of cover.

Then an odd thing happened.

Instead of the bark of a rifle I heard the bark of a voice, half in protest and half in anger.

"Sock-Eye!" was the shout that fell



Some sixth sense caused me to turn.

to a stop close beside the truck of battleship grey. Alone in the driver's seat was Barbara Trumbull, with her face pale and her eyes flashing fire.

"I see you're back from beyond the Happy Day," she said with a deadly sort of intentness. "You know, of course, that we're thinking of changing that name to the Happy Night."

I could see the color flow slowly up into Lander's face. But his voice, when he spoke, was both quiet and controlled.

"Let's not go into that now," he suggested.

"Why not?" demanded the irate lady in the car. "For I've just seen the heroine of your mountain adventure. She seems less ashamed of the situation than you do. She was, in fact, barbarously frank about it all."

Lander stiffened.

"Then there's nothing much for me to say."

That brought a vibrato of passion and hurt pride in Barbara Trumbull's voice when she spoke.

"I suppose not," she cried. "Especially as it isn't the first time you've indulged your penchant for nocturnal romance." Her angry eyes slewed about to me and her curt laugh was one of contempt. "But the thing that puzzles me is the fact you've shown yourself such a poor picker."

I made no response to that oblique thrust. But Lander's movement as he stepped between us seemed almost a sheltering one.

"That's about enough," he said in a voice as hard as nails.

"I'll say it is," cried the lady to whom life must have brought very few frustrations. And it was all so futile and foolish that I felt vaguely sorry for her. For with a shaking right hand she drew a ring from her finger and with a little gasp of anger flung it at Lander.

She flung it badly. It went past the tight-lipped man and landed in the road dust a dozen paces away. But Lander disregarded it. He merely stood there, rather grey of face, studying the woman in the driver's seat who so abruptly threw in her clutch and roared off down the long, shadowed roadway.

I picked up the ring and held it out to Lander.

"You'd better keep this," I said. "It'll all straighten out in time."

But Lander didn't seem to hear me. His eyes remained on the vanishing car, even when I forced the ring into his hand. Then he looked at me, like a sleepwalker suddenly awoken.

"Do you believe that rot?" he challenged.

I tried, quite without success, to laugh the tragedy out of his face. "I went through much the same thing, without any apparent peril," I reminded him. "I've always rather banked on your honesty."

"Then you trust me?" he asked in a disturbingly lowered voice.

"Of course," I answered. I said it casually. But I was hoping for more than casualness from the man in front of me.

"Then you'll have to keep on at it," he grimly proclaimed. And the granitic hardness of his jaw line forewarned me that one of life's big moments might be slipping away between our fingers.

"Why?" I asked with a creeping sense of disappointment.

That sense of disappointment sharpened as he reached for the letter which he had thrust into his coat pocket. There seemed, at the moment, only one thing of importance. And, manlike, he was brushing it aside for second-rate issues.

"Because I've just had word Trumbull's putting through his cancellation of your Chakitana claim. He's to head through to the mines there as soon as a plane can pick him up."

"It's not easy to understand," he patiently explained. "But your father's patent was granted and recorded. There's no dispute about that. But the Territory has a large area of unsurveyed land, land remote from any centre of population. The Chakitana falls under that heading. So the field notes of survey for any claim there, where the survey is not tied to a corner of the public survey, have to be tied to a location or what they call a mineral monument, something showing definite adjacency to some

recognizable landmark, such as a creek or a river or a mountain. Is that clear?"

"I think so," I dubiously responded.

"In the case of the Chakitana claim," he proceeded, "the anchoring landmark is the Big Squaw Creek. But the Trumbull plat shows the Big Squaw to be where he wants it, and not where your father first found it. And Trumbull's intention is to fly in with the Registrar of Mines and a couple of official surveyors and have his plat reading confirmed."

"Then what are we to do?" I asked.

"I want you there as owner," was his answer, "when that official survey is made."

"Why?"

"Because there's been trickery from the first. And this final trickery has to be stopped in some way."

"Does that mean you'd go too?" I questioned.

"Of course," was his prompt response.

"But how?" I asked, trying to speak calmly.

"We'll go by plane," he proclaimed, "as soon as I can get one in here to pick us up."

"But that takes you away from your work here," I demurred. "There's the Colony to think of."

Lander looked about at the scattered roofs that showed above the spruce tops. He saw, apparently, a gratifying number of them.

"That knot's pretty well untied now," he proclaimed. "They can shuffle along without me, from now on. But we've got a tangle of our own to unsnarl."

"Can it be unsnarled?" I asked.

"That's what we've got to find out," was Lander's answer. "How soon can you be ready? And ready for travelling light?"

"Any time you say," I quietly announced.

He smiled, for the first time, as he looked down at me. It was a restricted smile, not without a note of grimness in it. But he seemed to be thanking me, without putting his thanks into words, for still having some tatter of faith in him.

I found something consoling in that discovery, during the tumult of packing and making ready and saying an abrupt good-bye to my school children, who faced their midsummer vacation a few days earlier than they had expected.

Then I hurried on to explain to Katie. But Katie, when I found her in Doctor Ruddock's new surgery, surrounded by crates and boxes, didn't seem greatly interested.

"Why the sudden grandeur?" I asked her as I watched her hanging curtains in the wide-windowed room that still smelled of fresh paint.

"Then you haven't heard?" queried Katie. Her voice was quiet but her color, I noticed, wasn't all it ought to have been. "It's that boss of mine, getting the nest ready for the new ladybird."

"You don't," I demanded, "mean the nurse from Vancouver?"

"Of course I mean the nurse from Vancouver," was Katie's even-toned reply. "She's sent up her silver and linen. And the lady herself lands at Seward on Friday." Katie adjusted a curtain pin and stepped down from her chair.

"They're to be married on Saturday at Anchorage. And Ruddy wants everything shipshape when they swing back to Palmer on Sunday."

"Who told you all this?" I asked.

"The big boss himself," said Katie as she turned to hang another curtain. The pins in her wide mouth muffled her speech a little. "Took me into the office yesterday and showed me the radiogram and read me her last three letters." Katie laughed again. "It won't be the sick around here who'll be getting that man's first thought the next few weeks!"

CHAPTER XVI

IT'S ODD how destiny can hinge on small and unforeseen things. In this case it was nothing bigger than a safety-pin that proved the god from the machine.

For our flight in to the Chakitana wasn't as prompt as Lander had expected. When he came to look over my equipment, and casually suggested that

I include Sock-Eye's six-gun in my carefully sorted outfit, I knew by the hardened lines about his mouth that things were not going to his liking.

"I can't get a plane in today," he explained. "Every ship within flying distance seems either chartered or spoken for."

"But there are plenty of planes in and out of Fairbanks," I protested. "And others at Juneau and Wrangell."

"But every one of them, apparently, tied up," was Lander's grim rejoinder. "And in that I detect Trumbull's fine Italian hand."

"Then what can we do?" I asked.

"We'll get our plane," Lander said with a ring of iron in his voice. "You may have to wait for a day. But keep ready."

But instruments of destiny lay even in the family of the indolent Betsy Sebeck, one of the settlers and her unkempt brood of offspring. For it was the mountainous Betsy's two-year-old daughter Azalea who tried her best to swallow an open safety-pin, while playing about a littered tent floor, the safety-pin already alluded to. The pin stuck in the child's throat, and the mother, thinking it was choking to death, ran out screaming for help. It wasn't long before Katie and her Black Maria arrived on the scene. She failed to find the pin and suspected it had slipped down to the child's esophagus. But as she was without either X-ray machine or bronchoscopic instruments, she decided the case was serious and took matters in her own hands. In the absence of her Ruddy she radioed for a plane to carry her patient down to a properly equipped hospital.

The answer came, three hours later, when we heard the drone of a motor through the hills. I even felt a small thrill go through my body as I stood watching that grey beetle so intent on its errand of mercy. It brought home to me that the wilderness was no longer the wilderness, that the cunning of man had ended the isolation of the North, that the loneliest corners of the world could no longer be entirely shut off from those helmeted couriers of the skies.

The courier of the sky, in this case, proved to be Slim Downey, the Cordova pilot, who had picked up the summons when he stopped to refuel at Fairbanks, on his way south from the upper Porcupine. He swung down between a furry colony of mountain clouds and was quickly surrounded by an army of fascinated watchers.

But while the Colony children pawed about the knees of that helmeted Viking and fingered and patted his plane struts, Katie did an odd and altogether unexpected thing. When she noticed her little patient in greater distress and giving every evidence of a choking fit, Katie took the child by the heels, and, holding her upside down in those muscular big hands of hers, abruptly cracked-the-whip with that limp and unprotesting little body. She swung and jerked it as a busy housewife shakes a floor rug to rid it of dust. It seemed like sudden madness. But an equally sudden shout went up from the watchers.

For there, in plain view, they saw a safety-pin fall out between their feet.

"I guess that puts a kink in my mercy flight," observed Slim Downey as Lander pushed through to his side.

I saw the two men standing there, talking together. And I saw a quick and affirmative nod of Slim's helmeted head. But it wasn't until Lander shouldered his way through to my side that I realized the import of their hurried conference.

"We've got our break," he said with an exultant light in his eye.

"In what?" I asked.

"In Trumbull's blockade," was the grim-noted reply. "Slim's to fly us into the Chakitana."

IT WAS while Lander was stowing away our duffel, half an hour later, and I was waiting to climb into the cabin, that the culminating touch came to that drama of speed.

It came in the person of Salaria, mounted bareback on one of her father's horses. She came galloping out of the distance, for all the world like something out of a western movie, with

a rifle sling holding a long barrelled gun across her shoulders and a kitbag swinging from her belt. The figure she made was, in a way, almost humorous. Yet that rough and brown-skinned rider, behind all the frontier dowdiness, still carried an inalienable air of gallantry.

She swung off her horse and came straight to my side. Then she caught at my arm, as though to hold me back from climbing into the cabin.

"Kin I come?" she said. She said it roughly, yet almost imploringly.

"What for?" I asked, at a loss for words before such impetuosity.

"To swing in, if there's any fightin'," she announced. "I kin be a two-legged wildcat when there's call for it."

I had to tell her, of course, that there'd be no call for it. But I noticed that Salaria's dusky eyes continued to hold a look of desperation.

"You've got Sid Lander," she said with a shoulder movement of comprehension touched with abnegation. Then she slowly nodded that tousled head of hers. "I'm as dumb as a fool hen in a snow-drift," she dolorously proclaimed. "I never savvied."

"Savvied what?" I questioned.

"I never savvied until that silk-skinned Trumbull cat put me wise," was Salaria's embittered reply. "But I sure gave her an earful when I had the chance. I may not git him. But she won't."

"What does that mean?" I parried, a little breathless before such primitiveness.

"It's all okay with me, big girl," she said with a meekness that was new to her. "You deserve anything you kin git out o' this scramble."

I wanted to say more, but there was no chance. For Slim Downey pushed in between us and began loosening his mooring-lines.

Salaria fell back a step or two, still looking up at me.

"I'm strong for you, chalk-wrangler," she called out, with a wave of her arm, as the propeller blades began to spin in the clear northern air.

CHAPTER XVII

I HAD never flown before. That, I suppose, is why the thrill and throb of life in the thing carrying me sent answering thrills through my own crouching body as we took off and the earth fell away from us.

A creeping spirit of exaltation made me forget Lander's clouded brow and overtensioned watchfulness during those last hurried minutes that preceded our take-off. I could only remember that we were in flight. The Valley, which had once seemed so big to me, became a narrow shadow between clustering peaks, peaks as white as wolf-teeth, that lost their sharpness as we climbed. I sat thrilled at the thought of how an engined thing of metal and wood and linen could lift me like that into the heavens, how it could fight against wind and mist-walls and roar through lonely mountain passes and soar on like a trumpeter-swan above a rambling glacier of twisted white and green.

Then I heard Lander's voice behind me.

"You know the Chakitana, of course?"

"Sure," answered Slim. "I was grounded and frozen in there two winters ago. Since then we've kept a gas cache at Carcajou Lake." He scanned the welter of peaks and valleys over which we were arrowing. "You'll be seeing it in half an hour, if the fog holds off."

But the fog didn't hold off. Cloud ridges rolled up between the foreshortened white peaks and shut out the valley shadows and the snow-fields and the shimmering greens of the glaciers. From those dark and drifting ridges we could see the trailing fringes of snow as it swirled and eddied down through the universal grey emptiness. A new uneasiness crept through me as we went higher, to climb into the clear. My eye, in fact, sought Lander's, who was still able to smile back at me.

Yet most of his attention, I noticed, was given to studying what glimpses he could get of the terrain below us when those cloud ridges thinned and twisted apart. Our pilot also seemed to be watching the valley bottom over which



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on my ears. It came from the tall figure which was no longer crouching behind its rock shelter. And that, I knew, was Lander, a startled and indignant Lander who wasn't even trying to wave me back.

"Sock-Eye, you old fool, stop it!" was the repeated shout that echoed across the valley. And it was answered, a moment later, by a call that was half way between the howl of a timber-wolf and the ki-yi of a happy cowboy.

I could see the shaggy old figure that emerged from its hiding-place and stood in startled wonder, staring at his equally startled enemy.

"I'll be hornswiggle if it ain't Sid Lander," cried the embattled old-timer as he lowered his firearm. "And me a-tryin' t' blow him out o' the valley!"

"What do you mean by it?" demanded Lander, striding toward him.

Sock-Eye stood scratching his head, a picture of bewilderment touched with contrition. His wandering gaze fell on me and he emitted a second triumphant ki-yi.

Then Sock-Eye turned back to the taller figure confronting him, the squint of incredulity going out of his bearlike eyes as he studied the newcomer. Then he spat and leaned on his rifle.

"I thought you was that yellow-bellied coyote Trumbull planted in these parts t' do his dirty work for him."

"What coyote?" questioned Lander.

"That fire-eatin' Ericson," Sock-Eye answered. "He's still snakin' round this valley, tryin' to ease the hate out o' his system by puttin' lead in folks."

This fact brought a frown to Lander's face.

"Then it was Ericson fired on the plane two days ago?"

I could see a look of guile creep over the seamed old face. Then a smile widened the brown-stained and slowly relenting old mouth.

"I reckon them pot-shots came from me all right," he slowly acknowledged. "I was under the delusion it was Trumbull comin' back t' trump my ace when I had him already licked."

"You might have killed somebody," cried the indignant Lander.

The bearlike old eyes lost the last of their benevolence.

"There's jus' one snake I'm aimin' for t' git," Sock-Eye slowly affirmed. "And right now he's hidin' and huggin' a rifle somewhere between here and Cranberry Lake. And if you don't git him he'll sure git you."

Lander's narrowed eye studied the valley's bottom.

"Why is he here?" I asked, chilled by the thought of unseen menace all about us.

"B'cause he's fuller o' venom than a cage o' copperheads," was Sock-Eye's deliberated reply. "He's so plumb sour with hate he can't see straight. And Trumbull cashed in on that when he posted him here as an armed guard t' protect his property. It was like leavin' a trap set with pizen-bait behind him."

But Lander brushed that thought aside.

"What did you mean by saying you had Trumbull licked?" he demanded.

Still again I saw the look of guile on Sock-Eye's crafty old face. His eyes, when he spoke, were not on Lander, but on me.

"I ain't got nothin' aginst college dood engineerin'," he said. "Least-a-ways, when a high-collar plootocrat tries t' change the face o' nature, there's always two can play at the same game."

"What do you mean by that?" Lander questioned.

"I mean, mister," was Sock-Eye's quiet answer, "that I happened t' mush in here afore Trumbull and his survey officials dropped into this valley. They was bankin' on the Big Squaw t' show 'em ol' Klondike Coburn's claim couldn't lie along the crick-bank where his patent sure said she ought t' lie."

I waited for Sock-Eye to go on. But as he stood silent for a moment or two, with a sombre light in his crafty old eyes, he seemed to be turning a succulent thought over in his mind, very much as a squirrel turns a nut over in its paws.

"I reckon a earthquake must've run recent through these regions," he blandly suggested. "For there was the ol' Big

Squaw, right back in the bed where she belonged. And when them engineerin' sharps got through with their maps and sightin' tools they sure had t' tell Boss Trumbull the mine was located proper and the claim stood as recorded. And the ol' skunk was so sprayed with his own scent that he—"

"Wait a minute," interrupted Lander, fixing the other with a steady eye. "How much dynamite did you pack?"

Sock-Eye scratched his head and spat. Then his leathery old throat shook with a chuckle.

"I reckon, tenderfoot," he observed, "I savvied how t' handle blastin' powder afore you was born."

"Then it was you changed the course of the Big Squaw?"

"I put 'er back where she belonged," Sock-Eye stubbornly maintained, "where she was on the original survey."

"But that doesn't mean the issue's settled," contended my champion.

"Sure she's settled," Sock-Eye proclaimed. "Them gover'ment sharps flew out three days ago, headin' for Juneau t' register their findin' and confirm the claim. And when the coast is clear I'll lead you over t' the Big Squaw and show you where your location-posts are all set regular and your limits defined."

"Why do you say when the coast is clear?" Lander exacted.

Sock-Eye's narrowing gaze went slowly over the shadowed valley.

"B'cause there's a hate-soured son o' misery skulkin' around behind them rocks," he announced, "and he ain't consooned with love for any one of us. Fact is, folks, we've got t' git under cover." He turned and pointed toward a rock ledge that wavered along the water-torn mountain slope. "I've got me a nifty little hide-out up that hillside there. She's tarproofed and bedded down with balsam and plumb out o' sight from pryin' eyes down here."

I knew a sudden sense of weariness touched with homelessness as I waited for Lander to retrieve our overlooked shoulder-packs. I should have felt triumphant, I told myself. But any sense of triumph that came to me came without a tang of joy in it. All I knew was lassitude after tension.

It all seemed very futile and foolish. And I had trouble in finding my footing along the gravel bed that lay in our path. I even staggered a little.

"This girl needs rest and sleep," Lander said as he shifted his rifle and reached out an arm to hold me up.

I could feel that arm tighten about my tired body as we moved on again. And it meant more to me, in the slough of weariness that hung like liquid lead about my heart, than any mine.

CHAPTER XIX

WHEN I wakened, the next morning, I was puzzled by the scent of balsam close about me. I was equally puzzled by the scolding of two Canada jays that hopped about a dwindle camp-fire beside which stood a skillet and a coffee-pot. Then I looked at the shoulder-pack leaning companionably against the balsam bed on which I lay, and then out at the panorama of the snow-clad mountain peaks that sparkled in the morning sunlight.

A sound intruded on the morning quietness. It was a faint and far-off drone that grew stronger as it rose and fell with the vagaries of the breeze. It became a throb of power, a purposeful and electrifying throb that promptly took me out from beneath my blankets. It took me scurrying down to the open cliff edge that overlooked the Big Squaw where the racing waters tore at the base of a bank. There, between the towering peaks, I could see the small and toylike plane that grew bigger as it came nearer, sometimes dark and sometimes bright in the crystalline sunlight.

But the plane went on, without sign or signal. And, for a moment, my heart sank. Then I gave a little cry of relief. For I saw how the tilted wings were dropping lower, banking and heading back into the breeze over the irregular silver expanse of Cranberry Lake. And even before its pontoons heeled down on that surface of ruffled silver I remembered that Slim could come to a landing only on water. And Cranberry Lake

was the water that lay nearest the Chakitana claim and the Big Squaw.

My first impulse, at that happy discovery, was to find Sidney and shout the good news to him. He and Sock-Eye, I assumed, were somewhere down along the claim limits, probably checking up on measurements and monuments. So I moved out to the cliff's edge, scanning the valley for some sign of life. I even gave a gulp of gratitude at the thought that noon would see us joining Slim and his waiting plane, and night would see us whisked back to a world of men and women and orderly life.

My searching gaze coasted the valley, and then the opposing hill slopes, and then the nearer broken ground through which the Big Squaw twined. But I saw nothing.

I saw nothing until some obscure sixth sense prompted me to turn and study the rock ridge along which I had edged my way out to the cliff. Slowly over the dark curve of that ridge I saw a hand appear, and groping fingers feel for a hold there. Then another hand showed itself, followed by a body that quietly wormed its way up over the crown.

At my instinctive cry of alarm that flattened figure abruptly lost its stealthiness. It dropped over the ridge wall, caught up the rifle, and stood foursquare in front of me, with a low laugh of derision.

I knew then it was Ericson. And my blood chilled as I fell back step by step as he advanced. He laughed again when he saw me come to the cliff edge, where I could go no farther.

"You can't get all the breaks, Bright-Eyes," he said as he confronted me with his crooked smile. And the mockery in it, the familiar old tone of flippancy, still had the power of sending a wave of nausea through my body.

"What are you going to do?" I said, ashamed of the quaver in my voice. Still again Ericson laughed. Solitude, I felt, had played tricks with his mind.

"I'm going to get what's coming to me," he proclaimed, after a quick but pointed survey of the valley below us. "And you're it."

"I've done nothing to you," I cried, trying to keep my hands from shaking.

"Oh yes, you have," was his hate-embittered answer. "And more than once. But I told you I wouldn't always be the underdog. And this deal I'm not."

His movement was quietly deliberate as he pumped his rifle.

"You're not going to kill me?" I gasped.

His teeth showed in a second crooked smile.

"That'd be too easy," he announced. "But it's wise, my dear, to be ready for the unexpected."

"But this isn't human," I cried. "It can't do you any good. It can't get you anywhere."

He cut those cries of protest short.

"Come here," he commanded, with a new and deadlier sort of intentness.

I could feel my brain telling my feet to obey, to take the steps demanded before that menacing small "O" at the end of a rifle barrel should spit death in my face. But my feet refused to move.

"Come here," repeated my enemy, with a note of wildness in his voice.

"Wait!" I called out foolishly. I even more foolishly fell back a step or two, in an instinctive retreat of fear. And that, my brain told me, was a mistake. For I could see the barrel steady and the hate-twisted face press closer to the balanced gunstock.

I knew what was coming; and I cried out, without willing that cry, as my body forlornly stiffened to receive its shock.

But through that call of helplessness came a sharper sound, a sharp bark that produced an incredibly abrupt change in the poised figure confronting me. I saw the rifle fall, I saw Ericson throw up his hands and suddenly twist about in a ludicrously frantic half circle.

His hands were still above his head as his legs crumpled under him. And for one uncertain second he balanced on the cliff's edge, like a tight-rope walker fighting for equilibrium on some fragile footway. Then I saw the col-

lapsed body tumble over the edge. It went sprawling and rolling along the steep bank until it struck the waters of the Big Squaw, where the current caught it up and churned and tossed it, with now an arm showing and now a leg, along the course that twisted between its shoulder-banks.

I was conscious of Sock-Eye standing at my side, leaning almost nonchalantly on his long rifle.

"He's dead!" I gasped, staring at the churning water that had swallowed up that receding tangle of limbs.

"I had t' git him," announced Sock-Eye, "or he'd a-got you."

"But you'd no right to shoot a man," I cried, still shaking from shock, scarcely knowing what I was saying.

Sock-Eye reached out and quietly pulled me back from the cliff's edge.

"There's times, girlie, when a hombre's got t' make his own laws out here in the hills. And this was one o' them."

"But you killed him," I repeated, leaning on the shaggy old shoulder beside me.

Sock-Eye's laugh was low and mirthless but altogether untroubled.

"That ain't botherin' me none," he said. "Any jury north o' Fifty-Six'd say that snake killed himself."

My earlier sense of homelessness and helplessness swept back on me. I knew a craving for security where no security was to be found.

"Where's Sidney?" I cried out in that tightening clutch of desolation. "I want Sidney."

I wondered why Sock-Eye so deliberately drew his shoulder away from my clinging hand.

"I'm here," called Sidney's voice, close behind me. He was out of breath from his hurried climb up the hillside. But there was steadiness in the arms which he clasped about my swaying body.

I could feel the throb of his heart and the subsiding panting of his lungs as he held me close to him. And those quietening hammer-throbs of strength slowly beat the terror of homelessness out of my own hammering heart.

"It's all right," he soothed as he brushed the hair back from my brow and held my wet cheek close to his.

"Don't leave me," I said, as my arms tightened about him.

He drew back a little, at that, and held my face between his two brown hands. Then his hungry eyes searched mine.

"We'll always be together, after this," he said. His arms closed about me again and I shut my eyes as I felt his lips on my lips.

"I've waited a long time for this," he said when he was free to speak again. But instead of answering him I reached for his face and drew it once more down to mine.

It was Sock-Eye's voice that brought time and the world back to me again.

"I reckon it's a pot o' coffee you two cheecakos need t' steady you down a bit," he observed. "And while I'm rustlin' that, jus' kind o' remember there's a bush-hawk still waitin' for you over t' Cranberry Lake."

It took Sidney a little time to come back to earth. But he still clung to my hand.

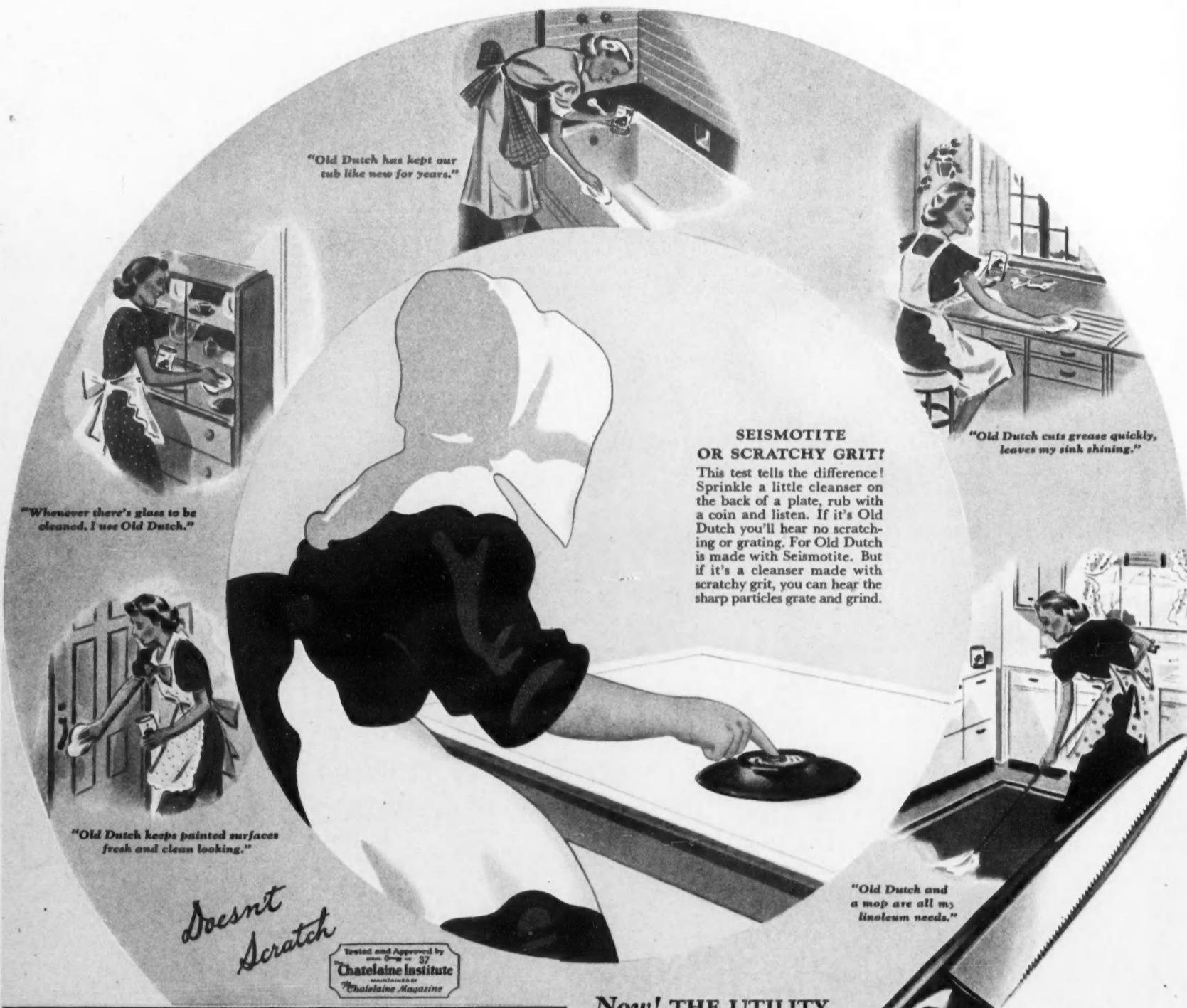
"And what'll you do?" he questioned the old-timer. "Head back to Matanuska?"

"Back t' that mess o' misfits?" was Sock-Eye's answer. "Not on your life. I've got me two burros outspanned over in the next valley bottom and I'm a-goin' t' mosey out t' the open hills where I belong."

I felt he was too old and spent for that sort of lone-fire adventuring through the valley bottoms of the North. But there was something still gallant and intrepid about the shaggy figure as he stepped over to the taller man and placed a hand on the shoulder that stood almost as high as his own head.

"You've got a straight-shooter in this gal o' ol' Klondike Coburn's," he solemnly asserted. "She's a danged sight finer 'n you deserve. And if you don't treat her right, down the years that's left t' you, I'll sure amble out 'n these hills and fill your carcass so full o' lead they'll be usin' you for a plumb-bob!"

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